



JOHN P. WILKINS, A.M.



THE
Juvenile Tourist:
OR,
EXCURSIONS
THROUGH VARIOUS PARTS OF THE ISLAND
OF
GREAT-BRITAIN;
INCLUDING THE WEST OF ENGLAND, MIDLAND COUNTIES, AND
THE WHOLE COUNTY OF KENT;
ILLUSTRATED WITH MAPS,
And interspersed with
Historical Anecdotes and Poetical Extracts:
FOR THE IMPROVEMENT OF THE RISING GENERATION.
IN A SERIES OF LETTERS TO A PUPIL.

A New Edition,

BEING THE THIRD,
WITH ADDITIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS.

Including an original Account of
THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY AT GREENWICH,
AND AN OUTLINE OF
THE POPULOUS VILLAGE OF ISLINGTON.
WITH VIEWS OF COPENHAGEN HOUSE AND HORNSEY WOOD.

By **JOHN EVANS, A. M.**

Master of a Seminary for a limited Number of Pupils, Pullin's-Row, Islington.

A fairer Isle than *Britain* never Sun
View'd in his wide career! a lovely spot
For all that life can ask! and, to crown the whole,
In one delightful word, it is our HOME.—
Our NATIVE ISLE! COTTLE.

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1809.

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TO
JOHN COOPE, Esq.
WANSTEAD;

WHOSE ATTENTION TO THE IMPROVEMENT AND HAPPINESS OF
HIS OWN LITTLE DOMESTIC CIRCLE, SHEWS THE IMPORTANCE
WHICH HE ATTACHES TO EVERY EFFORT, HOWEVER SMALL,
WHICH HAS FOR ITS OBJECT THE INTELLECTUAL AND MORAL
WELFARE OF THE RISING GENERATION;

THIS THIRD EDITION OF THE PRESENT WORK,

WITH VARIOUS CORRECTIONS AND ADDITIONS,

IS MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED, BY

THE AUTHOR.

Islington, Sep. 10, 1809.

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PREFACE.

TO relieve the anxieties of a laborious profession, the Author has been in the habit of spending his *summer vacations* in the country. Hence arose the following EXCURSIONS, when he took an opportunity of visiting some pleasant parts of this highly favoured island. Upon his return he committed to paper, in the form of *Letters*, an account of what he had seen, together with the observations which occurred to his mind. The whole was inserted in a series of the numbers of the Monthly Visitor. Their flattering reception among his friends, induced the writer to amuse himself by revising the several Letters, and publishing them in the present separate form, with considerable alterations and improvements. The volume therefore might have been literally denominated *Vacation*, or *Midsummer Fruits*; but the quaintness of such a Title forbade its adoption.

The ignorance which YOUNG PEOPLE, of both sexes, too often betray, respecting their own country, has been the reason for

devoting these pages, in a more peculiar manner, by means of *Historical Anecdotes* and *Poetical Extracts*, to the instruction of the Rising generation. This circumstance must also apologise, in the eye of candour, for the introduction of some things which might be thought trivial, were they not deemed subservient to youthful improvement. The writer, indeed, must be permitted to add, that he has found such a mode of teaching Geography, peculiarly advantageous in his own seminary.

Such is the origin—and such the humble pretensions, of the JUVENILE TOURIST. Having been composed with care, and revised at leisure, the Author trusts it will be found neither an unuseful nor an unenterprising *sequel* to his GEOGRAPHY, which has been introduced into schools of respectability. Indeed this work may be esteemed an amplification of the *third* part of that little Treatise which is appropriated to a description of Great-Britain :

“ A precious Stone, set in the silver sea !”

The MAPS having been engraved *expressly* for these *Excursions*, and containing the name of every town which the Author visited in his route, will, he hopes, prove an

useful as well as pleasing embellishment to the work. May this attempt, (with whatever imperfections it may be attended) to point out the *natural, civil, and religious* advantages of his beloved country, fan the hallowed flame of patriotism, of virtue, and of christianity!

The sale of near *five thousand* copies of the JUVENILE TOURIST, is a proof of its favourable reception with the Public. Nor can the Author refrain from gratefully acknowledging the candour and attention with which it has been honoured. He has now carefully revised every page of the work, and hopes that the *additions and improvements* may render it still further subservient to the entertainment of the Rising Generation.

The Author cannot close this Preface, without noticing a circumstance deserving of severe animadversion. In 1806, *two* volumes were published, entitled, *An Excursion from London to Dover, particularly intended for the amusement and instruction of youth, by Jane Gardiner, Elsham Hall, Lincolnshire.* Looking over this work, which accidentally fell into his hands, he to his surprize found the greatest

part, both of the prose and poetry, taken out of the *Juvenile Tourist*, without any kind of acknowledgment. Scarcely a prospect presents itself, nor is a town entered, between London and Dover, but what is transcribed from the present Work. And to prevent detection, a Mr. A——, who is denominated her *reverend* and *intelligent friend*, is said to have penned down *these* passages on a portable desk in the chaise, whilst the name of *Evans* is introduced among many other names, as having furnished only three articles of Biography, and *one* piece of Poetry—whereas this *Excursion* commences, continues, and closes, with paragraphs from the *Juvenile Tourist*, without even mentioning that any such work had been published. Was there ever any thing more ungenerous or unjust? The Proprietor of the JUVENILE TOURIST has been advised to prosecute, and no doubt can be entertained of damages being awarded him, The Author, however, has in the mean time thought proper thus to lay this plain statement before the public—leaving *Mrs. Jane Gardiner, of Elsham Hall*, to the consideration of the *eighth* commandment, and to her own reflections.

One ludicrous circumstance has attended these plagiarisms : in giving an account of the house of a Dissenting Minister, the Rev. S. K——d of Sturry, this Lady has, by calling *his* mansion the *parsonage*, transformed him into the *vicar* or *rector* of the parish ! This worthy gentleman should, along with the title, have received the emoluments of his new situation ; for, alas ! the mere name is unaccompanied with any substantial benefit ; and in these times dignified appellations require additional incomes, to preserve an appropriate rank and station in society.

Islington, Sep. 10, 1809.

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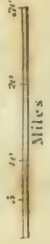
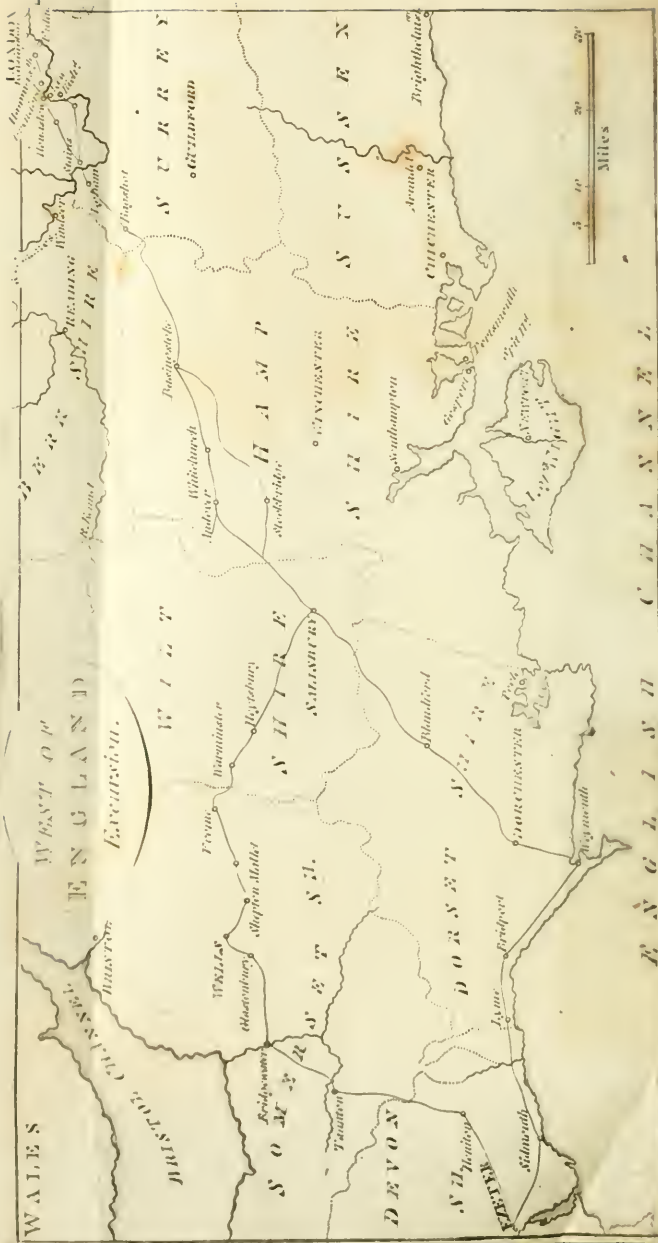
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Juvenile Tourist,

LETTER I.

DEPARTURE FROM LONDON; KNIGHTSBRIDGE; KENSINGTON; HOLLAND HOUSE; CHELSEA; BATTERSEA; HAMMERSMITH; CHISWICK; HOGARTH'S TOMB; TURNHAM GREEN; BRENTFORD; SION-HOUSE; SIR JOSEPH BANKS'S SEAT; HOUNSLOW; HOUNSLOW-HEATH; BELFONTE; STAINES; RUNNYMEDE; IGHAM; BAGSHOT; MURREL'S-GREEN; BASINGSTOKE; ANECDOTE OF THE RAVAGES OF CIVIL DISSENTION.

DEAR SIR,

AGREEABLE to your request I sit down to give you a narrative of the incidents of my journey into the West; at least I shall notice those things which appear most worthy of attention, Your never having visited this part of Britain, will induce me to enter into a detail which, otherwise, might have been deemed unnecessary. Travelling during the summer season, has lately become a fashionable amusement. However laborious such excursions may prove, yet, in our beloved island, its scenery in general affords a rich repast to the imagination. To the tourist, indeed, *the West of England* has been long the subject of panegyric, and justice demands from

me the declaration, that my expectations were not disappointed.

Taking leave of London, in the direction of the great Western road, and having passed Hyde-Park Corner, near which is that noble infirmary St. George's Hospital, we soon reached *Knightsbridge*. It is remarkable only for its *terraces*, which have been erected of late years, and are of considerable extent, though inferior to others which may be found throughout the kingdom. At the extremity of the wall which divides Hyde-Park from the road, stands *Kensington*, once famed for its palace, the favourite abode of William the Third, and George the Second; both of these monarchs breathed their last within its walls! King William, indeed, purchased it of Lord Chancellor Finch, whose seat it was,—and caused a road, properly lighted, to be made to it through St. James's and Hyde-Parks, from Whitehall. This spacious fabric is decorated with several curious paintings, particularly those representing yeomen of the guard and spectators; among whom are Mr. Ulrick, commonly called the young Turk, having on the Polonese dress in which he waited on George the First—Peter the Wild Boy—and a Dutch Winter Piece, exhibiting the diversions peculiar to Holland. Nor must we pass over in silence the *Gardens* belonging to this palace, about three miles in circumference, which are even to this day visited in the summer season, by crowds of almost every description. They were originally only 26 acres,

but Queen Anne added 30 to them; and Queen Caroline took in nearly 300 acres from Hyde-Park; the Gardens have, at different times, undergone considerable improvement.

A little beyond Kensington, at the summit of a lawn, stands *Holland House*, (near which the unfortunate Lord Camelford fell in a duel) a Gothic structure, venerable in its appearance, and reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's ancient race! Addison having married the Countess of Warwick, lived here,—and here was the scene of his last moments, when he is said to have sent for a profligate young Nobleman, that he might be witness to the calmness of his dissolution. "Sec," exclaimed the departing statesman, "how a christian can die!" The sight had the desired effect, for it accomplished his reformation. Nor will it be improper here to mention, that the late celebrated *Charles James Fox* drew his first breath within these walls. The History of the Period just before the Revolution of 1688, written by him, and published since his decease, is not only a work of consummate ability, but constitutes a permanent memorial of his pure and unadulterated love of civil and religious liberty.

From this little ascent we enjoy a distant view of *Chelsea*, a large and populous village; in whose church yard is the monument of *Sir Hans Sloane*, the founder of the British Museum. The turrets of its *College* attract attention, and remind us of the extent and magnificence of na-

tional liberality. The building cost the immense sum of 150,000*l.* constituting a noble monument of British humanity! It was founded in the time of Charles the Second, for sick and wounded soldiers who have served in the army twenty years. The number of the residents are above *four hundred*, beside officers of the college, and there are near *nine thousand* out-pensioners! The army pays poundage—every officer and soldier also appropriating one day's pay in the year to the fund. Sir Christopher Wren built the College, and its interior affords every convenience for so laudable an institution. A bronze statue of Charles the Second, standing opposite to the centre of the building, points out the period of its origin, and must excite in the breast of the superannuated soldier emotions of gratitude. It is a source of gratification to hear from the lips of these veterans the adventures of past days. Hence Goldsmith takes care to delineate his benevolent clergyman, as sympathizing with such a character, well knowing that it proved an indulgence to the benevolent feelings of the heart:—

The *broken soldier* kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch and shew'd how fields were won.

An extensive building has been lately erected, called the *Royal Military Asylum*, for educating about 500 children belonging to non-commis-

sioned officers and soldiers: the expence was defrayed by a sum of money which parliament granted, and each regiment contributes one day's pay towards it. At Chelsea is a *Botanic Garden*, belonging to the Apothecary's Company; and the inspection of the coffee tree, tea shrub, and sugar cane, must be gratifying to the curiosity of those, who have never visited either the Eastern or Western regions of the world.

The prospect from this venerable mansion is also checquered by the spire of *Battersea* church rising above the adjacent buildings! Here lie the remains of the famous *Lord Bollingbroke*, whose pernicious writings gave to his name a tempory celebrity. Not far distant from the church at Battersea, a curious windmill rears its lofty circular form! Its height is one hundred and forty feet; the outer part consists of ninety-six shutters, eighty feet high and nine inches broad, which, by the pulling of a rope, open and shut in the manner of Venetian blinds. The main shaft of the mill is the centre of a large circle, formed by the sails, which consist of ninety-six double planks placed perpendicularly, and of the same height as the planks that form the shutters. The wind rushing through the opening of these shutters, act upon the sails, and blowing fresh, turns the mill with prodigious rapidity. This, however, may be moderated by lessening the apertures, till the force is wholly annihilated. The mill is at present used in grinding malt for a distillery. It was constructed after a mill at Mar-

gate; one more only of the kind is to be found, which is in the United States of America.

But quitting Holland House, and its prospect, we find ourselves soon entering *Hammersmith*, a long and scattered village, having many pleasant spots in its vicinity. Its mall, close to the river side, is delightfully situated, and has become the abode of several families of respectability. A sad accident happened here in January 1803: the village was disturbed by some silly reports respecting a ghost, when a Mr. Smith, an excise-man, sallied forth one night in quest of this said apparition. Meeting a man dressed in white, he called to him, but receiving no answer, immediately fired and killed him on the spot. Smith was tried at the Old Bailey and condemned to die, but from his good character, and the very singular nature of the case, he was properly made an object of the Royal Mercy. He was much and justly affected on the awful occasion.

Beyond *Hammersmith* is *Chiswick*, a small place on the banks of the Thames; its church-yard contains the remains of the celebrated *Hogarth*, many of whose caricatures, notwithstanding their eccentricity, hold out salutary lessons of improvement to mankind. The lines, therefore, on his tomb, written by Mr. Garrick, are very expressive:

Farewell, great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart!

If genius fire thee, reader, stay !
If nature move thee, drop a tear ;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For HOGARTH'S honour'd dust lies here !

In this neighbourhood may be seen the handsome house of the late *Lord Burlington*, bearing a strong resemblance to an Italian Villa.

Turnham-Green, the next village, boasts of a small seat once the residence of *Lieutenant General Lord Heathfield*, whose defence of Gibraltar, in the American war, has rendered his name memorable in the annals of this country. *Gunnersbury-House*, likewise, is not far distant from this little village. It was built by the son-in-law of Inigo Jones, of architectural celebrity. Here resided her late Royal Highness the Princess Amelia, aunt to his present Majesty.

At Turnham-Green also, close to the road, is the elegant mansion of *R. Griffiths, Esq. present proprietor* of the *Monthly Review*. His venerable father first established that most respectable literary journal ; and he was the patron of learned men for upwards of half a century. A history of the *literati* of this country for several years past, would have come with great propriety from the pen of that gentleman, (lately deceased at an advanced age) and proved an acceptable present to the literary world.

Thus leaving London it is impossible not to touch upon some of these objects, which, standing on or near the public road, by their very prominence invite attention. In receding from

the metropolis, however, these subjects of curiosity gradually lessen ; but then in exchange for these confined specimens of art, we are introduced to the more simple and uncontrolled beauties of the country.

After passing through the villages of Knightsbridge, Kensington, Hammersmith, and Turnham-Green, we came to *Brentford*, the county town for Middlesex. Here, therefore, elections are held, and this was, of course, the spot where the turbulent business of *John Wilkes* took place ; as well as the more recent bustle of *Burdett* and *Mainwaring*, still fresh in our memory. The hustings are erected on the right of the town, in a kind of grove well fitted for the purpose ; but how is the silence of the hallowed recess violated by these tumultuous transactions ! The town itself has been famous for its length and filth, which Thomson, in his *Castle of Indolence*, has thus humourously recorded :

Behold, through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along !
The filthy beasts that never chew the cud,
Still grunt and squeak, and sing their troublous song,
And oft they plunge themselves the mire among ;
But ay the ruthless driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs, the bitter throng
Makes them bemoan their unmelodious moan,
Ne never find they rest from their unresting fone !

Brentford, containing a good many inhabitants, has a church, a chapel, and some dissenting places of worship, of which the Presbyterian is

remarkable for its neatness and simplicity. In the church the celebrated *John Horne Tooke*, once officiated as curate, though it is well known he has long ago renounced every thing which belongs to the clerical profession. Here resides *Mrs. Trimmer*, a lady to whom the rising generation are highly indebted. The vicinity of Brentford, lying on the Thames, is particularly pleasant. A bloody battle was fought here in 1016, between Edmund Ironside, and Canute the Dane, who was defeated. To this town the unfortunate Charles the First retired after the battle of Edgehill in 1642, which opened a civil war between him and his parliament, when he of course meditated the prosecution of those hostilities which terminated in his destruction. Opposite Brentford, on the other side of the Thames, stands the *newly erected palace* of our present monarch,—but not yet finished. It is in the Gothic style, has a grand, though heavy appearance; it is, however, not quite fair to pass any judgment respecting it before its completion.

A little beyond Brentford, on the left, the entrance into the Duke of Northumberland's park may be seen, adorned with a lion, sphinxes, and other sculptured embellishments. *Sion-House*, within the park, is not perceived from the road. It is a plain antique structure, chiefly remarkable for its great gallery, which extends the whole length of the east front, over the arcades. There is also a quantity of old china vases, of different forms and sizes, crowded together in almost every

apartment; and the Pedigree picture here is one of the greatest curiosities of its kind in England, exhibiting the noble and royal connections of the *Percies*, now united in the present Duchess of Northumberland. But, alas! how little reason we have to pique ourselves on the honours of ancestry, and to look down with supercilious contempt upon those who are beneath us. Neither talents nor virtues arise from the temperature of the blood.—

Act well your part, there all the honour lies!

POPE.

His Grace the present Duke of Northumberland, almost a martyr to the gout, was at an early period of life in the army. He was present at the battle of *Bunker's Hill*, and was, therefore, one of the few officers who escaped on that dreadful occasion.

On the right, before we entered *Hounslow*, is the seat of *Sir Joseph Banks*; a neat mansion, with considerable gardens, where curious plants are reared with care and assiduity. The proprietor accompanied Captain Cook round the world, is now president of the Royal Society, and has long been distinguished for his researches into every branch of knowledge connected with *natural history*. His house, in town, is on certain days the resort of the learned, both of this and of foreign countries. The object is mutual improvement.

At Hounslow we just stopped to change horses, a place remarkable only for its numerous inns. Immediately upon our entrance on the heath, about a stone's throw from the road, there is to be seen a wooden monument, shockingly marked by a *bloody hand and knife*, with this inscription : —Buried, with a stake through his body here, the wicked murderer, *John Prector*, who cut the throat of his wife and child, and poisoned himself, July 6, 1765 !” The sight of such an object instantly conjures up in the imagination all those cruelties which have been perpetrated on this secluded spot by wretches in the last stages of depravity. Of late years, however, the traveller has met with fewer interruptions, though still we hear, not unfrequently, of robberies in that quarter during the winter season of the year ; a proof of which is exhibited by a gibbet, erected not far from Belfont, on which we saw suspended the body of Haines, generally known by the designation of the wounded Highwayman. He was, apparently, a large tall man ; his irons were so constructed that his arms hung at some little distance from his body, by which means the hideous sight was rendered more terrific and impressive. The skirts of his coat waved the wind, and, together with other parts of his appearance, suggested, with full force, the horrible idea of a fellow-creature deprived of the honours of sepulture, and consigned, with every mark of execrations to the grinning scorn of public infamy ! Another body occupies the other part of the gib-

bet; he was a comrade of *Haines*, and is therefore made a partaker of his infamy. The heath, about fifty years ago, used to be disgraced with a long range of gibbets; but the Royal Family, frequently passing and repassing to Windsor, occasioned their removal, and no renewal of them has been attempted. The murder of Mr. Steel on the heath; the execution of the supposed murderers, (for they never confessed it) *Halloway* and *Haggerty*, Feb. 23rd, 1807, and the dreadful catastrophe attending it, are events in every body's recollection. Public records will convey them, with all their aggravations, to posterity.

Vestiges of ancient camps are discernible on the heath; and it has been, more than once, the rendezvous of the principle military force of this kingdom. The Earl of Gloucester, in 1267, mustered here at the head of the Londoners. The army of King Charles was entrenched here in 1642, the day after the battle of Brentford; and the Parliamentary forces, under Sir Thomas Fairfax, encamped here in 1647, even to the amount of 20,000 foot and horse, with a great train of artillery—being visited by the speaker and several members of both houses of parliament. But we must not forget to mention, that in 1686, James the Second was stationed here with his army of 15,000 men, under the Earl of Feversham, with the view of enslaving the nation, after the suppression of the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion. This was the army, among whose officers and soldiers,

Mr. Samuel Johnson, a spirited clergyman, distributed a piece against Popery, entitled an *Humble and hearty Address to all the Protestants in the present Army, &c.* for which he was solemnly degraded and whipt with the utmost severity. On this spot also the same army received the news of the acquittal of the seven bishops with loud rejoicings, even in the hearing of the King. His Majesty, sitting at dinner in the tent of the general, heard a sudden noise, and enquired anxiously the cause. Feversham told him that it was nothing but the rejoicing of the soldiers for the acquittal of the bishops. “Do you call that *nothing*,” replied he; “but so much the worse for *them*.” In this, however, the King was mistaken, for the activity of Johnson, and the triumph of the bishops, accelerated the *revolution*. Johnson, who was whipt from *Newgate to Tyburn*, for the above pamphlet, bore it with the spirit of a martyr. It is too remarkable to be omitted: he observed afterwards to an intimate friend, that this text of Scripture coming suddenly into his mind, *He endured the cross despising the shame*, so animated and supported him in the bitter journey, that had he not thought it would have looked like vain-glory, *he would have sung a psalm* while the executioner was doing his office, with as much composure and cheerfulness as ever he had done at church, though he had at that time a quick sense of every stripe which was given him, to the number of three hundred and seventeen, with a whip of *nine cords* knotted! This

cruelty strikingly shews not only the tyranny of the times, but the spirit which was roused to counteract it, and by which it was finally overwhelmed. Impartiality, however, obliges me to say that Johnson was a man of a turbulent spirit ; for he was not contented with the Revolution.

In 1793 barracks were built on the extremity of the heath, nearest Colnbrook, capable of containing above 400 men, who, in general, behave with order and regularity.

Having mentioned the number of soldiers that have at different times been exhibited on this heath, in all the pride of military evolutions, but are now laid low in the dust, we are reminded of Xerxes, who, surveying his vast army passing the Hellespont, wept when he considered that in the course of an hundred years they *would be no more!* Such reflections, however obvious, are congenial with the best feelings of humanity. Near the heath are *Powder Mills*, which have exploded on various occasions.

Passing the village of *Belfont*, we could not help noticing the yew-trees in the church-yard, cut into fanciful forms, having even the date 1704 delineated on them with ingenuity. We were diverted with their appearance, though on other occasions we are ready to address the *yew* :—

Cheerless unsocial plant ! that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms ;
 Where light-heel'd ghosts and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon, (as fame reports)

Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds ;
 No other merriment, dull tree ! is thine.

BLAIR.

We soon reached *Staines*, a pleasant town, seventeen miles from London. It derives its name from the Saxon word *stana*, which signifies a *stone*, and was applied to this place from a boundary stone, anciently set up here to mark the extent of the city of London's jurisdiction upon the Thames. The stone is now extant ; on a moulding round its upper part, is inscribed "God preserve the city of London, A. D. 1280!" The church stands alone, almost half a mile from the town. On the south-east side of Staines is *Runnymede*, the spot on which King John was compelled by his barons to sign the famous charter of English liberties, styled *Magna Charta* :

————Near Thames' silver waters lies a mead,
 Where England's barons, bold in freedom's cause,
 Compell'd her king to ratify her laws ;
 With constancy maintained the subjects' right,
 And serv'd a sov'reign in his own despite.
 On that fam'd mead their honest claims to seal,
 They risk'd their private for the public weal ;
 Bravely resolv'd to make the tyrant yield,
 Or die like heroes on the glorious field !

Hume has thus briefly recorded the transaction—"A conference between king John and the Barons was appointed, 15th June, 1212, at Runnymede, between Windsor and Staines ; *a place which has ever since been extremely celebrated on account of this great event.* The two parties encamped apart, like open enemies, and after a debate for a few

days (19th June) the King, with a facility somewhat suspicious, signed and sealed the charter which was required of him. This famous deed, commonly called the *Great Charter*, either granted or secured very important liberties and privileges to every order of men in the kingdom." Mr. Hume then enters into particulars respecting the contents of this charter---as it regarded the clergy, the barons, and the people. It is an interesting detail, in which the happiness and welfare of every British subject are involved.

At the British Museum I lately was shewn what is said to be the very copy of the charter signed on this memorable occasion. It bore all the marks of antiquity, and being much injured by the ravages of time, a *fac-simile* laid close to it by way of elucidation.

Near Staines lies *Egham*, famous for its races, at the distance of four miles from Windsor. It abounds with inns, being a thoroughfare into the West, and has an handsome charity-school. Here are also alms-houses, one of which was built, and is endowed by Sir John Denham, a Baron of the Exchequer in the reign of Charles the Second, for five poor old women, who have each a little orchard to themselves. This Sir John, was the father of Denham the poet, who took delight in this spot. He immortalized himself by a poem, entitled *Cooper's Hill*, in which the river Thames is thus characterised in one stanza, said to be the most descriptive in our language:—

Oh ! could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme !
Though deep, yet clear—though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage—without o'er-flowing full.

From Egham we came to *Bagshot*, passing over a long and dreary heath, remarkable only for the roads by which it is every where intersected, and which were made for the convenience of his Majesty, when he indulged himself in the pleasures of the chace. At first sight they make a singular appearance, but are well calculated to answer the ends for which they were intended. These parts lying in the vicinity of Windsor, accounts for the purposes to which they are appropriated. Bagshot affords good accommodation to travellers. At one of its inns a curious scene took place between the famous John Wilkes, and one of his opponents whom he insisted to engage in a duel. It is so described by Wilkes in a letter, that the perusal of it cannot fail to occasion some merriment, though it has a reference to so serious a subject. The sterile tract of country with which the town is surrounded, seems scarcely capable of much improvement.

Having drank tea at our next stage, *Murrel's Green*, only a single inn, with a pleasant garden, we got to *Basingstoke* before ten, wearied with our peregrination. This is a large populous place, with three charity schools, in one of which twelve boys are maintained by the Skinner's Company

in London. The remains of Holy Ghost Chapel stand on an eminence and overlook the town. It was erected in the reign of Henry the Eighth: and the history of the prophets and apostles once formed a fine decoration to its apartments. has a market for corn, especially barley, and a The Town trade in malt. The chief manufacture is in druggets and shalloons. A fine brook runs by the town, which abounds with trout; for which, indeed, the Hampshire streams have been long famous. Contemplating these waters, whose transparency and rapidity please the eye even of the passing traveller, an exclamation was ready to escape my lips:—

I in these flowery meads would be,
These chrystal streams should solace me,
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice:

WALTON.

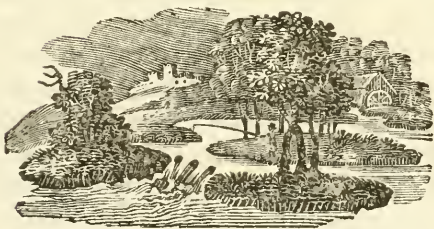
In the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, there was, formerly, a seat of John Marquis of Winchester, which, in the civil wars, was turned into a fortress for the king, and held out a long time, to the great annoyance of the Parliament army; at length Cromwell took it by storm, and provoked by the obstinacy of its defence, put many of the garrison to the sword, and burnt the house to the ground! It was, we are told, a mansion fitter for a prince than a subject; and, among other furniture destroyed with it, there was one bed worth 1,400*l.* yet so considerable was the

plunder, that a private soldier got for his share no less a sum than 300*l*. Alas! the fury of civil wars is so well known, that its outrages excite little astonishment. *Bella, horrida Bélla!* was the pathetic exclamation of one of the most celebrated writers of antiquity!

Having travelled about *fifty* miles since three in the afternoon, we felt ourselves disposed to remain at Basingstoke during the night. Taking, therefore, our accustomed refreshment, we successfully wooed “kind nature’s sweet restorer, balmy sleep,” forgetting for a few hours the anxieties and hazards of our journey.

I remain, dear Sir,

Yours, &c.



LETTER II.

ANDOVER; DUNS SCOTUS; WEYHILL; SALISBURY; BLANDFORD;
DORCHESTER; WEYMOUTH; PORTLAND ISLE; BRIDPORT;
CHARMOUTH; COUNTRY FAIR; CAPTAIN CURIOUS, DEALER
IN SPARS AND PETRIFACTIONS; LYME; LANDING OF THE
DUKE OF NONMOUTH; REMARKABLE EXECUTION OF HIS AD-
HERENTS; SIDMOUTH.

DEAR SIR,

THE next morning we were seated in our chaise before five, and soon got to *Andover*, a large pleasant well built town, on the edge of the downs, for which Wiltshire is distinguished. It is said to have had its first charter from King John, and was last incorporated by Queen Elizabeth. It has a manufacture of shalloons, and is a great thoroughfare from Newbury to Salisbury, as well as from London down to the south-western extremities of the kingdom. I could not help remarking, that at the inn in this place, an engraving of *Duns Scotus* was placed over the bar, where the liquors are mixed for their customers. Whether the effigy of this profound *doctor* was thought necessary to the due mixture of the ingredients, or whether this grave metaphysician ever indulged in such delightful draughts, I am not able to say. The walls of colleges are, sometimes, decorated with his portrait; but I should never have expected to have caught his features in the bar of the tavern.

It may not be improper just to add, that this curious character, *Duns Scotus*, was of the order of St. Francis ; by the acuteness of his parts, and especially by his manner of disputing, he acquired the name of the *Subtle Doctor*. He was very zealous in opposing the opinions of Thomas Aquinas, which produced two parties in the schools, the Thomists and the Scotists. He was a writer of prodigious subtilty, and, like all subtle writers, refined upon every subject he handled, till it had *no meaning* left in it. This indefatigable scribbler left behind him *ten volumes in folio*—now mere waste paper ! He died 1303, at Cologne, in Germany. The perusal of this man's works reminds me of a SONNET

TO NOTHING !

Mysterious nothing—how shall I define
 Thy shapeless, baseless, placeless emptiness ;
 Nor form, nor colour, sound nor size are thine,
 Nor words, nor figures can thy void express.
 But tho' we cannot *thee* with ought compare,
 To *thee* a thousand things may liken'd be ;
 And tho' thou art with *nobody*—*nowhere*,
 Yet half mankind devote their lives to thee.
 How *many books* thy history contain !
 How many heads thy mighty plans pursue !
 What labouring hands thy portion only gain !
 What busy men thy doings only do !
 To *thee* the great, the proud, the giddy bend,
 And like my *Sonnet*—all in *nothing* end.*

* See an ingenious volume, entitled *Poetic Amusement*, by the Rev. T. Beck,—it is designed for young people, and is replete with instruction and entertainment.

On the left side of Andover lies *Weyhill*, remarkable on account of its having one of the greatest fairs for hops, cheese, and sheep, in England. It is, however, only a village, containing a desolate church, on a rising hill, with a few straggling houses.

From Andover we directed our course to *Salisbury*, where we arrived to breakfast. This city, and its adjoining plains, will be noticed in a future letter ; since, upon our return alone, they became the subjects of examination. We may, however, just remark, that the appearance of this place conveys an idea of respectability, and its lofty spire excites admiration.

Blandford, in Dorsetshire, was our next place of destination. It lies upon the Stour, at the distance of 107 miles from London. Twice has it been burnt down by accident; *first* in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and the second time in the year 1731, when the fire raged so violently, that few of the people saved any of their goods. It unfortunately happened at this last conflagration, that the inhabitants were afflicted with that scourge to humanity, the small-pox, so that many of the sick were carried from amidst the flames into the fields, where they expired ! But another account says, that the removal of them into the open air was favourable to the disease, and thus operated to produce, among the faculty, a more cool treatment of it.* The town, however, was

* A Bill has been brought into Parliament to forbid Inoculation for the *Small-pox*, not only on account of its contagious

soon rebuilt in a more beautiful manner. I surveyed this place with attention, on account of the handsome epithets with which Mr. Gibbon, the historian, has honoured it. In his own life, when Captain in the Hampshire militia, he mentions his passing some time at “the *hospitable* and *pleasant* Blandford;” and afterwards, remarks, “we again returned to our *beloveâ* Blandford.”

Our next stage brought us to *Dorchester*, a place of antiquity, and famous among the Romans. It consists chiefly of three streets, and the houses though old and low, yet are regularly built. St. Peter’s church is a handsome structure, and there is a traditional barbarous rhyme, informing us that---

“Geoffery Van,
With his wife Ann,
And his maid Nan,
Built this church.”

The county goal, in this town, is a large building, erected upon the plan of the late Mr. Howard, a man of extensive benevolence, and of an unparalleled philanthropy. It is surrounded by an high wall, and can boast of an healthy situation. At the time I visited it the convicts were few, not more than half a dozen, part of whom I saw white-washing the walls, and the remainder were weeding the yards, all in irons !

nature, but with the view of extending the Vaccination. Some, however, highly disapprove of this prohibitory Bill, whilst others warmly commend it.

Here the learned and patriotic *Gilbert Wakefield* was confined two years for a libel on government. He died soon after his release, September 19, 1801, and was buried at Richmond, where a neat monument may be seen erected to his memory. While we regret the intemperate warmth with which he wrote on political subjects, it is impossible not to revere his talents, admire his learning, and venerate his integrity.

The principal business of this place and its vicinity, at present, is breeding of sheep, of which it is said no less than 60,000 are fed within six miles of the town; the ewes generally bring forth two lambs, which fertility is imputed to the wild thyme, and other aromatic herbage, which grows upon the adjacent downs in great plenty.

Not far from Dorchester is *Maiden Castle*, the completest remains of ancient fortification in the kingdom. In the neighbourhood the Romans had an amphitheatre 140 feet wide, and 220 long, now called *Maumbury*, having a terrace on the top, which is still used as a public walk, and commands a prospect of the town and country around it.

Weymouth, about the distance of nine miles on the left of the Bridport road, is well known for the predilection which the *Royal Family* shew it, by whom, for some years past, it has been annually visited. It is a clean, improved, and well-frequented port, seated on the mouth of the Wye, and incorporated with Melcombe Regis, with

which it communicates by means of a new constructed draw-bridge. Its port is injured by sand, from which circumstance, its trade, once considerable, is now much reduced, though it sends some ships to Portugal and Newfoundland. Its fine velvet beach, and soft air, render the place peculiarly fit for sea-bathing. Hence, in the season, it is crowded with company.

The history of all bathing places shews from what inconsiderable beginnings they have arisen to their present prosperity. Thus, with respect to Weymouth, the recommendation of the famous Ralph Allen, Esq. (the friend of Pope, and the patron of Warburton) about the year 1760, is thought to have first attracted the public attention. At that time, however, it was small and meanly built, though now it vies in beauty with any other watering place in the kingdom. Gloucester-Row, Chesterfield-Place, York-Buildings, Clarence-Buildings, Augusta-Place, and Charlotte-Row, are handsome residences, both for the gentry and nobility. The views from these spots are delightful. In its semicircular bay ships are seen continually gliding to and fro on the surface of the deep, beside pleasure vessels, which may at any time be engaged for aquatic excursions. During his Majesty's stay at Weymouth he often embarks at the extremity of the new pier, to visit ships of war which are hovering around their respective stations. Hence, to use the words of a modern writer—"This shore must be dear to Britons, from which their Monarch, wearied

with the toils of state, has often returned in renovated health and spirits. Long may Weymouth be honoured with his summer visit, and may its tides and its breezes waft to him and the partner of his throne all their salutary influences !”

From Weymouth may be seen *Portland Isle*, in reality a peninsula, inaccessible, excepting at the landing place, where a strong castle first reared its turrets in the reign of Henry the Eighth. The peninsula itself is almost a continued rock of free-stone, of which 9,000 tons are annually exported ! Whitehall, St. Paul’s church, the piers of Westminster, and the whole of Blackfriar’s Bridge are built with it. It is admired for its neatness and durability. Off Portland Isle it was that the *Halswell* East Indiaman, Captain Pearce, was wrecked, in the year 1786, with circumstances of peculiar aggravation ! And here more recently was the *Abergavenny* East Indiaman, with the loss of near 400 lives, consigned to immediate destruction. Most of its valuable contents have been recovered from the deep, by means of an ingenious machine ; and for this salutary effort of art, its author has been liberally rewarded.

Leaving Dorchester in the straight western direction, we soon reached *Bridport*, a long well-built town, with the appearance of which we were particularly pleased. It is situated at the distance of 138 miles from London, upon a small river, near the coast of the English channel. The cor-

poration are principally dissenters, who are here both numerous and of respectability. The entrance to the harbour was, formerly, choaked by sands, which the tide threw up ; and though an act of parliament was passed in 1722, for restoring and building the haven and piers, it was not for some time executed. The place is famous for ropes and cables : and by a statute, made in the reign of Henry VIII. it was enacted, that the cordage of the English navy should, for a limited time, be made in this town, or within five miles of it. The soil still produces as good crops of hemp as any in England.

We now set off for *Lyme*, which brings us near the end of our journey. Had the atmosphere been clear, we should have enjoyed a prospect of the sea ; but a fog, common to this part of the country, so completely envleoped the horizon, that scarcely any object was visible around us. By this circumstance we were considerably disappointed. A view of the English channel would have pleasingly relieved the eye after our long jaunt over the Dorsetshire downs, which, however ornamented by flocks of sheep, tire by their tedious uniformity.

A few miles before we entered *Lyme*, we passed through *Charmouth*, a village on an eminence near the sea, whence of course, had the fog permitted us, we should have had a delightful survey of the wide and majestic ocean ! It was a fair, and of course characterized by that ludicrous bustle which is usual on such occasions. The

honest rustics were assembled for the purpose of recreation ; and merriment, in every form, seemed to be the object of pursuit. A country fair has been aptly described both by *Hurd* and *Warton* ; the lines of the latter, of which I was now reminded, you probably recollect :—

Behold the transports of yon festive scene,
Where the wide country, on the tented green,
Its inmates pour, impatient all to share
The expected pleasures of the annual fair.
See ! to the amorous youth and village maid
The pedlar's silken treasury display'd ;
The liquorish boy the yellow simnel eyes,
The champion's cudgel wins the envy'd prize ;
The marshal trumpet calls the gazers in,
Where lions roar, or fierce hyenas grin ;
Responsive to the tabor's sprightly sound,
Behold the jingling Morris beat the ground ;
The neighbouring courser, sleek'd and trick'd for sale,
Grains in his paunch and ginger in his tail ;
The dwarf and giant, painted to the life,
The spirit-stirring drum, the shrill-ton'd fife,
Prelusive to the warlike speech that charms
The kindling heroes of the plains to arms !
Here bliss unfeign'd in every eye we trace,
Here heartfelt mirth illumines every face ;
For pleasure here has never learnt to cloy,
But days of toil enliven hours of joy !

My friend informed me that Charmouth contains in its cliffs an inexhaustable magazine of petrifications. Nature here seems to have deposited some of her choicest treasures. Perhaps the cornua ammonis, nautilus, and belemnite, are found here in as great perfection as in any part

of the kingdom. In fact, there are few cabinets which are not indebted for beautiful specimens of the above-mentioned fossils, to this village. Nor must we forget that dog-tooth spars, of the highest beauty, elegant specimens of petrified wood, the vertebræ and other bones of marine animals, are also here found. Gentlemen's carriages, when they stop here, are frequently beset by the poor, who collect these things on the beach, and offer them to sale. Among these, the person commonly known by the epithet of Captain Curious, is distinguished. Indeed he makes it his profession, and on enquiring for him, virtuosi are shewn to his cottage, where an assortment of these articles is kept for the accommodation of his customers.

Here you will permit me to recommend an admirable work, entitled, *Organic Remains of a former World*, by J. Parkinson, the Second Volume of which has been recently published. The account of fossils given by the author is truly curious and well worthy attention. The numerous plates are exact copies of nature, and coloured with exquisite delicacy.

Lyme, lies close by the sea-side, seated in a cavity between two rocky hills, on the river Lyme, which runs through it, and whence its name is derived. The road to it, from the village of Charmouth, forms a tremendous declivity. Being dark, it felt as if we were driving down into the bottom of the ocean ! It is sometimes denominated Lyme Regis, or King's Lyme, probably from

its having been annexed to the crown in the reign of Edward the First. Here are some fine houses built of free-stone, and covered with blue slate. This place is frequented in the bathing season, having machines and other accommodations for company. Houses for the genteeler classes have been raised on the side of the hill, whence the eye is exhilarated with a prospect of the ocean ! Lodgings for strangers also are to be procured in this elevated situation, and it is said with a tolerable degree of cheapness. In general these places of resort are exorbitant in their charges, so that persons in the middle rank of life, should they visit the sea side, either for *health* or *pleasure*, need study economy. Lyme is also praised for the good hours kept by the company who visit it ; and *early rising* has always been deemed conducive to health and spirits. It is, however, a practice unknown in the fashionable world.

Lyme is a good harbour, and the merchants lade and unlade their goods at a place called the Cobb, a massy building, consisting of a firm stone wall running out into the sea, and in a curvilinear direction. That part of the town nearest the ocean, lies so low, that at spring-tides the cellars are overflowed to the height of ten or twelve feet. The custom-house stands upon pillars, and has the corn market underneath it.

It was at Lyme that the unfortunate James Duke of Monmouth landed, in June, 1685, with about eighty men ; his numbers, however, soon

increased ; he marched to Axminster and Taunton, but giving battle to the King's troops at Sedgemoor, near Bridgewater, he was defeated, and soon afterwards beheaded. I shall enter more fully into this business in my account of Taunton, and in the mean time refer the reader to *Charles James Fox's* incomparable Historical Work, where the character and fate of the Duke of Monmouth are sketched with equal truth and ability. His adherents were pursued with unrelenting cruelty, and several were executed at this place, with circumstances of aggravated severity. In particular, twelve persons were hung at one time, among whom were *Colonel Holmes*, *Dr. Temple*, and *Samuel Robins*, whose cases were peculiar. Holmes was an old and gallant officer, who had served under Cromwell with distinguished reputation. He accompanied the Duke to Holland, by whom he was made major-general. In the action of Philip's Norton, one of his arms was shot to pieces, so that it hung only by the flesh ; in consequence of this, being soon taken, he was stripped by the soldiers, and carried before a justice of peace, who humanely cloathed him. His shattered arm being an incumbrance to him, he, waiting in the kitchen for his worship, laid it on the dresser, and cut it off himself with the cook-maid's-knife ! He was hanged on the spot where he landed with the Duke, and met his fate with manly fortitude and resignation.

Dr. Temple was a native of Nottingham, who going to Holland for experience in his profession, met with the Duke, who engaged him as his physician and surgeon. He knew nothing of the Duke's intention of invading England, till they had been some time at sea : yet, notwithstanding this exculpatory fact, no interest could save him. Samuel Robins was a fisherman of Charmouth, who went on board the Duke's ship to dispose of his fish, and was ofcourse compelled to pilot him into Lyme. He would, however, have been pardoned, had it not been proved in court that a book, entitled, *The Solemn League and Covenant*, was found in his house.

It is observed by a Mr. Pitts, who was a spectator of the execution of these twelve unfortunate persons, that they were to have been drawn to the place of execution on a sledge ; but no cart horses, nor even coach horses, could be made to draw it, so that they were obliged to go on foot. This circumstance was remarked at the time, and considered by many as a kind of miracle ! It undoubtedly had something extraordinary in it ; but every little circumstance is easily convertible into an omen by minds inclinable to superstition.

Had the Duke of Monmouth proved successful in his expedition, *Lyme* would no doubt have been held in the same degree of veneration with which *Torbay* is contemplated by the friends of civil and religious liberty. The fortune of *War* is proverbial, and success sanctions almost every thing in the eye of the world.

We left Lyne, encircled by the shades of the evening, and passing through *Culliton*, a snug little place, reached *Sidmouth* at a late hour, when its inhabitants were peacefully reclined on their beds :—

Tempus erat quo prima quies mortalibus ægris
Incipit, et dono divum gratissima serpit,

'Twas in the dead of night, when sleep repairs
Our bodies worn with toil, our minds with cares.

We soon, however, got access into the house of our friend, a gentleman of respectability, who entertained us with his accustomed hospitality.

I cannot help remarking with what different sensations we travel after sun-set in those parts of the country which are remote from the Metropolis. Neither footpad nor highwayman haunted our imaginations. The darkness of the night, and the retiredness of the roads, would, in the vicinity of a great city, conspire for our destruction. Whereas *here* we were only exposed to the dangers incident to night-travelling, and of course were better able to secure our personal safety. In this respect the *Country* reminds us of the golden age, when Innocence and Peace joined hand-in-hand to render men happy ; whilst the huge over-grown metropolis nourishes in her bosom miscreants of every description ; whence they issue with desperate intentions, the pest and disgrace of society ! Laws, human and divine, are insufficient to restrain them. Every

returning winter invites these men to the perpetration of deeds of violence. We are fearful of walking abroad---we are not suffered to rest quiet in our habitations. Whatever boasted advantages, therefore, *cities* may possess—for peace, quietness, and safety, give me some retired spot in the *country*. And why this essential difference?

Man made the Town—God made the Country!

COWPER.

In my next epistle I shall send you an account of *Sidmouth* and its *vicinity*.—I remain,

Your's respectfully.



LETTER III.

FIRST SIGHT OF THE SEA ; DESCRIPTION OF SIDMOUTH, BY A FRIEND ; ITS POSITION ; ITS TRADE ; ITS HISTORY ; ITS HEALTHY AND DELIGHTFUL SITUATION ; THE OCEAN DESCRIBED BY DENHAM ; CAUSES OF THE SALTNESS OF THE SEA CONSIDERED BY THE BISHOP OF LANDAFF ; SEA, CONSIDERED IN A MORAL POINT OF VIEW, A RICH SOURCE OF IMPROVEMENT.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING in my last two Epistles delineated my route to *Sidmouth* ; I now proceed to give you an account of this place and its vicinity. Of late years it has become the resort of genteel persons during the summer season. But at a former period it used to offer the valetudinarian, in addition to the softness of the sea-breezes, all the pleasures of retirement.

The friend who had admitted us beneath his hospitable roof, possessed a spot remarkable for the neatness of its appearance and the felicity of its situation. I eagerly availed myself of the light of the ensuing day, to ascertain the nature of the place whither I had arrived amid the shades of midnight darkness. The house I found was inclosed by a garden, highly cultivated, abounding with fruit, and furnishing a prospect both of the ocean and of the surrounding country. The scene had all the gloss of novelty : At one of its

extremities lay a summer-house, into which we ascended by a flight of steps, and from which the sea burst upon the eye of the spectator with uncommon grandeur. Its hoarse resounding murmurs were even thence distinctly heard by the listening ear ; and struck with the contemplation of so immense a body of water, I was ready to exclaim with Thomson :—

And, THOU, majestic main,
A world of secret wonders in thyself,
Sound *his* stupendous praise, whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall !

Much pains have been lately taken by our critics in tracing out some of the finest lines in the British Poets, to passages in the ancient classics. May not the above quotation, I mean the latter part, be said to resemble a passage in Horace—with this difference only, that the Roman Bard has assigned to a particular mind what the British Poet has much more sublimely applied to the Supreme Being :—

Quo non arbiter Adriæ
Major, tollere seu ponere vult freta !

Nor the land Tyrant of the western main
Of power supreme the storm to raise,
Or calmer smooth the surface of the seas !

Instead of attempting to describe *Sidmouth* with my own pen, I will present you with an account obligingly drawn up by my friend, the Rev. Mr. H—s, who accompanied me in this

journey. His residence at the place for many years, joined to the inquisitive turn of mind which he is known to possess, well fitted him for the delineation.

“ *Sidmouth* is seated at the bottom of the immense bay which is formed by the two noted headlands, Portland Point and the Start Point. It was, formerly, a place of considerable note, and possessed an ample harbour for shipping, and an extensive trade: but such have been the encroachments of the ever restless ocean upon this part of our coasts, that its port is now lost, and its trade annihilated. Different geographers, speaking of this place, tell us that its harbour is now choaked up by sand; but this is palpably an inaccuracy, as the harbour was certainly *not* formed by any inlet of the sea, and consequently could not be filled up by the accumulation of marine substances. The fact is, the land to the westward of the town, formerly projected far beyond its present boundary into the sea, and probably formed a Bight-Bay, or natural pier, within which vessels sought refuge in time of danger. This supposition is the more plausible, as immense rocks are now seen at low water, stretching far from the point just mentioned, in a southern direction, and pointing out to the observing eye an eligible basis for the re-erection of such a work: nay, more, there are those who can recollect a chain of rocks similar to the very picturesque one which yet rears its head and defies the buffetings of the waves, which followed

each other to the southward, till they were lost in the depths of the ocean ! But though no trace of the port *now* remains, and even the remembrance of it is swept away by the tide of time, this is by no means the case with respect to the commerce and spirit of enterprise which once animated this place. Tradition tells us that the *pilchard* fishery, that immense source of national wealth, was once carried on to a great extent by the natives of Sidmouth : that its hardy sons, with every returning season, sought their finny stores, and pursued them along the coasts of Cornwall, round the Scilly Isles, and even up the northern shores of their native country. Unhappily two succeeding unfavourable seasons overtook them, their boats were all cast away, their crews overwhelmed in the ocean returned no more.—Where the bustle and gaiety of business had adorned every countenance with smiles, nothing was seen but sable weeds—nothing was heard but sighs and lamentations ! The spirit which had animated this enterprising spot was quenched at once, and of all its former celebrity, nought remained but the apparatus in which its merchandise had been prepared for the market ; the memory of what it once was, and the ecclesiastical records, which detail to future incumbents the plenteous tythe which their forerunners had collected from the deep !

“ It ought not to be forgotten that this spirit of enterprise was not the consequence of their peculiar situation : it is said, that when no longer

able to find refuge for the busy craft among their native rocks, the inhabitants of Sidmouth set on foot a liberal subscription, and with it erected a quay at *Torquay*, and hence their vessels, boats, and craft of every description, take shelter from the tempest there, in time of distress, without paying the customary port duties which are exacted of all others.

“ At present, *Sidmouth* is only known as a place of resort for the valetudinary and the dissipated; and to each of these it presents attractions peculiarly inviting. Seated on the base of the two lofty mountains which form its charming vale, and closed up on the north by the Honiton hills, it presents its bosom only to the southern ray, and to the southern zephyr, and fanned by the pure breeze of the ocean alone, must, of course, be well calculated to redress the injury which filthy cities, crowded rooms, and mephitic vapours, entail upon mankind. In this respect Sidmouth claims a decided superiority over all its competitors for public resort. Here no filthy lagoons impregnate the atmosphere with poisonous miasma; no stagnant pools here putrify in the solar ray; wherever there is water, it flows, and constantly crossing the traveller's path, tempers the sultry gale, gives fresh verdure to the luxuriant herbage which fringes its tinkling course, cherishes the thousand plants and flowers with which every hedge-row is garnished, embalms the air, and revives the fainting energies of nature. The charming diversity for which Devon

is famed, seems here to be collected into one point. Does the sated mind turn from the monotony of the ocean? In the vale behind it, every thing is rich, luxuriant, and variegated, calculated to awaken the softest and most tranquilizing emotions in the bosom: the trees are here seen flourishing even to the water's edge, with a verdure and luxuriance which is elsewhere unknown. Along the banks of the Sid, which, bursting at once from beneath a mighty rock, meanders its three-mile-course to the ocean, we meet with all that beautiful variety of scenery which Fenelon so richly describes in his *Télémaque*--meadows embroidered with flowers, fields waving with corn, orchards laden with fruit; while every turn in its fantastic windings, presents us with the delicacies of the landscape in some new point of view, adds some fresh tuft of trees, some little murmuring water-fall, some straw-thatch'd cottage to the picture. Upon the mountain, the half-suffocated victim of fashion and midnight orgies, breathes the pure ætherial atmosphere; and while his path is strewn with flowers, gazes upon nature in some of her most elegant attitudes, and catches at one glance an extent of prospect, a variety of scenery which is almost unrivalled.

“ It has been debated to which of the adjacent summits the palm of excellence in this respect is due, but the point can alone be determined by the peculiar taste of the beholder. From the eastern high lands *the vale of Sidmouth* is cer-

tainly seen to the most advantage, the perspective is undoubtedly confined, but it teems with luxury. The ravished eye looks down upon a landscape stretched out like a carpet beneath it, which centres within itself as much picturesque beauty as is collected within an equal boundary in any country upon the earth ! Here every thing necessary to an enchanting picture seems to be concentrated. Lands, rich and well cultivated, hedge-rows amply furnished with forest trees ; mountains tipped with copse, bespotted with sheep ; here glowing with the gilded blossoms of the furze, and there finely tinted with the numerous varieties of the heaths, which flourish on their slopes ; the whole decorated, not with the frowning awe-commanding mansions of the great, but besprinkled with cottages, villages, and hamlets, with their white-washed spire peeping through the orchards that envelope and almost hide it from view. On the precipices which terminate either hill, the picture is uncommonly sublime and striking ; from the eastern summit the eye ranges over a vast extent of country, and is only bounded at the distance of forty miles, by the rugged tors upon the forest of Dartmoor. Beneath we see the Halidown Hills, the Start Point, the Berry Head, Torbay, with its ever shifting fleets ; and in the cliffs we have, “ Pelion upon Ossa,” and “ Caucasus upon Pelion,” in tremendous masses heaped upon each other ! From the Peak we gaze upon the white cliffs of Albion (and here take our leave of them) the south-

western course of Dorset, the Portland Isle, which, like a bully, projects itself into the channel, and seems to hurl defiance against the opposite shores.

“ In *Sidmouth* itself we have nothing which is worth noticing, if we except the church tower, which is certainly a fine piece of masonry. The modern erections are many, among the rest there is an excellent inn, a large and convenient assembly-room, billiard-room, and reading-room. On the beach a gravel walk of about one-third of a mile in length, has been constructed for the accommodation of the company; the bathing is commodious, and, for the convenience of the infirm, warm salt water baths have also been erected. Here the naturalist may find an ample field of investigation. The hills abound with plants, many of which are rare. In the cliffs numerous spars of different kinds are to be collected; nor are the rocks deficient in materials for study and amusement. Beautiful specimens of the *Pholen* are found imbedded in the marly foundations of the hills; and blocks of freestone, which have been broken from the summits of the cliffs, abound with *echinæ marinæ*, petrified coral, and many other productions of a similar description. In the basons, worn by the action of the waves in the rocks, elegant coralines abound: and not unfrequently that singular production of nature, the animal flower, vulgarly called the sea anemone.”

From this entertaining account of Sidmouth, by my friend, you will have it in your power to form a satisfactory idea of the spot at which we were now arrived.

As I am partial to the contemplation of the sea, you will indulge me in a few reflections on my favourite subject.

The globe was originally distributed into land and water. The measure was wisely designed, and is appropriated to many important purposes. "The waters themselves," says Derham, in his *Physico-Theology*, "are an admirable work of God, and of infinite use to that part of the globe already surveyed; and the prodigious variety and multitudes of curious and wonderful things observable in its inhabitants of all sorts, are an inexhaustible scene of the Creator's wisdom and power. The vast bulk of some, and prodigious minuteness of others, together with the incomparable contrivance and structure of the bodies of all; the provisions and supplies of food afforded to such an innumerable company of eaters, and that in an element unlikely, one would think, to afford any great store of supplies; the business of respiration performed in a way different from, but equivalent to what is in land animals; the adjustment of the organs of vision to that element in which the animal liveth: the poise, the support, the motion of the body forwards with great swiftness, and upwards and downwards with great readiness and agility, and all without feet and hands, and ten thousand things besides;

all these things lay before us a glorious and inexhaustible scene of the divine power, wisdom, and goodness."

What a number of curious articles are here brought together ; to what an extent of meditation might such topics be applied !

The *saltness* of the sea is a curious circumstance, and even among philosophers it has occasioned much perplexity. I have consulted a variety of writers on the subject ; but the present Bishop of Landaff, in his *Chemical Essays*, has afforded me most satisfaction. From him, therefore, an extract of some length shall be given ; the young reader will be gratified with the particulars communicated---they are marked by a philosophical accuracy :---

"There are few questions respecting the natural history of our globe, which have been discussed with more attention, or decided with less satisfaction, than that concerning the primary cause of the *saltness of the sea*. The solution of it had perplexed the philosophers before the time of Aristotle ; it surpassed his own great genius ; and those of his followers, who have attempted to support his arguments, have been betrayed into very ill-grounded conclusions concerning it. *Father Kircher*, after having consulted three and thirty authors upon the subject, could not help remarking, that the fluctuations of the ocean itself were scarcely more various than the opinions of men concerning the origin of its saline impregnation. The question does not seem ca-

pable of admitting an illustration from experiment; at least no experiments have hitherto been made for that purpose, and therefore we may be the less surprised at its remaining nearly as problematical in the present age, as it has been in any of the preceding. Had there, indeed, any observations been made, three or four centuries ago, ascertaining the saltness of the sea, at any particular time and place; we might, by making, at present, similar observations at the same place, in the same season, have been able to know whether the *saltness*, at that particular place, was an *increasing*, *decreasing*, or any *invariable* quantity: and this kind and degree of knowledge would have served as a clue to direct us to a full investigation of this matter in general; but it is to be regretted, that no such observations have, till very lately, been made with any tolerable precision.---There are three principal opinions on this subject, which have been maintained by philosophers of modern date.

“Some, observing that river water, almost in every part of the globe, is, in a greater or less degree, impregnated with sea salt, have thought that the sea has gradually acquired its present quality of salt from the long continued influx of rivers.

“Other philosophers, observing that large beds of fossile salt are not unfrequent in any quarter of the globe; and conceiving, with great probability, the bottom of the sea to be analogous in its formation to the surface of the earth, have

undertaken to derive its saltness from the beds of rock salt, which they have supposed to be situated at its bottom ; and they are further of opinion, that without such a permanent saline principle, the sea would long since have become insipid from the fresh water poured into it by an infinity of rivers. Strange ! that what, according to the fore-mentioned hypothesis, was thought sufficient to account for the saltness of the sea, should in this be esteemed instrumental in annihilating the saltness already supposed to exist.

“Boyle unites, as it were, the two preceding hypotheses, and “ takes the saltness of the sea to be supplied, not only from rocks and other masses of salt, which at the beginning were, or in some countries may yet be found either at the bottom of the sea, or at the sides, where the water can reach them ; but also from the salt which the rivers, rains, and other waters dissolve in their passage through divers parts of the earth, and at length carry with them into the sea.” Buffon, and the generality of philosophers, acquiesce in the opinion of Boyle.

“After all, it may be observed, that we are inquiring into the cause of a phenomenon, which it may be said had no secondary cause at all. It is taken for granted in this disquisition, that the water which covered the globe in its chaotic state, was not impregnated with salt as at present, but quite fresh ; now this is an opinion concerning a matter of fact, which can never be proved either

way ; and surely we extend our speculations very far, when we attempt to explain a phenomenon, primeval to, or coeval with, the formation of the earth."

After the enumeration of these particulars relative to the SEA, you will permit me just to call your attention to two writers, who have dwelt on this subject in a *moral* point of view.

Dr. James Fordyce thus expresses himself in his *view of the Sea*, and the passage was forcibly suggested to my mind, when contemplating the same grand object at Sidmouth.

" In this place of security," says that elegant writer, " I view unaffrighted, though not unawed, the majestic ocean, spread out before me. Stupendous image of thy power, Omnipotent Creator ! nor less of thy benevolence, Universal Parent ! Was it not formed by thee to unite in bonds of mutual intercourse thy wide extended family of mankind ; to carry through various and distant nations the respective productions and discoveries of each, to relieve or diminish their mutual wants, and disseminate the blessings of religion and humanity unto the ends of the earth ? But who can number the tribes or tell the diversity of living creatures with which thou hast replenished this mighty receptacle of waters, fitting all to enjoy their native element, and many to supply a rich wholesome nourishment for man ? May he receive it with thanksgiving as one of those benefits that, when placed within his power, were intended to employ his industry

and strengthen him for thy service? Nor would I forget to acknowledge that benignant Providence which hath, in so many other ways, rendered the same element conducive to health and comfort, by furnishing stores of salt to season and preserve our food, by refreshing the adjacent coasts with salutary breezes, by invigorating the weak and restoring the diseased, that bathe in its briny waves !”

These observations are much the same as those suggested by Derham, only expressed in more elegant language, and sublimed by the fervor of devotion. They may, however, receive still further illustration from the lines of the late Mr. Sharpe, who, in a little piece, describing the beauties of the Isle of Wight, personifies the blessings of *Sea-Bathing* in these spirited lines :—

See ruddy Health with naked bosom stand
On yonder cliff, and wave the vigorous hand
Above the banks, with florid cheeks that glow,
Pointing triumphant at the tide below !
The pregnant tide with *healing* power replete,
Where health, where vigour, and where pleasure meet ;
Here OCEAN's breath comes mingled with the breeze,
And drives far off the bloated fiend *Disease* ;
Here ocean's balm the sinking heart delights,
And drooping BRITAIN to the shore invites ;
His essence here shall energetic glow,
And health and spirits on his sons bestow !*

* See an excellent treatise on *Sea Bathing*, by Dr. Buchan ; who writes on the subject, not only scientifically but in a manner which cannot fail of being useful to those visiting the sea-side for the restoration of Health.

The other writer to whom I alluded, as having dwelt on this subject, is the late Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge, who, by a reference to the sea, thus strikingly illustrates the character of the Deity : “ Your fear of God is excessive. The cause of this *dread* is a particular knowledge of God. Recollect what I said to you concerning knowing only *part of a subject*. This is your case : you have attended to the *judgments* of God, to his *threatenings* against the wicked, and to that punishment which awaits them in another state : but you have not turned your attention to the *MERCY* of God expressed in his promises, and in his dispensations of goodness to others in your condition. Suppose I could take a person, one who had never seen the sea, and carry him in an instant to the sea-side, and set him down there ; and suppose the sea, at that instant, to be in a storm ; the great black and dismal clouds rolling, thunders bellowing, lightning flashing, the winds roaring, the sea dashing ten thousand watery mountains one against the other, the beach covered with shattered timber and cordage, merchandizes and corpses ; this man would instantly conceive a dreadful idea of the sea, and would shudder and shriek, and fly for his life ! It would be hard to give this man a pleasant notion of the sea, especially if he had been well informed that several of his relations and friends had perished in the tempest ; yet this man would have but *half* a right notion of the sea. For could he be prevailed up on to go

down to the beach a few days after, the heavens would smile, the air be serene, the water smooth, the seamen whistling and singing ; here a vessel of trade sailing before the wind, there a fleet of men of war coming into harbour ; yonder, pleasure-boats basking in the sun, the flute making melody to the breeze ; the company, even the softer sex, enjoying themselves without fear : this man would form the *other half-notion* of the sea, and the *two put together*, would be the *just and true* idea of it. Apply this to our subject.

“ You have seen your heavenly Father reprove Adam, chide Moses, drown the old world, burn the cities of the plain, cause the earth to open and swallow up Dathan and his company, send a Joseph to prison, put a Jeremiah into a dungeon, and a Daniel into a den of lions : you have seen him fell a Paul down to the earth, not only kill an Ananias and Sapphira upon the spot, but strike a Zachariah dumb, and cleave the heart of even a Peter asunder with recollection and repentance ; but, go back to these persons, and see a Paul *preaching the faith which he once destroyed* ; a Peter *begotten again unto a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead* ;—a Zachariah filled with the Holy Ghost, and singing, *Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, through whose tender mercy the day-spring from on high hath visited us, and hath delivered us out of the hands of our enemies, that we might serve him without fear in holiness all the days of our lives.*”

You will join with me in admiring the appositeness of this illustration, since you have often regretted that religion should be ever clothed in the sable garb of melancholy. TRUE RELIGION is the cheerful adoration of that great and wonderful being, by whose operations the felicity of the whole intelligent creation will be ultimately accomplished.

For having thus contemplated the *sea* in its *natural* and *moral* points of view, I shall offer no apology; such considerations lead to early reflection and genuine piety.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.



LETTER IV.

OLD FISHERMAN; DRAUGHT OF MACKARIL; ROMANTIC SITUATION OF A FRIEND; ENCAMPMENT; SIDBURY; LEACON-HILL; ENCHANTING PROSPECT; TOBEAY; REVOLUTION OF WILLIAM, 1688; LANDING OF WILLIAM; NECESSITY AND ADVANTAGES OF THE REVOLUTION; MEDAL OF THE REVOLUTION; CIRCUMSTANCES OF WILLIAM'S VOYAGE; ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF WILLIAM; APOLOGETIC CONCLUSION.

DEAR SIR,

WANDERING one day on the beach at *Sidmouth* early in the morning, I met with an aged fisherman, seated under the cliff of a rock, and employed (like James, the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, of old) in mending his nets. I entered into conversation with him, and learnt from him many things with which I was unacquainted. Among other particulars, he told me, that these coasts had, of late years, been in a measure, deserted by the finny tribe. For this fact no satisfactory reasons could be assigned. This spirit of emigration, by no means uncommon, at present, amongst the human species, has, it seems seized the piscatory race; nor is it yet ascertained to what shores they have betaken themselves. I gave this son of misfortune a trifle, for which he appeared grateful. Indeed I pitied the poor old man, who lamented the desertion, as it had been the occasion of narrowing the

the means of his subsistence. On his brow was indented many a furrow, and his physiognomy assured me that he had, oftentimes, borne "the pitiless pelting of the storm!"

Maackarel, however, are caught here in abundance. I saw a draught brought ashore one evening, and poured from the net into a basket. I was struck with their appearance, and handled them, for their colours were beautiful. The silvery white was shaded by purple dyes, and the agonies of dissolution produced a thousand variations, marked by exquisite delicacy. Upon my return from this scene, I found the band belonging to the Sidmouth volunteers playing on the beach, which, combined with the murmurs of the "wide weltering waves," generated pleasing sensations. The company were parading backwards and forwards, the sun rapidly setting in the west, while, the approaching shades of darkness, admonished us that day was closing upon us, and the empire of night was about to be resumed. Indeed, at that instant, to adopt the language of a celebrated female author, "I contemplated all nature at rest; the rocks, even grown darker in their appearance, looked as if they partook of the general repose, and reclined more heavily on their foundations."

The purport of my visit to Sidmouth was to enjoy the company of a valuable friend the Rev. Mr. B—— who, on account of indisposition, had been obliged to quit the metropolis, and

chose to retire into this part of the country. *Him and his amiable family* I found embosomed in a vale, (they are since removed to Sidmouth) which, for the softness of its air and the richness of its prospect, cannot be exceeded. Their mansion was neat and commodious; their view on the left extended towards the sea, and on the right was terminated by a rising hill; whilst the declivity of the opposite mountain, intersected by inclosures, and spotted with sheep, imparted a picturesque scene to the eye of the beholder. Near the foot of the door ran a rivulet; which, by its murmurs soothed the ear, and by its transparency gratified imagination. About the distance of two fields above the mansion, the sea beautifully unfolded itself to view between the hills, and vessels were appearing and disappearing, not wholly unlike the objects passing through a magic lantern; though certainly the scene had no connexion with the ludicrous, nor were the objects transmitted with equal rapidity. At the top of the hill was an ancient *encampment*; but whether of Roman or Danish origin cannot be ascertained with certainty. There is no doubt, however, that these coasts were infested by the enemy in the earlier periods of British history. From this eminence we looked down on the other side into the little village of *Sidbury*, and its clustered cottages suggested to the mind those flattering images of felicity, which we usually connect with rusticity.

My abode was at the house of my friend. Thence we often sallied forth to survey the adjacent prospects; but the weather was by no means favourable to our excursions. One fine day, however, we ascended the opposite eminence, *Beacon Hill*, clambering up its side with difficulty. But its summit recompensed the toil which we had endured. Though unaccustomed to the art of drawing, yet seating myself upon a hillock, I was tempted to take a rough sketch of the cottage we had left, and of the hills with which it was surrounded. The whole scene before me might be likened to the representation of a *camera obscura*, where the reflected images of objects are exhibited with neatness and accuracy. In our wandering onward, we stooped down and plucked many a ripe *whortle-berry* from amidst the prickly furze which covered the ground, and the gathering of which affords to many poor persons the means of maintenance. We at length came to the brow of the hill, and stopping at the *beacon*, we, for some time, surveyed with astonishment the divine prospect which burst upon us from every quarter of the horizon! Nor could it be pronounced altogether unlike the eminence whither Adam was led by the archangel Michael, to shew him what lay hid in the womb of futurity:

A hill,
Of Paradise the highest, from whose top
The hemisphere of earth, in clearest ken
Stretch'd out to th' amplest reach of prospect lay!

Before us the wide ocean extended itself, where, could our vision have been invigorated, we should have spied the islands of Guernsey, Jersey, and Alderney, together with the opposite coast of France. On the left lay Sidmouth, whose venerable tower alone was visible to us, and beyond projected the Portland Isle, reminding me of the unfortunate Haleswell East Indiaman, whose fate is fresh in every mind. Behind, was seen a fine extent of country, from the centre of which the smoke of Exeter ascended, thus enabling me to ascertain the spot in which the western metropolis was situated. Beneath us was a wood, whose embrowned appearance imparted a solemnity; and it seemed, indeed, fitted for our Druidical ancestors, who were attached to these sylvan recesses. On the right, at the extremity of our prospect, TORBAY presented itself; and we could descry the little rock by which its entrance is characterised.

This group of objects, which, from this eminence, filled the eye and exhilarated the heart, I was unwilling to relinquish; it was the finest sight that I had ever beheld, combining the sublime and beautiful in perfection! Descending from this point, therefore, with lingering step, I stole many a farewell look, feeling the reproach suggested in the words of the poet——

O ! how canst thou renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which nature to her vot'ry yields !
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves and garniture of fields !

All that the genial ray of morn'ing gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even !
All that the mountain's shelt'ring bosom shields,
And all the dread magnificence of heav'n,
O ! how canst thou renounce, and hope to be forgiv'n ?

BEATTIE.

The view of *Torbay* called up to my mind the glorious revolution of 1688 ; for *there* the hero WILLIAM, with his followers, landed November the 5th, a day to be revered in the annals of British history ! The arrival of our illustrious deliverer chased away the shades of popery and arbitrary power, which were thickening fast around the inhabitants of this island. *James* was a brutal bigot, and had forfeited the love and esteem of his subjects. But this great event is fully detailed in all our histories. With its critical commencement, its pacific progress, and its happy termination, you are well acquainted. The improvements introduced at that time into the *British Constitution*, rendered it the object of admiration to the surrounding nations. Indeed the emendations which it then received, cannot be sufficiently estimated ; and the memory of those individuals who hazarded their lives and fortunes in that grand patriotic undertaking, stands endeared to posterity.

The late intelligent Dr. Kippis, in his *Centenary Discourse on the Revolution*, preached at the Old Jewry, Nov. 5, 1788, states with clearness, the civil and religious advantages which were then acquired and secured to the inhabitants of Britain. But, my young friend, though I would

refer you for a circumstantial account of the revolution to the page of British history ; yet I beg leave to introduce to your notice an *epitome* of the leading benefits which the IMMORTAL WILLIAM was the means of procuring to our beloved country. By *Protestants* and especially by *Protestant Dissenters*, they ought never to be forgotten. How far it may be proper that civil events should be recorded in a style imitative of the simplicity and solemnity of sacred history I do not pretend to say ; but certain it is, that this eastern mode of writing does, in some cases, produce an impression on the youthful memory.

“ And WILLIAM was called the Deliverer, in as much as by him the land was delivered from popery and arbitrary power, and the liberties of the people, both civil and religious, were settled and established upon a new foundation. The prerogatives of the crown were limited, and the rights of the subject were ascertained.

For the Lords and Commons of England, on the day that they offered him the crown, explained also the conditions on which he must accept it, saying,—

“ Thou shalt not suspend or dispense with laws, or the execution of laws, by royal authority, without consent of Parliament ; it is illegal.

“ Thou shalt not levy money for the use of the crown by pretence of prerogative ; it is illegal.

“ Thou shalt not infringe the right of the subjects to petition the King, neither shalt thou per-

secute nor commit any one for such petition : it is illegal.

“ Thou shall not keep a standing army within the kingdom, in time of peace, unless it be with consent of Parliament ; it is illegal.

“ The election of Members of Parliament shall be free, and no freedom of speech and debate in Parliament shall be impeached or questioned in any place or court out of Parliament.

“ Excessive bail shall not be required, nor excessive fines be imposed, nor cruel and unusual punishments inflicted.

“ Jurors shall be duly impanelled and returned.

“ And finally, for redress of all grievances, and for the amending, strengthening, and preserving of the laws, Parliaments shall be frequently held.

And we, the people of England, do claim, demand, and insist upon all these things as our undoubted rights and liberties.

“ And WILLIAM was a wise Prince, and he ruled the kingdom with power and great glory.”

The particulars of this abstract bear a reference to the grievances which the nation had endured under the turbulent reign of the Stuarts. The friends of the revolution were unwilling that these scenes of tyranny should be again renewed. To use the language of the late Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge---“ The LAW now says of every subject, *Touch not the apple of his eye*---I am his guardian and protector---wanton violence shall not escape with impunity,” I am the more particu-

far in thus glancing at the advantages obtained, because an infidel of political notoriety has taken pains to traduce the character of William, and to blast the laurels by which his head has been long and deservedly encircled. But every sensible and liberal-minded Englishman knows how to value the constitution of his country, consisting of King, Lords, and Commons, their reciprocal influence being duly poised and regulated. In spite therefore, of its imperfections, (which we trust will one day be mildly but effectually remedied) let us exclaim, from a principle of esteem and gratitude,---

Hail, sacred polity, by freedom rear'd !
 Hail, sacred freedom, when by law restrain'd !
 Without you, what were man ? a groveling herd,
 In darkness, wretchedness, and want enchain'd.
 Sublim'd by you, the Greek and Roman reign'd
 In arts unrival'd. O ! to latest days
 In ALBION, may your influence, unprofan'd,
 To god-like worth the gen'rous bosom raise,
 And prompt the sage's lore and fire the poet's lay !*

MINSTREL.

There were several curious medals devised to perpetuate this revolution. The following is the most expressive that I have seen. On one side is a bust of the prince, with this inscription, *William III. by the grace of God Prince of Orange, Stadholder of Orange and West Frisland* ; and about the edges, *Non rapit Imperium is, sed*

* See De Lolme on the Constitution, a book of sterling merit, and replete with instruction to the rising generation.

tua Receptit---HE DOES NOT SEIZE YOUR EMPIRE BUT RECEIVES IT. On the reverse is a fleet, and the Prince on horse-back, drawing up his landed troops. You have also, in the back ground a female prostrate upon the earth, holding a sword in one hand and a pair of scales in the other, hereby shewing that justice was oppressed and trampled upon in England. A hero advancing towards her, relieves her, whilst above you read those words: *terras Astrea revisit*---ASTERA REVISITS THE EARTH!

History informs us, that WILLIAM embarked at *Helvoetsluys*, in Holland, on the *first* of November, 1688, the trumpets sounding, the hautboys playing, the soldiers and seamen shouting and a crowd of spectators on the shore, breathing forth their wishes for his success. The usual signal being given, the fleet commanded by Admiral Herbet, weighed anchor with all possible diligence, being divided into *three* squadrons, on board of which were about 14,000 troops, of divers nations. Rapin informs us, that Admiral Herbert led the van of the fleet, Vice-Admiral Evertzen brought up the rear, and the Prince placed himself in the main body, carrying a flag with *English* colours, and their Highnesses' arms, surrounded with this motto:---THE PROTESTANT RELIGION AND LIBERTIES OF ENGLAND; and underneath the motto of the House of Nassau;---JE MAINTIENDRAI; i. e. *I will maintain*.

On the 3d of November, being got within the North Foreland, and the wind favorable at east,

they made all the sail they could, steering a channel course. The Prince who led the van, tacked about to see the rear well come up, and having called a council of war between Dover and Calais, he ordered that his own standard should be set up, and that the fleet should close up in a body: his highness, with three men of war to attend him, one at some distance before the ship he was in, and one each side of him, sailed forwards before the fleet. Next came the transports, victuallers, and tenders, with their decks covered with officers and soldiers; and the main body of the men of war brought up the rear, ready to receive the enemy, if, as it was expected, they had attempted to disturb their passage. On the fourth of November, being Sunday, and the auspicious birth-day of the Prince, most people were of opinion that he would land either in the Isle of Wight, Portsmouth, or somewhere in that quarter. But herein they were mistaken, for they continued sailing onwards; passing by Dartmouth, the weather grew hazy, so that they overshot TORBAY, where the Prince designed to land. The weather, however, clearing up about nine, and the wind almost miraculously changing to the W. S. W. gave them *entrance into the Bay*! The people of Devonshire having discovered the fleet, flocked to the shore, not to oppose the Prince's landing, but to welcome their deliverer with loud acclamations!

Dr. Burnet, afterwards bishop of Salisbury, accompanied the Prince in this expedition;

and he has left on record particulars illustrative of this memorable portion of British history. Dr. Watts also has these lines on the subject : he lived at the time, felt the evils of tyranny, and exults in the emancipation with feelings honourable to humanity.

Put lo ! the great Deliverer sails,
 Commission'd from JEHOVAH's hand,
 And smiling seas and wishing gales
 Convey him to the longing land !
 Brigades of angels lin'd the way,
 And guarded *William* to the throne ;
 There ye celestial warriors stay,
 And make *his* palace like your own !

It is not, however, improbable that the Christian Poet took the sentiment of the former stanza from Claudian's lines, which were applied to the Prince of Orange on this occasion:---

*O ! nimium delecte Deo, cui militat aether ;
 Et conjurati veniunt ad classica venti.*

Heaven's favourite ! to whom the skies assistance lend
 Whilst on thy sails conspiring winds attend.

An anecdote was told me, relative to the landing of William, by a gentleman with whom I had the pleasure of dining in the neighbourhood of Sidmouth, but since deceased. It was handed down in the family from his ancestors, who took an active part on this occasion. A Mr. John Duke, of Otterton, a man of wealth and influence in that part of the country, joined the hero, on his arrival at Torbay. Being introduced into

his presence, William asked him to favour him with his name; he replied, with a timid hesitation, *John---Duke---of Otterton*. The Prince expressed his surprize, and taking out a list of the nobility from his pocket, which he had been led to suppose was correct, he looked over it, and then declared that no such *Duke* was to be found there! The gentleman, however, soon obviated the difficulty, by repeating his name with an accelerated pronounciation, *John Duke of Otterton*. Every embarrasment being thus removed, William smiled at the mistake, and embraced him with joy.

At present *TORBAY* is a rendezvous for our fleets, and its little village *Brixham* (where it is said the *very stone* on which *WILLIAM* first stepped ashore is still preserved) can boast of many vessels which trade in its fishery.

The celebrated *John Wilkes*, in his Letters remarks----“ We at last made *Brixham quay*, in *Torbay*, the place where King William landed. I was ready to fall on my knees on the sacred spot, and could scarcely leave the holy steps on which he landed, to rescue a wretched people from slavery and the Stuarts. I was provoked to find no pyramid, obelisk, nor the least public memorial on such spot; but I hope the memory of that event is engraved on the hearts of the people, who seem to me in that part of Devonshire very staunch to the cause of liberty!”

You will not, my good friend, censure me for this digression. Could I have contemplated,

though at some distance, this famous spot, which, in my eye, at once formed a spectacle of *picturesque beauty* and *national glory*, without such feelings---you might have accused me of a want of sensibility. An indifference to the events of our *own* history particularly to those in which the welfare and happiness of our fellow-creatures were involved, is not enjoined upon us either by the dictates of reason or by the precepts of revelation. To abstract the mind from all *local emotion*," says the great Dr. Johnson, "would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses ; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominant over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and my friends be such frigid philosophy, as may conduct us indifferent and unmoved over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue. That *man* is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plains of *Marathon*, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of *Iona* !"

After a fortnight's stay in this part of Devonshire, I with *regret* bid my friend the Rev. Mr. B——, and his family, an adieu ; for they reminded me of the group delineated by Thomson, who are said to have been blessed with.

An elegant sufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendship, books,

Ease and alternate labour, useful life,
Progressive virtue and approving heaven.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

See an interesting *Excursion* from Sidmouth to Chester, in the Summer of 1803, by the Rev. Edmund Butcher,—also two Volumes of *Sermons for Families*,—by the same Author, which are admirably adapted to promote moral and religious improvement. No serious Family should be without them.



LETTER V.

EXETER; ITS ANTIQUITY; ITS CASTLE; EXECUTION OF PENRUDDOCK; ASSIZES; TRIAL OF PRISONERS, AND THEIR CONVICTION; CATHEDRAL; ANECDOTE OF BURNET; MONUMENT OF JUDGE DODDRIDGE; SINGULAR JURY; CURIOUS CLOCK; PAINTED WINDOW; DISSENTERS; ANECDOTES OF EXETER; DESCRIPTION OF HONITON; ITS CHURCH AND CHURCH-YARD; A QUAKER'S MEETING; SPECIMENS OF NATURAL HISTORY.

DEAR SIR,

IN my last letter a *sketch* was attempted of the *rural beauties* of Sidmouth and its vicinity. Scenery so distant from the metropolis, and of course so little known to the generality of our countrymen, boasts some degree of novelty. Happy should I think myself had I been successful in its description. But *Exeter*, justly pronounced the metropolis of the west of England; and *Honiton*, pleasingly situated, must now engage our attention. The *town* and the *country* possess their respective charms; nor should the advantages of either be fastidiously rejected.

Exeter is an ancient city, and its name is a contraction of *Excester*, which signifies a *Castle on the Ex*. Athelstan one of the West Saxon kings, first gave it the name of Exeter; having, before that period, been called *Monckton*, from the great number of monasteries with which it abounded. The Castle of Rougemont, in this city, is supposed to have been built by the West

Saxon kings, and to have been the place of their residence. It lies on an eminence, whence opens a prospect towards the English Channel, about ten miles to the south. The ancient part of the building is decayed; but on this spot, in a convenient hall of modern erection, are held both the assizes and quarter-sessions. In the centre of the court by which it is surrounded, was beheaded Henry Penruddock, Esq. in the time of Oliver Cromwell, for having attempted to raise an insurrection in behalf of the exiled monarch Charles the Second. It is remarkable that this gentleman (who was a native of Cornwall) had, at the head of two hundred horse, entered Salisbury, March 11, 1675, at the time of the assizes, without opposition. Rapin informs us, that even the *Judges* and *Sheriff* being seized on the occasion, were in danger of being *hanged*, for their refusal to proclaim *the King*; who, notwithstanding, was proclaimed! But not being joined by a sufficient number of loyalists, they were soon routed, and an end put to the insurrection. In cases of this kind, a trifle turns the scale—had there been sufficient energy and spirit on the occasion, with the most important consequences might it have been attended. The *State-trials* contain some particulars relative to this business, which shew, that even Cromwell was fearful of popular commotions, and punished this trivial rising of the people with the utmost severity. It is rather singular that this event is unnoticed by Hume in his History of England.

The assizes were held at Exeter during my stay there before Sir Nash Grose and Sir Archibald Macdonald. I attended both courts, which were crowded. At the criminal bar I saw three men tried for stealing stores from his Majesty's dock-yard at Plymouth. They were found guilty, after a trial of some hours. I conversed with them immediately after their conviction, and found them affected with their situation. They seemed unapprised of the enormity of the crime they had committed, and, consequently, were unapprehensive of the serious consequences which followed. It is to be regretted, that better means were not devised for the promulgation of our criminal laws, in every parish throughout the kingdom. The principal crimes, with their punishments, ought to be inscribed upon a tablet, in legible characters, and so placed that it might excite universal attention. To prevent, rather than to punish crimes, should be the object of a wise policy; nor will the humane mind ever suffer itself to be indifferent to the happiness of mankind. It is with pleasure, however, I witnessed the humanity of the jailor towards the unfortunate prisoners, in general; he sympathized with their distresses, and seemed to do every thing in his power which might ameliorate their sad condition. The goal itself is a large modern building, apparently, well adapted to the melancholy purposes to which its apartments are appropriated. It is built upon the plan of the late Mr. Howard, whose intention it was, that punishment

should effect the reformation of the criminal. Indeed this can be the only rational object of suffering, for savages alone delight in cruelty.

In Exeter the cathedral is almost the only object of curiosity. It was 400 years in building, yet exhibits an astonishing uniformity: it is vaulted throughout, 390 feet long and 74 broad; it has a peal of bells reckoned the largest in all England, as is also its organ, the great pipe of which is fifteen inches in diameter. The dean and chapter occupy the houses round the cathedral, which form a circus, called the close, because it is separated from the city by walls and gates. At the deanery King WILLIAM slept, in his way from Torbay to London; the bishop, (Dr. Lamplugh,) however, ran off to King James, and was, for his loyalty, made archbishop of York. The Sunday after the Prince of Orange had reached Exeter, Dr. Burnet mounting the pulpit in the cathedral, to read the *Declaration*, all the canons and part of the congregation left the church! On the other hand, few offered their services, not but that the people were inclined to the undertaking. It was the recollection of the severities practised against the adherents of the Duke of Monmouth, (which shall be particularly noticed in my next letter) that deterred them from engaging in the enterprize. In short, the prince remained *nine* day at Exeter, without being joined by any person of distinction. It is even said, that in a council of war held in this city, he suffered it to be proposed to him

that he should re-embark for Holland! On the tenth day, however, Sir Edward Seymour, and another country gentleman, came to him, who formed an association, and whose energies contributed in no inconsiderable degree to the success of the revolution. On so small a pivot do the events of this world often turn, and surprising instances of this occur in the annals of mankind. Illustrations might be selected from sacred and profane history; but let the young mind trace out for itself the process of cause and effect: it will delight and invigorate the mind, while it constitutes the best part of natural and moral philosophy.

In recesses of the Cathedral we saw monuments of antiquity; that of Judge Doddridge attracted my attention. He was the ancestor of the pious and learned Dr. Philip Doddridge; and Job Orton declares, that it is hard to say whether he were the better artist, philosopher, divine, common, or civil lawyer. His epitaph inscribed upon his tomb is expressive:

Learning adieu! for Doddridge is gone
To fix his earthly to a heavenly throne:
Rich urn of learned dust! scarce can be found
More worth enshrined in six foot of ground!

A curious incident happened to this judge on one of his circuits, and it is recorded in the Harleian Miscellany. Judge Doddridge, at Huntingdon assizes, 1619, had, it seems, reprov'd the Sheriff for having returned persons on the jury who were not of sufficient respectability. The Sheriff, however, took care, against the next As-

sizes, to present the singular following list, at which the Judge smiled, applauding at the same time his industry.

Maximilian *King* of Tortland,
Henry *Prince* of Godmanchester,
George *Duke* of Somersham,
William *Marquis* of Stukely,
Edward *Earl* of Hartford,
Robert *Lord* of Warsley,
Richard *Baron* of Bythorpe,
Edmund *Knight* of St. Neot's,
Peter *Squire* of Easton,
George *Gentleman* of Spaldock,
Robert *Yeoman* of Weston,
Stephen *Pope* of Barham,
Humphrey *Cardinal* of Kimbolton,
William *Bishop* of Bugden,
John *Archdeacon* of Paxton,
John *Abbot* of Stukely,
Richard *Friar* of Ellington,
Henry *Monk* of Stukely,
Edward *Priest* of Graffham,
Richard *Deacon* of Catsworth,

We ascended the principal tower of the cathedral, from the summit of which we were presented with a prospect of Exeter, and the adjacent country. The windings of the river Ex, added to the variety of the scene, whilst Topsham, a bustling sea-port, situated upon its banks, yields advantages to the active and commercial part of the community.

A curious clock is to be seen in the cathedral, the face exhibiting the Ptolemaic system; which

represents the earth in the centre, and the planets revolving round it in succession. It has an odd appearance, but conveys an idea to the spectator of that arrangement of the planetary system which was once admitted to be the true system of nature. The painted window, erected about thirty years ago, should not pass unnoticed, for it is reckoned one of the finest in the kingdom. It exhibits the *twelve apostles* at whole length, surrounded with the armorial bearings of the principal families of the county. It has been remarked that Peter, looking down over his left shoulder, *seems* to frown upon the spiritual court. Let not this remark be deemed illiberal ; for Dr. Johnson, speaking of his tragedy *IRENE*, observing to a friend, that if his heroine had not suffered enough by the evils which had befallen her, he could still fill up the measure of her calamities, by putting her into the *Spiritual Court* at Litchfield ! The Bishop's throne also is an exquisite piece of workmanship, and so framed, that neither screw, nail, nor peg was employed in its construction. Upon the approach of Oliver Cromwell to besiege the city, it was taken to pieces by the clergy, sacredly preserved, and reinstated at the restoration. The library likewise contains a good collection of antient divinity ; and the compartment of it, added by the late Dr. Ross, bishop of the diocese, seemed well chosen ; he was, indeed, a prelate of learning and liberality.

This Cathedral impressed me with sensations of solemnity. To use the language of Congreve, in his *Mourning Bride* :—

How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble head,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous roof,
By its own weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking tranquillity ! It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight ; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a thrilling to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice :
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my *own* affrights me with its very echoes !

The dissenters in this city are numerous, and have enjoyed the labours of Mr. James Pierce and Mr. Micajah Towgood, two of their eminent advocates and ornaments. The former flourished there about the beginning of this century, and, though persecuted by some of his brethren, was a man of sound learning, irreproachable manners, and sterling integrity. The latter was entitled to an appellation often bestowed upon him—the *Apostle of the West* ; for in him zeal and charity were united. I saw his portrait at the house of his amiable successor, the Rev. Mr. M—; his features were expressive of the virtues by which his soul was animated. It was painted by the late Mr. Opie, whose professional merits are acknowledged.

Exeter taken altogether, is well worth the traveller's attention. It has one spacious street, called the *Fore-street*, of considerable length,

and conveys to the eye of the stranger an idea of respectability. The city had a mint; and so late as the reign of King William, silver was coined here, distinguished by the letter E. placed under the King's bust. About one mile and a half without the east gate of Exeter, is the parish of *Heavy Tree*, thus expressively called from the gallows erected there for malefactors, and near it is a burial place for them, purchased in the reign of Edward the Sixth, by the widow of Mr. Tucker, Sheriff of Exeter, who also left money to procure them shrouds in which the poor wretches have been executed. They now, however, make their exit over the front door of the prison, by a drop, similar to that before Newgate. This city is said to have suffered by the resentment of Henry Courtenay, Earl of Devonshire, who, to revenge the disappointment of some fish from the market, by wiers choaked up the river below Exeter, which before brought up ships to the city walls, so as to obstruct the navigation of it. The injury, however, has by means of an artificial channel been in a measure, remedied. Such was the trade of this city in serges, druggets, kerseys, and other woollen goods, that it was computed at six hundred thousand pounds per annum! Vast quantities of these articles used to be shipped off for Portugal, Spain, Italy, Holland, and Germany. Nor should we omit to mention the Hospital for the sick and lame poor, both for the city and county. It was founded by Dr. Alured Clark, Dean of Exeter, and the first stone was

laid the 27th August, 1741, by him, accompanied by the Bishop and a number of the neighbouring clergy, who were subscribers, besides some thousands of spectators. Such institutions are honourable to humanity. For charitable efforts to relieve human misery, this island has long been famous ; and may Britain continue for ever thus to be distinguished among the nations of the earth !

Exeter is remarkable for three things ; that it has for its motto, *Semper fidelis*, ALWAYS FAITHFUL—that of its twenty churches in the city and suburbs, *thirteen* of them were, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, exposed to sale by the common cryer ; and that it has given birth to Sir Thomas Bodley, the founder of the famous Bodleian Library, at Oxford.

Quitting Exeter, I reached *Honiton*, at the distance of fifteen miles, a pleasant town, being one long street, in which are to be found many good houses. In the midst of it, however, stands a row of tottering shambles, which, were they shouldered down, would heighten the beauty of the place. Through the town runs a stream of clear water, with a little square dipping place at every door. The first serge manufactory in Devonshire was in this town ; but it is now employed in the manufacture of lace, which is made broader here than any where else in England ; and of which great quantities are sent to London. A specimen of lace has been shewn, the thread of which it was fabricated cost the manufacturer

upwards of *ninety guineas* a pound at Antwerp ; also ladies' veils are made and sold from *ten to seventy guineas* ! A dreadful fire happened here 1747, by which three-fourths of the town were consumed. By this, and similar accidents, however, the place has been eventually benefitted ; for the houses which are rebuilt are said to be neater in their appearance and more commodious to the inhabitants. This was the case, indeed, with *London*, which was nearly consumed in the terrible fire of 1666,—it rose like a fair and beautiful Phoenix out of its ashes !

The parish-church of Honiton stands pleasantly on a hill above the town, whither I had an agreeable walk ; the edifice presented an antique appearance, and there were tombs within the walls, which contained the bones of persons of distinction. Around one of the pillars was entwined the following sentence : *Pray for the soul of*—the name was almost obliterated. It had evidently been inscribed there in the days of Popery, previous to the period of the Reformation. The church-yard was crowded with graves ; and at the entrance of one of the side-doors was shewn me the spot where lay the remains of the Rev. Dr. *William Harris*, (who died 1770,) author of the *Lives of the Stuarts*. He resided in Honiton for many years, and sustained a character of respectability. He published an *Historical and Critical Account of the Life of James the First, of Charles the First, of Oliver Cromwell, of Hugh Peters, and of Charles the Second*, in two volumes.

He began the *Life of James the Second*; but the materials left behind him were too scanty for publication. I have thus enumerated his publications, because his *Life of Charles the Second* is omitted in the list of his productions, with which we are furnished, in the late new edition of the *Biographical Dictionary*. The plan of these lives is similar to that of *Bayle's Dictionary*, where the text is short, but accompanied with notes, including copious illustrations. Mr. Hollis, his munificent patron, has thus characterized his labours—"All his works have been well received, and those who differ from him in principle, still value him in point of industry and faithfulness."

This country church-yard seems to have been of that rustic cast which might have inspired the muse of a GRAY. In walking round it my eye was fixed on a row of graves, over which were raised the grassy turf, and on which the setting sun shone with splendour!

During my stay at Honiton, I had an opportunity of being present, one Sunday evening, at a meeting of itinerant Quakers. Curiosity drew together a crowd of people who poured into the General Baptist place of worship, which was lent the *Friends* for that purpose. Two women and a man, from America, held forth on this occasion. One of the women spoke well; indeed her countenance conciliated attention. Her features were marked by a pleasing solemnity, and her manner, though not free from

the usual tone, was characterized by simplicity. The harangues of the two others were tedious, and the audience discovered signs of impatience by indecently beating their feet on the floor, long before the meeting came to a conclusion.

In spite of the eccentricities of the Quakers, we cannot but admire their hatred of war, and their detestation of Slavery :—

The purest wreaths which hang on glory's shrine,
 For empires founded, peaceful PENN ! be thine ;
 No blood-stain'd laurels crown'd thy virtuous toil ;
 No slaughter'd natives drench'd thy fair-earn'd soil.
 Still thy meek spirit in thy flock survives,
 Consistent still *their* doctrines rule their lives ;
 Thy followers only have effac'd the shame
 Inscrub'd by SLAVERY on the Christian name !

MORE.

The *only* in the last line but one, is now happily incorrect, as the British Parliament has also *effaced the shame* by the abolition of slavery.

At Honiton, Mrs. H—, the worthy niece of the late Dr. William Harris, shewed me a curious Latin book of her uncle's, printed in the time of the Protectorate, and executed with typographical beauty. It contained an extravagant panegyric on the character of Oliver Cromwell, and was decorated with a striking likeness of that celebrated man on horseback. The resemblance between the two Latin terms, *Olivus*, an olive-tree; and *Oliverus*, Oliver, is the foundation of this very complimentary performance. Accordingly the frontispiece exhibits a fine lofty *olive-tree*, on the trunk of which near the root, is inscribed in

large letters, *Oliverus* ; and on its numerous branches, stretching themselves forth on either side, are engraven the chief virtues which adorn humanity. The author having informed us, at the commencement of the treatise, that by the trunk is meant OLIVER CROMWELL, a whole chapter is assigned to each of the virtues, shewing that they are *all*, in their plentitude, centered in this great man ; and that, therefore, he is entitled to universal admiration ! This curiosity convinced me, that an excessive adulation of men in power, is by no means peculiar to monarchical governments.

Nor must I omit to inform you, that a gentleman in this neighbourhood, at whose house I passed an agreeable day, favoured the company with a sight of some fossils, in which the taste of the selector was conspicuous. By particular request, several botanical sketches were also brought out for inspection. The investigation of the beauties of nature is a laudable employ ; to the Supreme Author such an exercise of our powers is a tribute of praise, and to the contemplator of them it yields an heartfelt satisfaction. When we thus rise from fossils to vegetables—from vegetables to animals—from animals to MAN, it amounts to a full proof of Deity. To talk of *Chance* insults the human understanding—it is a term invented to conceal our ignorance. Can *Chaos* produce spontaneously this fair form of nature ? Can *Fate* arrange the various movements of the material creation with such delicacy and

harmony? Can a mere *nullity* conduct and sustain a system thus operating with design and regularity?

IT CANNOT BE—for since this beauteous world
Was rais'd by God, his PROVIDENCE must rule
The vast machine.—*Chance* is an idol toy
For fools to play with :—Should fix'd nature change
Her well-known course, and vary from the laws
That guide the system—should the elements,
Whereof all things in this our lower world
Are form'd, desert the station which they hold
In concert with the whole—should the great frame
Of that bright heavenly arch, which o'er our heads
Shines with refulgent light, give way, and feel
A dissolution—should celestial spheres
Forget their wonted course, and devious turn,
As *Chance* misguides—should the bright lamp of heav'n
Withdraw his light, and the pale wand'ring moon
Mistake her well-known path—should seasons mix
In wild confusion, or expiring minds
Breathe their last gasp—should earth's fair fruitage droop
Like children on the wither'd breasts that fail
Of proper food—should *Chance* or *Fortune* reign
With arbitrary sway—what would become
Of MAN himself, for whom these things are made?
Idle surmise! There is a LIVING GOD
Who rules supreme, under whose *brooding wing*
ALL NATURE RESTS SECURE!

SOCRATES.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

LETTER VI.

TAUNTON; ORIGIN OF ITS NAME; CHARMING SITUATION; MANUFACTURES; SINGULAR MODE OF ELECTION; DR. TOULMIN'S HISTORY OF TAUNTON; MONMOUTH'S REBELLION; THE DUKE CROWNED KING; HIS DEFEAT AND EXECUTION; BARBARITIES OF JEFFERIES AND KIRKE TOWARDS HIS FOLLOWERS; ANECDOTES OF JEFFERIES; INSCRIPTION BY SOUTHEY; REFLECTIONS ON CRUELTY.

DEAR SIR,

MY friend having joined me at Honiton, we next day proceeded eighteen miles onwards towards *Taunton*, in the county of Somerset. The road was pleasant, and on the right a neat mansion was pointed out to me as the birth-place of our late premier, the *Honourable Henry Addington*, now *Lord Viscount Sidmouth*; his being a native of this part of the island may account for his having taken the *title* by which he is distinguished. His short-lived administration, however the subject of animadversion to jarring and opposite parties, was conducive to peace and to prosperity!

TAUNTON, is a corruption of the original name, *Thone Town*, or *Tone Town*, which is derived from its situation upon the banks of the river *Thone* or *Tone*. It is 145 miles from London, has been termed the key of the West of

England, and Camden calls it one of the eyes of the county. It is situated in one of the richest vallies in the kingdom. The beauties of the vale of Taunton-Dean are every where known and admired. The town itself is pleasant, the streets are spacious and handsome, while the lofty tower of St. Mary Magdalen, strikes the eye with grandeur and majesty. A castle was built here by one of the Bishops of Winchester, to the prelates of which see, this town and deanery belonged, even before the conquest. It was a building of extent; and in the hall, which, with the outward gate and porter's lodge, are still standing, are held, for the most part, the assizes for the county. In Taunton many persons are engaged in the manufacture of serges, duroys, shalloons, and other woollen stuffs, in the weaving of which 1100 looms are said to have been once employed! The silk manufactory, however, now begins to flourish here, and must contribute to its prosperity. The town is indebted to the activity of the late Sir Benjamin Hammet, a native of this place, for its modern improvements.

Here are two parish churches, and several respectable dissenting places of worship, a well endowed grammar-school and alms-houses. The election of members of parliament here is singular: for every *potwallopper*, that is, all who dress their own victuals, are entitled to be ranked among the voters. Hence the inmates or lodgers, on the eve of an election, have each a fire in the street, at which they dress victuals publicly, lest

their votes should be called in question ! In the reign of William, the river Tone was made navigable for barges, from Taunton to Bridgewater. The Rev. *Henry Grove*, was a native of this town ; he was the author of many excellent pieces, and particularly some papers in the eighth volume of the *Spectator*. He is much esteemed for his talents, learning, and piety. Of the rise, progress, and state of this town, the worthy and intelligent Dr. Toulmin, (now of Birmingham,) in his *History of Taunton*, has given much curious information.

TAUNTON was the grand centre of the Duke of Monmouth's Rebellion, in the reign of James the Second, for in this town, he was proclaimed king, and a company of young girls, from ten to twelve years old, with chaplets of flowers on their heads, presented a Bible to him on the occasion.

A respectable old lady living near me at Islington, told me lately that her *grandmother* was at school in Taunton, along with these young ladies, but her father had fetched her away before the Duke reached the town : thus did the daughter happily escape the treatment which the school afterwards received from Judge Jefferies, who conducted himself towards the seminary with the utmost ferocity.

As the excessive punishment of the insurgents is thought, by the English historians, to have hastened the glorious Revolution of 1668 ; a few particulars may prove acceptable to the rising

generation. A hatred of tyranny, and a sense of the superior freedom we *now* enjoy, are amongst the best legacies we can bequeath to a succeeding generation.

The Duke of Monmouth was the illegitimate son of Charles the Second, and of course, the nephew of James the Second. Having, for state reasons, been exiled into Holland, he there formed a plan of invading this country in order to displace *James*, on account of his attachment to Popery. The purport of the insurrection, was to aid and support the Protestant Religion, which was at that period, not only endangered, but in a fair way of being destroyed.

The Duke of Monmouth landed at Lyme, June 11, 1685, was proclaimed King at Taunton, the 20th, and totally defeated at Sedgemoor, near BRIDGEWATER, the 5th of July. Thus terminated a rebellion rashly undertaken and feebly conducted. The unfortunate Duke who fled from the field of battle, till his horse sunk under him — was found in a ditch with raw peas in his pocket, on which he had, for days, subsisted; and, when seized by his enemies, burst into a flood of tears! He was carried to London, and beheaded on Tower-Hill the 15th of the same month; five strokes of the axe, owing to the timidity of the executioner, being necessary to the severing of his head from his body! He died lamented by the English people, who followed him to the scaffold with sentiments of deep commiseration.

The failure of this expedition of the Duke of

Monmouth, is ascribed by historians to a variety of causes. Some attribute it to the departure of *Fletcher of Salton*, an able man, who afterwards accompanied WILLIAM; others declare that the Duke was betrayed by his own general, Lord Grey, a worthless character, who purchased his life on the occasion, but a few years after laid violent hands on himself.

In the month of September, 1685, JEFFERIES was sent down into the West to try, or rather *butcher* the delinquents; he was accompanied by *Colonel Kirke*, a brutal officer, who vied with the judge in deeds of blood. His ruffian soldiers, he, in derision of the cruel acts they perpetrated, christened by the name of his *lambs*! A story is told of him which outrages the feelings of humanity. He, at this time debauched a young lady, on the condition of saving her brother, who was a rebel, but whom he next morning hung opposite *her* chamber window! Pomfret, in his poem, entitled *Lust and Cruelty*, has told this story in strains which cannot fail of impressing us with its unparalleled infamy. The story, I am aware, has been differently related, and therefore its truth is supposed to be invalidated. But Dr. Toulmin, in his *Appendix* to the History of Taunton, has so judiciously stated the particulars, with the objections, that no doubt of its reality can attach itself to the unprejudiced mind. Rapin, indeed, whose great merit is impartiality, remarks, that, "It was not possible for the King to find in the whole king-

dom two men more destitute of religion, honour, and humanity; *Jefferies* and *Kirke* were two cruel and merciless tygers, that delighted in blood. *Jefferies* himself gloried in his barbarity, and boasted, on this occasion, that he had hung more men than all the judges in England since William the Conqueror! *Kirke* was not behind *Jefferies* in cruelty and insolence. Immediately after the Duke of Monmouth's defeat, being sent to Taunton, he caused nineteen persons, by his own authority, without any trial or process, and without suffering their wives or children to speak with them, to be hanged, with fife playing, drums beating, and trumpets sounding. In the same town of Taunton also, *Kirke* having invited his officers to dinner, ordered *thirty* condemned persons to be hanged, whilst they were at table, namely, *ten* in a health to the King, *ten* in a health to the Queen, and *ten* in a health to *Jefferies*!" Of the history of this *Kirke* little is known: after the revolution he was employed by *William*, a circumstance to be lamented. He had the command of the squadron destined to relieve Londonderry, and might, (according to Bishop Burnet) have relieved the besieged a few months sooner, thus effectually preventing the calamities of famine, which they nobly endured. What became of this miscreant, *where* he afterwards lived, and *how* he died, no history seems to have recorded. Providence, in its wise management of human affairs, takes care that such characters should either be engulfed in oblivion,

or held up by the Historian to the detestation of posterity.

At Winchester, the venerable Lady Lisle was tried for harbouring one of the Duke's party, though his name was in no proclamation. The jury brought her in not guilty; Jefferies sent them out in a fury, they found her not guilty three times; but the judge threatening them with an attain of jury, she was brought in guilty, and executed, being upwards of *seventy* years of age! The only favour granted was, that the sentence of burning was changed into beheading. A gentleman also of respectability, was condemned to be whipt once a year, during his life, through *all* the towns of Dorsetshire; the poor man petitioned the King to be *hanged*; and his Majesty, struck with the request, pardoned him. This gentleman afterwards lived to visit Jefferies in the Tower, when, upbraiding him with his cruelty, the judge's only reply was, that he had not exceeded his commission! But instances of barbarity are without number. Indeed the cruelties exercised on the unfortunate men were of that atrocious complection, that they produced in the minds of Britons an abhorrence of those agents by whose influence they had been perpetrated.

Let us, now, however, attend to JEFFERIES, whose name will not be forgotten in this part of the island. His conduct on this occasion reminds me of Randolph, an Earl of Murray, who having, at one time, executed *fifty* delinquents,

is said to have had as much pleasure in seeing their ghastly heads encircle the walls of his castle, as if it had been surrounded with a chaplet of roses ! Grainger calls Jefferies a *murderer* in the robes of a Lord Chief Justice, steeping his ermine in blood !

A passage out of two old books, written at the time, here shall be transcribed, for the expressions glow with an eloquent resentment. They both relate to JEFFERIES, and shew that he was held in utter detestation.

“ Had the great Turk,” says Mr. Turner, a clergyman of the church of England “ sent his janisaries, or the Tartar his armies; among them, they had escaped better. Humanity could not offend so far, to deserve such punishment as JEFFERIES inflicted. A certain barbarous joy and pleasure grinned from his brutal soul though his bloody eyes, whenever he was sentencing any of the poor souls to death and torment, so much worse than NERO, since that monster wished he had never learned to write, because forced to set his name to warrants for the execution of malefactors. JEFFERIES would have been glad if every letter he writ were such a warrant, and every word a sentence of death. He observed neither humanity to the dead nor civility to the living. He made the WEST an ACELDAMA, some places quite depopulated, and nothing to be seen in them but forsaken walls, unlucky gibbets, and ghostly carcasses ! The trees were laden almost as thick with quarters as

with leaves. The houses and steeples covered as close with heads, as at other times frequently in that country with crows or ravens. Nothing could be liker *Hell* than *these* parts, nothing so like the *Devil* as *HE* ! Caldrons hissing, carcasses boiling, pitch and tar sparkling and glowing, blood and limbs boiling, and tearing and mangling, and *HE* the great DIRECTOR of all ! In a word, discharging *his* place who sent him ; the most deserving to be the late king's chief justice there, and chancellor, of any man that breathed since *CAIN* or *JUDAS*."

To render this passage the more intelligible, it should be remarked, that the bodies of these victims having been first decapitated and embowelled, were boiled in cauldrons of pitch and tar, in order to decorate the *gibbets*, which the barbarians were at that time busily erecting in almost every part of the country. The limbs of a beloved parent, of an affectionate brother, or of a dutiful son, were thus exposed on the high roads, at measured distances, exciting at once emotions of horror and indignation in the breast of the passing traveller. A copy of a *warrant* for one of these savage executions may be seen in that ingenious work the *History of Bath*, by the Rev. R. Warner, who mentions the circumstance in terms of just severity.

The other passage is poetry, but the lines are not less expressive. They are supposed to have been written in the shades, and are addressed to *JEFFERIES* ;

And see, if terror has not struck thee blind,
 See here along a ghastly train behind !
 Far, far from utmost WEST they crowd away,
 And hovering o'er fright back the sickly day.
 Had the poor wretches *sinn'd* as much as *thee*,
 Thou shouldst not have forgot humanity :
 Whoe'er in blood can so much pleasure take,
 Tho' an ill *judge*, would a good *hangman* make.
 Each hlaalos in thy ears—Prepare ! prepare !
 For what thou *must*—yet what thou *canst not* bear,
 Each at thy heart a bloody dagger aims,
 Upwards to gibbets points, downward to endless flames !

These passages being written about the time these transactions took place, can be the only apology for the resentment by which they are characterized.

The fortitude with which these unhappy men died, reminded the spectators of the martyrs, who joyfully expired amidst aggravated torments in the first ages of christianity. It is also remarkable, that the most eminent of the sufferers foretold with their last breath the termination of this violent and bloody business in the glorious Revolution. For, let it be recollected, that this horrible tragedy took place in 1685, and upon the arrival of our illustrious WILLIAM in 1688, the principal authors of it were scattered to the ends of the earth !

It is computed, that for this Rebellion of about *four weeks*, *three hundred and thirty-one* were hanged in different parts of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon ; *eight hundred and fifty* were sold for slaves to his Majesty's plantations in America,

and *four hundred and eight* were fined, whipped, and thrown into prison, till either death or the revolution released them! Others have estimated, that the whole of those that died on this occasion, either in battle or in prison, or by the hands of the executioner, together with those that otherwise suffered in their persons or fortunes, amounted to more than two THOUSAND! The *Appendix* of Dr. Toulmin's History of Taunton, contains an interesting sketch of this insurrection and of those agonizing scenes with which it was succeeded. Nor will it be improper to remark, that *Daniel De Foe* was engaged in this rebellion, and escaped. *Milton*, also, a few years before, at the Restoration, freed himself from the hazard of an execution by concealment. It is remarkable, that the authors of *Robinson Crusoe*, and of *Paradise Lost*, should have been thus exposed to such danger in the cause of liberty, and surviving it, should have written two of the most entertaining and instructive works in the English language!

JEFFERIES, upon his return from the West, was made *Lord Chancellor of England*, and honoured with every species of courtly approbation. In the new edition of the Biographical Dictionary is to be found the following sketch of the life of this monster. I shall introduce it here, because it imparts a just idea of the man, and contains at least *one good trait* for the sake of humanity.

“ LORD GEORGE JEFFERIES, Baron Wem,

commonly known by the name of Judge Jefferies, was the sixth son of John Jefferies, Esq. of Acton, in Denbighshire. He was educated at Westminster School, where he became a proficient in the learned languages, and was thence removed to the Inner Temple, where he applied himself assiduously to the law. His father's family was large, and his temper parsimonious, consequently the young man's allowance was scanty, and hardly sufficient to support him decently; but his own ingenuity supplied all deficiencies till he came to the bar, in which, as it is affirmed by some, he had no regular call. In 1665, he was at the assizes at Kingston, where very few counsellors attended, on account of the plague then raging. Here necessity gave him permission to put on a gown, and to plead, and he continued the practice unrestrained till he reached the highest employments in the law. Alderman Jefferies, a namesake, and probably a relation, introduced him among the citizens; and, being a jovial bottle-companion, he became popular amongst them, came into great business, and was chosen their recorder. His influence in the city, and his *readiness to promote any measure without reserve*, introduced him to court, and he was appointed the Duke of York's Solicitor.

He was active in the Duke's interest, and carried through a cause which was of consequence to his revenue: it was for the right of Penny-Post Office. He was first made a judge in his native county, and in 1680 was knighted, and

made chief justice of Chester. When the parliament began the prosecution of the abhorrers, he resigned the recordership, and obtained the place of Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and soon after the accession of James the Second, the great seal. He was one of the greatest advisers of all the arbitrary measures of that unhappy and tyrannical reign, and his sanguinary proceedings against Monmouth's adherents in the West, *will ever render his name INFAMOUS!* There is, however, a singular story of him in this expedition, which tends to his credit, as it shews that when he was not under state influence, he had a proper sense of the *natural* and *civil* rights of men, and an inclination to protect them. The mayor, aldermen, and justices of Bristol, had been used to transport convicted criminals to the American Plantations, and sell them by way of trade, and finding the commodity turn to account, they contrived a method to make it more plentiful. Their legal convicts were but few, and the exportations inconsiderable. When, therefore, any petty rogues were brought before them in a judicial capacity, they were sure to be threatened with hanging; and they had some diligent officers attending, who would advise the ignorant intimidated creatures to pray for transportation, as the only way to save them, and in general the advice was followed. Then, without any more form, each alderman in course took one and sold him for his own benefit, and sometimes warm disputes arose amongst them about the next turn.

This trade had been carried on unnoticed many years, when it came to the knowledge of the Lord Chief Justice ; who, finding upon enquiry, that the mayor was equally involved in the guilt of this practice with the rest of his brethren, made him descend from the bench, where he was sitting, and stand at the bar in his scarlet and furs, and plead as a common criminal. He then took security of them to answer informations, but the amnesty after the Revolution stopt the proceedings, and secured their iniquitous gains.

“North, who (in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*) informs us of this circumstance, tells us likewise, that when Jeffries was in temper, and matters indifferent came before him, no one better became a seat of Justice. He talked fluently and with spirit, but his weakness was, that he could not reprehend without scolding, and in such Billingsgate language as should not come from the mouth of any man. He called it “giving a lick with the rough side of his tongue.” It was ordinary to hear him say—“Go, you are a *filthy, lousy, nitty rascal*,” with much more of like elegance. He took a pleasure in mortifying fraudulent attornies. His voice and visage made him a terror to offenders, and formidable indeed to all. A scriviner of Wapping having a cause before him, one of the opponent’s counsel said, that “he was a strange fellow, and sometimes went to church, sometimes to conventicles, and none could tell what to make of him, and it was

thought he was a *Trimmer*!" At this the chancellor fired: "A *Trimmer*!" said he, "I have heard much of that monster, but never saw one:—Come forth Mr. *Trimmer*, and let me see your shape." He treated the poor fellow so roughly, that when he came out of the hall he declared he would not undergo the terrors of that man's face again to save his life, and he should certainly retain the impressions of it as long as he lived."

"Afterwards, when the Prince of Orange came, and all was in confusion, Jeffries being very obnoxious to the people, disguised himself in order to go abroad. He was in a seaman's dress, and drinking a pot in a cellar! The scrivener, whom he had so severely handled, happening to come into the cellar after some of his clients, his eye caught that face which made him start; when the chancellor seeing himself observed, feigned a cough, and turned to the wall with the pot in his hand. But Mr. *Trimmer* went out, and gave notice that he was there: the mob instantly rushed in, seized him, and carried him before the lord mayor. Thence under a strong guard he was sent to the Lords of the Council, who committed him to the Tower, where he died April 18, 1689, and was buried privately the Sunday night following.

It was supposed, that Jeffries died of his bruises which he received at the time of his seizure; and many regretted that he was not dragged forth, sent down into the West, and there

subjected to the ignominy of a public execution. The new government, however, was probably glad to get rid of him and his associates in any manner.

During his confinement in the Tower, Mr. Pennant says that a barrel of Colchester oysters was conveyed to him; which opening with joy, thinking it to be sent by some friend, he discovered an halter curiously wound up, thus reproaching him with his cruelty. Indeed, few mortals have ever quitted this state of being so deeply laden with the execrations of mankind.

Before I close this melancholy account of Jeffries' *campaign* in the West (the appellation which *James* jocularly bestowed upon it) it may be observed, that it is impossible to visit the charming town of Taunton and its environs without calling up those enormities to the mind, though they were perpetrated at the distance of upwards of a century. My imagination was haunted with them! and I am not ashamed of this my sensibility, because cruelty, by whomsoever and on what account soever it is exercised, may be pronounced a disgrace to humanity. The humane mind may wish to forget them; but the patriotic soul cherishes their remembrance—they suggest wholesome lessons to society. Nor am I singular in these my impressions. A modern poet, distinguished for his taste, and the delicacy of his feelings, has published the following inscription, the purport of which is to impress similar sentiments on the mind. Read them, if

you can, without those emotions which a virtuous mind *must* feel on such an occasion :

FOR A MONUMENT AT TAUNTON.

BY ROBERT SOUTHEY.

They perished here whom Jefferies doom'd to death,
 In mockery of all justice, when he came,
 The bloody judge, the minion of his king
 Commissioned to destroy. They perished here
 The victims of that judge and of that king,
 In mockery of all justice perished here
 Unheard ! but not unpitied, nor of God
 Unseen, the innocent suffered. Not in vain
 The innocent blood cried vengeance ! for they rose
 At length, they rose the people in their power
 Resistless. Then in vain that bloody judge
 Disguised, sought flight. Not *always* is the Lord
 Slow to revenge ! A miserable man,
 He fell beneath the people's rage, and still
 The children curse his memory. From his throne
 The sullen bigot who commissioned him,
 The tyrant James was driven. He lived to drag
 Long years of frustrate hope, he liv'd to load
 More blood upon his soul. Let tell the Boyne,
 Let Londonderry tell his guilt and shame,
 And that immortal day when on thy shores,
 La Hogue, the purple ocean dash'd the dead !

The battle of the Boyne, in Ireland, and the fight of La Hogue, near Cherbourg, off the coast of France, were signal defeats which *James* received, and by which *William* was established on the throne. Beautiful engravings of *these events*, as well as of *the acceptance of the Crown by William and Mary*, are often seen decorating our parlours, and ought to be had in reverence by

the inhabitants of Great Britain. James breathed his last at St. Germain's, a little village near Paris, in 1701—and his son, usually called the *Pretender*, died at Rome, 1766. His son, *Charles Edward*, (the grand agent in the rebellion, 1745) died in 1783. And *Henry Benedict Stuart*, Cardinal York, the last surviving branch of this unfortunate race, is lately deceased. The misfortunes of the *Stuart family* are detailed by Voltaire, and quoted by Boswell in his *Tour through the Western Islands*.

From this cursory survey of Monmouth's rebellion, both rulers and people may learn lessons of wisdom : such barbarities could not pass long unpunished. *Three years* was the destined period of impunity : for violence of every kind defeats even its own favourite purposes. The passions of the multitude are to be soothed rather than inflamed. There is a point, beyond which the pressure of misery cannot be borne. Wise, therefore, are those legislators who, ever attentive to the grievances of the community, are desirous of establishing upon the broad basis of equity that salutary authority which degenerates not into oppression, and that rational liberty which is far removed from licentiousness. Thankful for our present privileges, it is the incumbent duty of all ranks amongst us to lay aside prejudices, to seek the interests of our country, and to clasp each other in the bands of love and amity. Far distant from the shores of Britain be the torch of civil discord, and may she conti-

nue to be the abode of harmony and peace to the latest generations !

Before I close the letter, justice requires me to observe, that after a certain time an *amnesty* was granted, of which many availed themselves. And it may be gratifying to curiosity to add a copy of a *protection* issued at that perilous period, the *original* of which (soiled by age) I happened to have in my possession :—

“ These are to certify, to all persons whom it doth or may concern, that on the 27th day of May, in the year of our Lord 1686, *George Wiche*, of Langport, in the county of Somerset, came before me one of his Majesty’s Justices of the Peace of, for, and within the Corporation of *Taunton*, and did then, in Taunton aforesaid, lay hold of his Majesty’s gracious Proclamation of Pardon, which was given at his Majesty’s Court at Whitehall the 10th day of March, 1686; in testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand, the 27th day of May above written.

“ WILLIAM BIDDGOOD, Alderman.”

It is interesting to reflect, that this *bit of paper* was the means of saving a fellow-creature from the fangs of *Kirke* and *Jefferies* ! Yet such was the case, and happy would it have been even for JAMES and his adherents, had these *protections* been granted in profusion—it might have prevented the REVOLUTION.

Mr. Roscoe, has, in his *Lorenzo De Medicis*, laid down this golden maxim, “ No end can

justify *the sacrifice of a principle*; nor was a CRIME ever *necessary* in the course of human affairs. The sudden burst of vindictive passion may sometimes operate important consequences on the fate of nations, but the event is seldom within the limits of human calculation. It is only the calm energy of reason constantly bearing up against the encroachments of power, that can with certainty perpetuate the freedom or promote the happiness of the human race !”

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.



LETTER VII.

EXCURSION TO A COUNTRY VILLAGE; BRIDGEWATER; ITS CHURCH; ITS TRADE; ADMIRAL BLAKE; ALFRED IN THE ISLE OF ATHELNEY; BATTLE OF SEDGEMOOR; CRUELITIES OF THE VICTORS; REFLECTIONS ON WAR; ANECDOTE; GLASTONBURY; ITS ABBEY; ALFRED LEAVES HIS WIFE AND CHILD THERE; HOLY THORN; WELLS; ITS CATHEDRAL; GOSFLY HOLE; VICTORY OF ALFRED AT FIDDINGTON; CHARACTER OF ALFRED, FROM HUMPHREY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

DEAR SIR,

THE day I left Taunton I rose at an early hour, and being favoured with the horse of a friend, made an excursion into the country. It was a beautiful morning; the sun, steadily mounting to reach his meridian height, flung his rays with a moderate intenseness over the surrounding landscape. Nature presented herself to me in an endearing aspect, and almost every object I beheld, impressed me with sensations of delight. Indeed the charms of a fine morning are indèscribable :

How foolish they who lengthen night,
And slumber in the morning light !
How sweet at early morning's rise
To view the glories of the skies !

The purport of this excursion was to pay a visit to a venerable widow, Mrs. W——e, who resided at a village within a few miles of Taun-

ton, the situation of which was retired and impressive. Her only son had, a few months ago, emigrated to America ; being induced, by a prospect of independence, to quit his native country. She shewed me the letter which she had lately received from him, containing the pleasing information of his arrival at New York. The latter part of the letter glowed with emanations of duty and affection ; aiming to impress on the mind of his aged parent this consolatory truth, that though the wide Atlantic rolled its waves between them, yet, in the course of every twenty-four hours, the SAME SUN sheds his kindly rays on their habitations ! This simple illustration dictated by the warmth of his filial feelings, did honour to his heart. But alas ! *he* is now no more ! The melancholy intelligence has been received of the decease of this excellent young man, on the 22d of August, 1799, at Philadelphia. He was cut off in *three* days by the yellow fever, that scourge of the Western Continent. From this disorder at *New York*, he had fled, and was on his way to join a friend in Kentucky, after whose society, to use his own forcible expressions, “ his soul hungered and thirsted.” A near relative soothed his own grief by the composition of the following lines, the unaffected effusion of the heart :

No HERO of the *ocean, field, or gown,*
We mourn. Our *worthy friend* sought not the wealth
And noisy fame, which, at the price of blood,

Or conscience, some acquire. *He*, throughout
 His active course, in social manner
 Taught—justice, mercy, and humility ;
 But found not in the multitude his kind.
He journey'd—*thirsting* for his distant friend ;
 His kindred soul—when lo ! on speedy wing
 Brought down—some FRIEND CELESTIAL caught him !

T. W.

Well did Mr. Burke exclaim, on an occasion of sudden mortality—"What shadows are we, and what shadows are we pursuing!" The virtues of *George Wiche* will not be forgotten among the circle of his friends, by whom his modest and unassuming worth was appreciated. Be this paragraph sacred to his memory !

Upon my return to Taunton, the stage-coach was ready, and my friend and I set off for Wells. We regretted the shortness of our stay in this pleasant town, but we remained long enough to witness their hospitality.

In two hours we arrived at *Bridgewater*, a seaport, not far from the Bristol Channel, whence a spring-tide flows twenty-two feet at the key, and comes in with so much turbulence, that it is called a *raging boar*, by the inhabitants.

Its church has a lofty spire, from which there must be an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. Hither the Duke of Monmouth, together with Lord Grey, and others of his officers, ascended, to view the situation of the King's troops on the day before the fatal battle of Sedgemoor. Thus used the unhappy Trojans, from the walls of Troy, to survey the Grecian forces, by whom they were afterwards overthrown. The

iron bridge which is to be seen here, and which is similar to that in Colebrooke Dale, is a curiosity. In 1724 the Duke of Chandos built a street in this town, with a range of warehouses. The town suffered in the civil wars, and at last surrendered to the overpowering Cromwell. In 1635 the Duke of Monmouth lodged in its castle, was proclaimed King there, and even laid his hand on many persons for the king's evil. It is impossible not to smile at this superstition. Even Dr. Johnson was, in his childhood, touched for it by Queen Anne, though he could not boast of its efficacy. All that he used to say about it was, that he was the last upon whom *the good Queen* tried the experiment, and that he just remembered his being introduced to an old lady in a black satin hood, finely dressed and bespangled with jewels ! Bridgewater carries on trade with Bristol, Wales, and Cornwall. It had also a foreign trade, chiefly to Portugal and Newfoundland. The extensive manufactory of almost every kind of metal carried on in this town, by T. Pyke, Esq. is well worthy inspection.

The celebrated Admiral Blake, who did such wonders in the time of Cromwell, was a native of Bridgewater, and represented it in several parliaments. The object of all his enterprises was the aggrandisement of old England. Disliking many parts of the Protector's conduct, he continued to fight on, saying to his captains ; — *It is not for us to mind state matters, but to keep foreigners from fooling us !* Mr. Gilpin

tells us, "that one personal singularity is recorded which gives a sort of portrait of him. When his choler was raised, and he was bent on some desperate undertaking, it was his custom to twirl his whiskers with his forefinger. Whenever that sign appeared, those about him well-knew something dreadful was in agitation."

In the river Parret, not far from Bridgewater, is the small island of *Athelney*, whither the immortal Alfred fled from the Danes, and where happened the incident of the herdsman and his wife, who employed the monarch in baking a cake! This little story is wrought by Mrs. Barbauld, in her *Evenings at Home*, into a drama, well calculated to delight the youthful imagination, Mr. Joseph Cottle also,—in his entertaining Epic Poem, entitled *Alfred*, has introduced the circumstance with effect. The thoughts of final victory, that possessed the mind of Alfred at this desperate period of his affairs, and which were indulged in this secluded spot, are thus described.—The cottager and his wife were gone to rest :—

————— But ALFRED'S eye
 No slumber visited. He watch'd the moon,
 And counted o'er the brightest of the stars
 That shone in heaven, and strove to dissipate
 The fix'd and gnawing load that on his heart
 Press'd hard ; but it was vain, his woes sprang up
 Pre-eminent, and dared his will, and bore
 A master's sway—ruling his passive mind.
 His faithful ODYSSE leagur'd round, and now
 No force to aid him. Of ALSWITHA slain—

For ever gone—and of his infant son
Toss'd on the hostile spear, whose piercing cries
No father's arm could succour. " 'Tis the hour
Of vengeance !" cried the King. " My kindling breast
Glow's with one purpose ! By the eternal God
Now am I roused ! The Danish cup is full !
The incense of their crimes have steam'd to heaven,
And God demands my vengeance !" Many plans,
All deadly, to and fro through ALFRED's mind
Pass'd rapid, till at length a heavy sleep
Fell on him, and his dreams were mixed with blood !

COTTLE.

Alfred afterwards made the herdsman Bishop of Winchester, and built a monastery here, the foundations of which were discovered 1674. Among other subterraneous remains of this building, were found the bases of church pillars, consisting of wrought free-stone, with coloured tiles ; and soon afterwards near this island, was found a sort of medal or picture of St. Cuthbert, with a Saxon inscription, which imported that it was made by order of King ALFRED. It seems by its form to have been hung by a string, and it is conjectured that the King wore it either as an amulet, or in veneration of St. Cuthbert, who is said to have appeared to him in his troubles, and assured him of the victories which he afterwards obtained.

A little beyond Bridgewater, to the right of the road which leads to Wells, lies the village of Sedgemoor, near which the Duke of Monmouth, and his adherents were routed. The battle was fought July 6, 1685. The following particulars are worthy of being preserved.

“ The approach of the King’s forces, under the command of the Earl of Feversham, was first discovered by Mr. William Sparke, a farmer of Chedzoy, who was at that time on the tower, and by the assistance of a glass, saw them coming down Sedgemoor. One Richard Godfrey, of the same parish, was immediately dispatched to Weston Zoyland, to take a nearer observation, who, having informed himself of their strength, and the order of their encampment, ran to Bridgewater to apprize the Duke. A consultation being held, it was determined to assault the royal camp in the dead of the night. Accordingly on Sunday, July the 5th, a little before midnight, the DUKE’S party marched out of Bridgewater, taking Godfrey with them for a guide, who conducted them through a private lane at Bradney (known at this day by the name of *War Lane*,) and passing under Peasy farm, brought them, at length into North Moor, directly in the rear of the King’s army. Unluckily for the Duke, at this juncture, a pistol was fired by some person unknown, which alarming the enemy, they soon put themselves in a posture to receive the attack.

“ The action began on Monday morning, between one and two of the clock, and continued near an hour and an half. Sixteen only of the King’s soldiers were killed (as appears from a memorandum, entered at the time, in the parish register at Weston) five of whom were buried in

Weston church, and eleven in Weston church-yard. Above one hundred were wounded, and among them Louis Chevalier de Misiere, a French gentleman, who died of his wounds, and lies buried in the church of Middelzoy. On the part of the Duke three hundred were killed in the field of battle, and five hundred were taken prisoners in the pursuit, and upwards of five hundred were apprehended afterwards by the civil officers and others.

“Immediately after the battle, the Earl of Faversham ordered twenty-two of the prisoners to be hanged on the spot, four of whom were hanged in chains! The fate of one man in particular is too extraordinary to be passed over. This person, remarkably swift of foot, was prevailed upon, on condition of being pardoned, to entertain the general with an instance of his agility. Accordingly having stripped himself naked, a halter was put round his neck, and the opposite end of it was fastened to the neck of a horse. They started at a place called Bussex-rhine, and ran from thence to Brintsfield bridge, a distance somewhat exceeding half-a-mile; and though the horse went at full speed, the man kept pace with him the whole way. But, notwithstanding this exertion of his ability, and the terms of the agreement, the inhuman general ordered him to be hanged with the rest.

“The barbarity of the soldiers, who were employed in burying the slain, was yet greater. Several unfortunate men of the Duke’s party, who

lay wounded on the field, were thrown into the earth with the dead ; and some endeavouring, with the little strength they had left, to crawl out of their graves were prevented by the unfeeling soldiers, who dispatched them with their spades !”

Upon reading this account of *Sedgemoor battle*, and its attendant cruelties, emotions of grief arise within the breast. On such occasions we may exclaim with a modern poet :

———Spirit of death,
That through the ranks of war dost range unseen !
O God of battles ! when shall slaughter cease,
And man awake from this strange dream of life ?
Will not the tears of pity and the cries
Of countless orphans, and the shrieks of death,
Relentless power ! nor even the suppliant look
Of mildly beaming mercy, stay *thine* arm ?
It were a sight that would high heav’n rejoice,
If the *proud victor*, in the awful hour,
Of widely wasting war, and with the wreath
Of glory crown’d, amid the loud acclaim
Of warlike soldiery, flush’d with crimson pride
Of conquest—o’er the *dying* and the *dead*,
If haply *he* should cast one pitying look,
Drop his red sword, and weep the work of death !

WAR is in itself one of the greatest maladies that can afflict mankind. It is that tremendous evil which Providence employs to punish guilty nations, when inferior chastisements have failed in their operation. In its train follows a scene of horrors. Nor is any individual able to form an adequate judgment of its mischief, except he has been an eye-witness to its devastations. The late Mr. Mason (a respectable clergyman of the

church of England) has furnished us with the following picture of its effects; it is DEATH personified as a warrior :

Hark ! heard ye not yon footstep dread,
That shook the earth with thundering tread ;
'Twas *death* !—in haste
The Warrior past
High tower'd his helmed head ;
I mark'd his mail ; I mark'd his shield ;
I spy'd the sparkling of his spear,
I saw his giant arm the faulchion wield,
Wide wav'd his bickering blade and fir'd the angry air !

Defensive war alone, can be justified by the dictates of reason or the precepts of Revelation. The Quakers, a respectable body of people, are of opinion, that *no war* will admit of vindication. They contend that their religion prohibits every species of destruction. Certain it is, that the doctrines of Christ are of a most pacific tendency ; that those persons who have imbibed their spirit, are least inclined to contention ; and, finally, the prophecies assure us, that when *Revelation* shall have attained to its full efficacy on the human race, WAR SHALL BE NO MORE ! In the mean time we must lament the bloody contests with which the world is filled ; nor can we help admiring Miss More's lines :

—————O blind to think
That cruel war can please the Prince of Peace !
He who erects his altar in the heart,
Abhors the sacrifice of human blood,

And all the false devotion of that zeal
Which *massacres* the world he died to save.

PERCY.

But I must not quit this subject without communicating to you an anecdote, related by a modern traveller “—I visited,” says he, “with interest and attention, the plain where the famous battle was fought between the Czar Peter the Great, and Charles of Sweden. The mound still remains that was built with the *bodies of the slain*! On being dug into, it exhibits an awful *melange* of the skeletons of men and horses, with the iron heels of boots, rusty spears, and broken weapons.”

This account accords with a curious passage in the *first Georgic* of VIRGIL, which shews that such spectacles are not peculiar to modern times. The energy of the Roman language was never more happily displayed:

Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes
Grandiaque effossis mirabitur ossa sepulchris.

The labouring peasant with the crooked share,
Turning the glebe, shall plough up jav'lines, furr'd
With eating rust; and with the pond'rous rakes
Clash against empty helmets; and admire
Big manly bones, digg'd from their open'd graves!

TRAPP.

For this digression I make no apology—an hatred of war and the love of peace, are indissolubly connected. A minister of the gospel is act-

ing in his own proper character, when he endeavours to fling a rein over the savage passions of the human species. JESUS CHRIST laid every possible restraint on hostile dispositions. He revealed doctrines, enjoined precepts, and enforced institutions, which, were they attended to, would effectually contribute to the tranquillity of the world.

Passing on from Bridgewater towards Wells, a lovely prospect opened to us on the left, which might be pronounced almost unrivalled for its variety. Part of Somersetshire, the Bristol Channel studded by the two little islands called the Holmes, and in the further part of the landscape the mountains of Wales, rose to view in rich succession. The counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth were discerned in the skirts of the horizon—the latter of which, containing the place of my birth (*natale solum*) gave rise to pleasing sensations. I involuntary thought of dear relatives and friends, encircled by their native hills, and enjoying the gains of their peaceful industry ; the whole group of objects now engaging the attention, constituted no ordinary scene, and was contemplated by us with no common emotions. The union of land and water enters into a highly beautiful landscape—we now beheld them in perfection.

We soon reached the ancient town of Glastonbury. Here are the fine ruins of an abbey, once called the *Mother of all Saints*, which attract the attention of the traveller. It is pre-

tended that the bodies of Joseph of Arimathea, of King Arthur, and of King Edward the confessor, were buried there, for the place was distinguished in the earliest periods of our history.

Mr. Cottle (in his Epic Poem already mentioned) supposes, that ALFRED brought his queen Alswitha and his son to the abbey for safety—his *approach* towards it is thus described :—

Now, as he paused, there to his sight appear'd
A stately pile, of which the King enquir'd :
“ It is,” said Nidor, “ GLASTONBURY, famed
O'er all the land, where holy Monks abide,
And where the singing is both night and day !”

COTTLE.

Their *entrance* into the abbey is also picturesquely delineated :—

Following through aisles that scarce receiv'd Heav'n's light,
'Mid shrines and fretted pillars, till at length
They came before the altar. Glimmering rays
From lonely tapers spread e'er all the place
A dubious light, a gloom that to the heart
Convey'd a sudden awe, and many a fear,
Doubtful and undefined !

COTTLE.

Finally ; its *destruction* by the Danes, is thus announced to Alfred, concealed in the hut of a cottager :

—————That noble pile
Is now in ashes ! all the pious Monks
Have there been murder'd ! scarce one stone remains,
And fast the Danes march on and devastate
With undistinguish'd fury !

COTTLE.

These passages pressed upon my mind, and rivetted me to the spot with a kind of incantation. It is in vain to obstruct the emotions of the heart.

At present the town is large and well-built, containing two parish churches. On a steep hill near this place, stands an ancient tower, commonly called *Glastonbury Tor*, commanding an extensive prospect, and serving as a land-mark for seamen. Its history is involved in obscurity. Upon the summit of this *Tor* the last abbot of this place was hung by the order of that despot Henry the Eighth, for not acknowledging his supremacy.

The hill was remarkable for the *holy thorn*, which was said, in former times, to blossom yearly on Christmas-day. The story is, that it sprung from St. Joseph of Arimathea's staff, stuck by him in the ground. It would discompose the most serious gravity to read what Hearne, Broughton, and Camden, have written on this subject. Dr. James Montague, Bishop of Bath and Wells, in King James the First's days, was so wonderfully taken with the *holy thorn*, that he thought a branch of it a present worthy the acceptance of the then Queen Anne, King James's consort. Natural historians have since discovered, that this marvellous tree is only a deviation from the common standard of its species. Thus does science put to flight the dreams of superstition !

A few miles onward, we came to the small,

but neat city of WELLS, which, together with Bath, forms a joint bishopric. It is situated at the bottom of the Mendip Hills, and derives its name from the great number of springs that are in and about it. The cathedral is a fine piece of architecture ; the front of this Gothic structure, which has been built upwards of 500 years, is much admired for its imagery and carved stone work. It has also a painted window. The palace of the bishop, fortified with walls and a moat, is reckoned the handsomest in the kingdom. Here the pious and learned Bishop Kidder and his lady were killed in their bed, by the palace falling in during the storm of 1703, which did immense damage in different parts of the country. The city abounds with public charities.

Not far from Wells, on the south side of the Mendip Hills, is a cave, known by the name of *Okely Hole*. The entrance to this cave is parallel to the horizon, at the bottom of a cave 180 feet high, and over the rock is a steep mountain, the top of which is thought to be a mile above the bottom of the rock. At the entrance into the cave, there is a deep descent of 50 or 60 feet ; the cave itself is about 200 feet in length, in some parts 50 or 60 broad, and the greatest height is 50 feet, though, in some places, the roof is not above four or five feet from the bottom. There are several divisions of it, which the imaginations of some people have distinguished into a kitchen, a hall, a dancing-room, a cellar, and other apartments. Water of a petrifying

quality constantly drops from the roof, and forming a variety of stony figures, fancy has improved them into resemblances of old women, dogs, bells, or organs, and other things. The echo of any noise within this cavern is so strong, that a stone dropped on the rocky bottom of the cave, sounds with a noise as loud as the report of a cannon. At the extremity of the cavern there issues a stream of water sufficient to drive a mill, and passing with rapidity and noise the whole length of the cavern, it bursts out through the rock near the entrance into the valley !

Not far from this part of Somersetshire was fought the *Battle of Eddington*, when ALFRED obtained a complete victory over the Danes, his inveterate enemy. We have already noticed his fortitude in the day of adversity while in the Isle of Athelney ; let us now record his gratitude after the acquisition of victory ; it laid the foundation for the peace and prosperity of Britain :—

Loftier than the rest
 Stood ALFRED. On one side the Queen appear'd
 Bearing her child, and on the other ODDUNE ;
 While *the vast host of Saxons* all around
 Intent stood listening. When the KING his arm
 Raised, and began—

“ Most gallant men !
 One moment more : my words have not been fram'd
 To self applause, nor hath my heart been taught
 To see aught good but from the hand of God.

When speaking of your valour and your might,
I know you're but the instruments ! On high
Dwells the great ruler of all mortal things !
With him have we found favour ! He it was
Who this deliverance wrought—who by his hand
Unseen made plain our path, and at this hour
Gives us to triumph ! He it was who screen'd
Our heads in perils infinite ! His arm
Fought on our side ! *Saxons* with me rejoice !
But to the GOD OF HEAVEN be all the praise !”

COTTLE.

It will be a sufficient apology for the number of *Poetical Extracts* in this letter, that many of the lines relate to the illustrious ALFRED, “whose character,” says Hume, “presents that model of perfection which philosophers have been fond of delineating, rather as a fiction of their imagination, than in hopes of its real existence : so happily were all his virtues tempered together, so justly were they blended, and so powerfully did each prevent the other from exceeding its proper boundaries. He reconciled the severest justice with the gentlest lenity, the brightest capacity and inclination for science, with the most shining talents for action. His civil and his military virtues are almost equally the object of our admiration, excepting only that the former being more rare among princes, as well as more useful, seem chiefly to challenge our applause ; and nature also, as if desirous that ‘so bright a production of her skill should be set in the fairest light, had bestowed on him

every bodily accomplishment. His countenance was open and engaging, his shape majestic; and he could only accuse that fortune, which, by throwing him on a barbarous age, had deprived him of historians worthy to transmit his fame to posterity."

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.



LETTER VIII.

SHEPTON-MALLET ; RUINS AT NUNNY ; FROME ; WARMINSTER ;
FIGURE OF THE WHITE HORSE ; STONHENGE ; ITS ANTI-
QUITY AND PRESENT CONDITION ; LINES ON STONHENGE,
BY WARTON AND LOVELL ; SALISBURY AND ITS CATHE-
DRAL ; WILTON-HOUSE ; OLD SARUM ; WINCHESTER ; ISAAC
WALTON ; PORTSMOUTH ; ALRESFORD ; FARNHAM ; STOCK-
BRIDGE ; RETURN TO LONDON ; TWICKENHAM ; RICHMOND ;
THOMSON AND WAKEFIELD ; KEW ; FULHAM ; HYDE-PARK-
CORNER ; CONCLUSION.

DEAR SIR,

HAVING thus passed through Taunton, Bridgewater, and Wells, reflecting on the events by which that part of our island has been distinguished, we quitted the stage-coach, and taking a post-chaise crossed the country to *Frome*. We saw *Shepton Mallet* on the right, a clothing town, for which it is fitted by the rivulets with which it is surrounded. We also passed by the little retired village of *Nunny*, where a dismantled castle, of some extent, tells the sad tale of former times. Ruins indeed, of every kind, form an awful spectacle, and to a mind disposed to moralize, suggest melancholy reflections. The evening sun shone on these battered towers, and reminded me of that dissolution in which all terrestrial things shall be finally involved. It is not unworthy of observation, that a celebrated author,

Mrs. Woolstonecraft, speaking of insanity, pronounces the most terrific of *ruins* to be that of the human soul. "What," says she, "is the view of the falling column, the mouldering arch, of the most exquisite workmanship, when compared with the living memento of the fragility, the instability, and the wild luxuriancy of noxious passions? Enthusiasm turned adrift, like some rich stream overflowing its banks, rushes forward with destructive velocity, inspiring a sublime concentration of thought. These are the *ravages* over which humanity must ever mournfully ponder with a degree of anguish, not excited by crumbling marble or cankering brass, unfaithful to the trust of monumental fame. It is not over the decayed productions of the mind, embodied with the happiest art, we grieve most bitterly. The view of what has been done by man, produces a melancholy yet aggrandizing scene of what remains to be achieved by human intellect; but a *mental convulsion*, which, like the devastation of an earthquake, throws all the elements of thought and imagination into confusion, makes contemplation giddy, and we fearfully ask on what ground *we* ourselves stand!"

We reached *Frome*, a large manufacturing town, whose streets are marked by irregularities. The clothing business is carried on to a vast extent, and about fifty years ago it supplied all England with wire cards for carding wool. The several machines seen at the manufactories of the respectable Messrs. S—— are worth examina

ation. Here is no more than one church, with a ring of six good bells ; but several meeting-houses, two of which, the Independent and Baptist, are built of freestone, and are deemed as spacious as any meeting-houses in England. In the former lie the remains of the pious Mrs. Rowe, author of *Letters from the Dead to the Living*—whose writings are still read and admired. The grave is marked by a long flat stone, of a blackish hue :—her modesty would not suffer it to be disfigured by an inscription.

We next set off for *Warminster*, a little populous town, which formerly enjoyed great privileges. It is now famous for its corn and malt, carrying on in each of these articles the greatest trade of any town in the West of England.

In travelling this road, a phænomenon is seen at some distance, being in the county of Berkshire. This is the rude figure of a *White Horse*, which takes up near an acre of ground, on the side of a green hill, whose soil is formed of chalk. A horse is known to have been the Saxon standard, and some have supposed that this figure was made by Hengist, one of the Saxon kings. But Mr. Wise, author of a letter on this subject to Dr. Mead, published 1738, brings arguments to shew that it was made by the order of Alfred, in the reign of his brother Ethelred, as a monument of his victory over the Danes, in 871, near Ashen or Ashbury, at present one of the seats of Lord Craven, and at a little distance

from the hill. This sentiment is thus mentioned by the present Poet Laureat :

Carv'd rudely on the pendent soil is seen
The snow-white courser stretching o'er the green ;
The antique figure scan with curious eye,
The glorious monument of victory !
There England rear'd her long dejected head,
There ALFRED triumph'd, and invasion fled !

PYE.

Others have supposed it to have been partly the effect of accident, and partly the work of shepherds, who observing a rude figure, somewhat resembling a horse, as there are in the veins of wood and stone, many figures that resemble trees, caves, and other objects, reduced it by degrees to a more regular figure. But, however this be, it has been the custom immemorial, for the neighbouring peasants to assemble on a certain day, about Midsummer, and clear away the weeds from this *White Horse*, and trim the edges to preserve its colour and shape : after which the evening is spent in festivity.

We now posted forwards to *Salisbury Plain*, those immense downs, where the stranger, without a guide, would be bewildered. We drove to the spot where stands *Stonehenge*, the most singular curiosity in the kingdom. Here quitting the carriage, we gazed at the pile with astonishment ! Whence these vast stones were brought hither, what could have been the mode of conveyance, and to what purposes the structure was appropriated, are queries not easily resolved. Every effect must have an adequate cause—hence

the learning employed by antiquarians on the subject.

As to the appearance of *Stonehenge*—seventeen huge stones are now standing, which with several others lying on the ground form the outward circle. The inward circle is about eight feet from the outward, having eleven stones standing and eight fallen. Between these two circles is a walk of about three hundred feet in circumference. The stones are from eighteen to twenty feet in height, from six to seven broad, and about three feet in thickness. The original structure was encompassed by a trench, over which were three entrances. It is most probably the relic of a *Druidical Temple*! In the reign of Henry VIII. a tin tablet was found here, inscribed with strange characters, this has been lost, had it been retained and understood, it might have elucidated this venerable monument of antiquity.

Dr. Stukely, who about half a century ago visited *Stonehenge* in company with Lord Winchelsea, observed, half a mile north of *Stonehenge*, and across the valley, a *hippodrome*, or horse-course; it is included between two ditches, running parallel east and west; they are three hundred and fifty feet asunder: it is one hundred thousand feet long. The barrows round this monument are numerous and remarkable, being generally bell fashion; yet is there great variety in their diameters, and their manner of composition. These were single sepulchres, as appeared

from many that were opened. On the west side of one was an entire segment, made from center to circumference ; it was good earth quite through, except a coat of chalk of about two feet thick, covering it quite over, under the turf. Hence appears the manner of making those barrows, which was to dig up the turf for a great ways round, till the barrow was brought to its intended bulk ; then with the chalk dug out of the surrounding ditch they powdered it all over, At the centre was found a skeleton perfect, of a reasonable size, and with the head lying northward. On opening a double barrow, the composition was thus ; after the turf was taken off, there appeared a layer of chalk, and then fine garden mould. About three feet below the surface, was a layer of flints, humouring the convexity of the barrow : this being a foot thick, rested on a layer of soft mould, in which was inclosed an urn, full of bones. The urn was of unbaked clay, of a dark reddish colour, and crumbled into pieces. It had been rudely wrought, with small mouldings round the verge, and other circular channels on the outside. The bones had been burnt ; the collar-bone, and one side of the under jaw, were entire ; there was a large quantity of female ornaments mixed with the bones, as beads of divers colours, many of them amber, with holes to string them ; and many of the button sort were covered with metal.

It may be proper to remark, that *Stonehenge* has lately undergone an alteration, part of it

having, about three years ago, fallen to the earth. We saw and conversed with some shepherd boys, who were loitering around the pile, and from whom we learnt that the fall occasioned a concussion of the ground. This must have been expected, and excited, among persons in its vicinity, no small astonishment.

Dr. Warton has, in the following sonnet, interwoven the sentiments of the learned on this subject.

WRITTEN AT STONEHENGE.

Thou noblest monument of Albion's isle !
 Whether by Merlin's aid from Scythia's shore
 To Amber's fatal plain P'ndragon bore,
 Huge frame of giant-hands, the mighty pile,
 T'entomb his Britons, slain by Hengist's guile ;
 Or Druid priests, sprinkl'd with human gore,
 Taught, 'mid thy massy maze, their mystic lore :
 Or Danish chiefs, enrich'd with savage spoil,
 To victory's idol vast an unhewn shrine,
 Rear'd the rude heap : or, in thy hallow'd round,
 Repose the kings of Brutus' genuine line ;
 Or here those kings in solemn state were crown'd ;
 Studios to trace thy wond'rous origin,
 We muse on many an ancient tale renown'd !

These ruins are, in their appearance, peculiarly solemn, and their isolated situation in the midst of the plain, heightens the sensations with which they are contemplated. The idea is taken up with success in these lines, which will please you :

STONEHENGE.

BY THE LATE ROBERT LOVELL.

Was it a SPIRIT on yon shapeless pile ?
 It wore, methought, an hoary *Druid's* form,

Musing on ancient days ! the dying storm
Moan'd in his lifted locks ; thou night ! the while
Dost listen to his sad harp's wild complaint,
Mother of shadows ! as to thee he pours
The broken strain, and plaintively deplores
The fall of Druid fame ! Hark ! murmurs faint
Breathe on the wavy air ! and now more loud
Swells the deep dirge, accusom'd to complain
Of holy rites unpaid, and of the crowd,
Whose careless steps these sacred haunts profane.
O'er the wild plain the hurrying tempest flies,
And 'mid the storm unheard—the song of sorrow dies !

I have dwelt the longer on this phænomenon, because it is confest to be the most interesting relic of antiquity, by which Britain is distinguished. Its form, situation, and history, are calculated to generate profound impressions.

Driving along, about six miles over these dreary plains, we soon reached the neat and pleasant city of SALISBURY. It lies in a vale, and is of considerable extent. The streets are, in general, spacious, and built at right angles. Nadder, Willy, and Avon, three small rivers, meeting near the city, run through them in canals, lined with brick, and this distribution of water forms a singular appearance. It has also been remarked that no stream flows through that part of the city inhabited by the butchers, and consequently, where it was most wanted. There are no vaults in the churches, nor cellars any where to be found in the town, the soil being so moist, that the water rises up in graves, dug in the cathedral. Here is a spacious market-place, in which stands

a fine town-house. The manufactures of the place are cloths of various kinds, and cutlery of almost every description. Besides the cathedral, there are, in the city, three other churches and three charity-schools, in which 170 children are taught and clothed. It has, likewise, an hospital or college, established 1683, by Bishop Ward, (one of the founders of the royal society) for ten widows of poor clergymen. This does honour to his memory.

The cathedral of Salisbury demands special attention. It was founded, 1219, by Bishop Poor, who removed hither from Old Sarum, upon which the greatest part of the citizens of that place followed him. The structure is reckoned the most elegant and regular Gothic building in the kingdom. It is in the form of a lanthorn, with a spire of free-stone in the middle of it, 401 feet high, being the tallest in England! According to this computation, it is twice the height of the Monument. The church, it is said, hath as many doors as there are months, windows as there are days, and pillars as there are hours in the year. Hence the well known verses :—

As many days as in one year there be,
So many *windows* in one church we see ;
As many *marble pillars* there appear
As there are hours throughout the fleeting year ;
As many *gates* as moons one year does view,
Strange are to tell, yet not more strange than true !

The monuments are numerous ; but my attention was chiefly fixed on a marble slab, erected

to the memory of the late *James Harris, Esq.* author of *The Hermes*, (declared by Bishop Lowth to be the most beautiful and perfect example of analysis, that has been exhibited since the days of Aristotle) it was decorated by a medallion head, and a neat classical inscription. He was a studious man—has thrown much light on the philological parts of learning, and was usually denominated the *Philosopher of Salisbury*. He was the father of the present Lord Malmsbury, whose diplomatic merits are known and admired, and by whom a complete edition of his works, with memoirs, have been published.

We saw also a stone monument, representing a little boy habited in *episcopal* robes, a mitre on his head, and a crosier in his hand. This, which was buried under the seats near the pulpit, was taken from thence, and placed in the north part of the nave, where it now lies, defended by iron cross bars. Mr. Gregory, prebendary of Winterborne Earles, after a good deal of trouble in searching old statutes and MSS. we are told, found that the *children* of the choir anciently elected a *chorister bishop* on St. Nicholas's day; from that to Innocent's day he was dressed in Pontifical robes; his fellows were prebends, and they performed every service, except the mass, which the real bishop, dean, and prebends, usually did. They made processions, sung part of the mass, and, so careful was the church that no interruption nor press should incommode them, that, by a statute of Sarum, it was pronounced

excommunication. If the *choral bishop* died within the month, his exequies were solemnized with pomp and sadness: he was buried, as all other bishops, in his ornaments. It is certain, therefore, that this stone monument belongs to a *choral bishop* dying within the month, and may be deemed a curiosity. Nor must I quit the cathedral, without noticing its beautiful window, on which, after the design of *West*, has been painted in glowing colours our Saviour's Resurrection. The countenance and attitude of the Messiah are finally expressive of the event. We behold him starting from amidst the darkness and oblivion of the tomb;

With scars of honour in his flesh,
And triumph in his eyes!

WATTS.*

* I lately purchased a beautiful picture of the *Resurrection of Christ*, from a design of Raphael, and executed by Dalton, Vivares and Grignon, famous engravers in their day. The sepulchre is placed in the midst of a garden: Jerusalem is in the back-ground; the three women are coming towards the melancholy spot; Jesus appears at the entrance of the sepulchre, with all the marks of triumph arising from the recovery of existence, and the Roman guards, with most expressive countenances, exhibit the utmost dismay and consternation! It is not improbable that Doddridge had seen this picture when he penned these lines on the *Resurrection of our Saviour*, which I have written beneath it:—

The guards around
In wild dismay,
Fall to the ground
And sink away!

Should the reader ever meet with this engraving it is well worthy his attention.

This church has a fine cloister, and a chapter-house of singular form. It is an octagon of 150 feet in circumference, and yet the roof bears all upon one pillar, in the centre, so much too weak in appearance for the support of such a prodigious weight, that the building is, on this account, thought to be one of the greatest curiosities in England.

Old Sarum stands at the distance of one mile north of Salisbury ; it is as ancient as the old Britons. Walker informs us, that though it once covered the summit of a high steep hill, yet there is nothing now to be seen of it except some small ruins of a castle, with a double entrenchment, and a deep ditch. It has been whimsically remarked, that the *tracks* of the streets and cathedral may be pretty distinctly traced out by the different colours of the corn growing, where the city once stood !

The inhabitants, labouring under inconveniences for the want of water, and on account of the bleakness of the air to which the height of their situation exposed them, removed to the new city. Old Sarum is now reduced to a single farm-house, yet it still sends two members to parliament ! Such things call for reformation.

Wilton-house, the seat of the Earl of Pembroke, in the vicinity of Salisbury, must not be passed over in silence. It stands near the little town of *Wilton*, whence the county (Wiltshire) takes its name. The mansion was raised on the ruins of a sequestered abbey towards the latter end of the

reign of Henry the Eighth, but not finished till many years after, when neither pains nor expence were spared to render it one of the most superb seats in the kingdom. The statues, busts, paintings, &c. collected at different periods, are so arranged, that it may be called a grand *Museum*. The following are worthy attention; it would require a volume to describe them.

In the *court* before the front stands a column of white Egyptian granite, on the top of which is a fine statue of Venus; this was originally set up before the temple of Venus Genetrix, by Julius Cæsar. The shaft being only one piece, weighs between sixty and seventy hundred weight. This column was brought hither from amidst the ruins of old Rome! On its lower fillet are five letters, which, having the proper vowel supplied, make *ASTARTE*, the name by which Venus was worshipped among the eastern nations.

The *drawing-room* contains a painting by Rubens, of four children representing our Saviour, an angel, St. John, and a little girl. The angel is lifting a lamb to St. John, who has his left hand upon it, and appears discoursing with our Saviour as they are all sitting close together. Behind our Saviour is a tree, and a vine growing upon it with grapes. The girl has hold of the vine with one hand, and in the other has a bunch of grapes, which she is offering to our Saviour.

In the *great hall* is a queen of the Amazons, by Cleomenes, being on one knee as under a horse,

defending herself in battle, yet beautiful though in a warlike action ! It is gratifying to contemplate one of these extraordinary and robust females of antiquity.

The *white marble table room* presents a fine picture of John the Baptist preaching in the wilderness of Judea ; the figures, about twenty, being as large as life, are full of expression.

In the *lobby* may be seen a piece of ancient painting, being a representation of Richard the Second, in his youth, at his devotions. At the bottom of the picture these words, — *Invention of painting in oil, 1410*, are inscribed.

The *King's bed-chamber* contains a painting, by Albert Durer, of Christ taken down from the cross, exhibiting ten other figures with indications of solemnity. The Virgin has her right hand under our Saviour's head, as in the act of lifting up the body, while Joseph of Arimathea, richly dressed, is wrapping the linen cloth round him. Behind Joseph are two men, one of whom has the *superscription* in his hand, and *the crown of thorns* upon his arms : the other appears talking to him, pointing with one hand to the Virgin, and with the other towards Joseph. On the other side is St. John with his hands folded together, shewing great concern. Mary Magdalen is wiping off the blood, and wrapping the linen round our Saviour's feet. The Virgin's sister is speaking to Nicodemus, who gives order about the spices. Behind are two men, one holds the nails taken from the cross, the other the hammer

and pincers. Here the tomb is seen---the stone rolling from the entrance of it---Mount Calvary, with bones and skulls scattered about, where the crosses stand; and lastly, the multitude returning to Jerusalem !

The *geometrical stair-case* in this noble mansion is well worth inspection. It is an admirable piece of workmanship, and the first of the kind executed in this country.

In the gardens, elegantly laid out, there is a canal, over which the *Palladian bridge* has been thrown, the most beautiful structure of this description in England. After crossing the bridge you ascend an eminence, whence you enjoy a view of Salisbury cathedral, and a prospect over the adjacent country. Throughout the whole of this princely seat, nature and art have conspired to produce the finest adjustments. We are impressed by the union of taste and judgment :

Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous e'en to taste---'tis sense ;
Good sense, which only is the gift of heav'n,
And though no science, fairly worth the SEVEN !

POPE.

The celebrated *Fonthill* also, late the seat of Mr. Beckford, (the son of the patriotic Lord Mayor, whose monument may be seen in Guild-hall) lies at no great distance from Salisbury.

It was my wish to have visited the ancient city of Winchester, were it only to have con-

templated the spot in the cathedral, where lie interred the remains of the venerable ISAAC WALTON, whose *Complete Angler* has amused my vacant hours. His *Biography* likewise of Dr. Donne, Sir Henry Wotton, Richard Hooker, George Herbert, and Bishop Sanderson, is valuable on account of the simplicity with which it is written. Mr. Zouch deserves the thanks of the public for having published an handsome edition in quarto, of these *lives*, accompanied with notes. WALTON died in 1683, upwards of ninety years of age, *coming to his grave like a shock of corn in its full season*. SERVE GOD AND BE CHEERFUL, was the principle on which this good man acted. His memory I revere, and his virtues are deserving of imitation. No difference of opinion shall ever induce me to think less favourably of that moral worth by which he was distinguished, and which predominates in a less or greater degree throughout *all* the denominations of the Christian world.

Winchester was the *birth-place* of the celebrated Bishop LOWTH, who was born there 1710. His father the Rev. William Lowth, was prebend of Winchester, and made a figure in the republic of letters. His son Robert, like the Hebrew poet when his father winged his flight to heaven, *caught his mantle*, and a double portion of his *spirit* rested upon him. He was educated at Winchester college, and completed his studies at New College, Oxford. Though he applied himself vigorously to classical pursuits, yet he

frequently unbent his mind by letting his imagination rove through the flowery regions of Poetry. But he soon occupied his attention with nobler and sublimer objects—elucidating the sacred Scriptures, and thus promoting their efficacy over the consciences and lives of mankind.

Having been made successively Bishop of *Limerick*, *St. David's*, *Oxford*, and *London*, he was offered the archiepiscopal see of *Canterbury*, which he declined. Indeed having been much addicted to study throughout the whole of his life, he began to experience those disorders incident to sedentary persons. These, with several strokes of domestic calamity, served to accelerate his dissolution. He died 1787, aged 77—meeting the last foe with fortitude and resignation.

This worthy prelate lost a daughter in the 13th year of her age, of whom he was passionately fond; on her *mausoleum* he placed this beautiful epitaph;

Care, vale ingenio præstans pietate, pudore,
Et plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale !
Cara Maria, vale ! ac veniet felicius ævum
Quando iterum tecum, sin modo dignus, ero
Cara redi, læta tam dicam voce, paternos
Iſſa age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi !

Which Mr. Duncombe has thus happily translated :

Dearer than daughter, parallel'd by few
In genius, goodness, modesty,—adieu !
Adieu ! Maria—till that day more blest,
When, if deserving, I with *thee* shall rest.

Come, then thy sire will cry in joyful strain;

O ! come to my paternal arms again !

DR. LOWTH, besides his well-known *English Grammar*, published in 1758, the *Life of William of Wykeham*, the founder of the colleges in which he had received his education : and in 1778 appeared his *Translation of Isaiah* ; this elegant version of the evangelical prophet, on which learned men in every part of Europe have been unanimous in their eulogiums, is alone sufficient to transmit his name to posterity.

Since writing the above respecting Winchester, I have visited this ancient city :—it is of no great extent, but its appearance is venerable. The castle where the assizes are held, has a curious relic, *Arthur's round table*, fixed over the seat of judgment, whilst behind this structure is seen a large pile of building, originally designed as a palace for Charles the Second ; but, a few years ago, destined for the abode of French prisoners. The COLLEGE, built by William of Wykeham, consists of two courts, a library, and a chapel ; the schools having apartments for seventy scholars ! But above all, is the cathedral, which is an immense mass of building, of great antiquity, and was for many years the burying place of most of the English, Saxon and Norman Kings. Indeed it was peculiarly awful and solemn to behold, on each side of the choir, a range of *mortuary chests*, with the ashes of these monarchs in them ; particularly of the father of Alfred, so renowned in journals of English History ! There were a num-

ber of old monuments ; also, several elegant modern ones, especially those of *Hoadly* and *Warton*, both of which have been greatly and justly admired. In the monument of *Hoadly*, the champion of civil and religious liberty, the marble has, by the artist, been made most happily to imitate the delicacy of the lawn sleeves, and the soft foldings of the silken vestments ! I did not forget to ask for the grave of my old friend *Isaac Walton*, which was shewn me, and which I contemplated with veneration. A flat stone marked the spot with a simple inscription. It was a small inclosed place, hid from public observation, in this respect not unaptly indicative of *the good man*, who lies below, for his modest and unobtrusive virtues were, during the whole of his life time, the subject of private admiration. Quitting the cathedral, I walked about in different directions, and found that there had been formerly a great number of *religious houses*, in and about the city.

Not far from Winchester, to the south-east, lies *Portsmouth*, having one of the finest harbours in the world. The place itself, lying very low, like all sea-port towns, has nothing particular to recommend it, excepting the immense buildings belonging to government. These, in the year 1776, were burnt down after a singular manner, by a profligate character, known to the public by the name of *John the Painter*, who having been tried at Winchester, was executed on the spot, and afterwards hung in chains on the opposite

side of the water! The dock-yards are so extensive, that upwards of a *thousand* men are constantly employed. It is deemed the most regular fortress in Britain. Opposite the town is the spacious road of *Spithead*; where the men of war, prepared for actual service, ride in safety. Here, in 1782, the Royal George sunk, (owing to neglect) and the brave Admiral Kempenfelt, with some hundreds, perished. *Portsea* is very large and populous, built on Portsmouth common, and erected on the express condition, that the houses should be thrown down on the landing of the enemy.

On the west side of Portsmouth harbour, over which there is a constant ferry, lies *Gosport*, a place of great business, especially in time of war. Here is a large iron foundry for the use of the navy, and a little to the south of the town is that noble building *Haslar Hospital*, for the cure of the sick and wounded seamen. It has a strong fort well mounted with cannon to defend the channel.

Beyond lies the *Isle of Wight*, whose principal town is Newport; and whose rural scenes are the perfection of picturesque beauty. It is about twenty-one miles in length, thirteen in breadth, containing five towns, thirty parishes, and twenty-two thousand inhabitants. Having no manufacture excepting that of salt, it is devoted almost solely to husbandry. See Cooke's *New Picture of the Isle of Wight*, with thirty six plates,

which will give the reader a just idea of the most beautiful and romantic spots in the Island. But I must return from this digression respecting Winchester and Portsmouth, and hasten to the remaining part of my journey.

My friend and I now set our faces homeward ; taking the stage for London at Salisbury, we first came to the little town of *Stockbridge*, a borough which Sir Richard Steel formerly represented in parliament. An incident is related respecting his being chosen at this place. He carried his election by sticking a large apple full of guineas, and declaring it should be the prize of that man whose wife should be the first brought to bed after that day nine months. This merry offer procured him the interest of all the ladies, who, it is said, commemorate Sir Richard's bounty to this day, and once made an attempt to procure a standing order of the corporation, that no man should be received as a candidate, who did not offer himself on the same terms. The town has some good inns, and is thought to contain the best wheelwrights and carpenters in the country.

Had we gone through Winchester to London, we should have passed through *Alresford* and *Farnham* ; the former distinguished only for its handsome parsonage-house, where Hoadly, the youngest son of the bishop, wrote several dramas : the latter, remarkable only for its palace, which is the summer residence of the bishop of Win-

chester. In its neighbourhood are extensive hop plantations.

The other towns, *Basingstoke*, *Bagshot*, *Egham*, *Staines*, and *Hounslow*, through which we returned, have been already described. But as Brentford, Turnham-green, Hammersmith, Kensington, and Knightsbridge, were noticed on my leaving London, so Twickenham, Richmond, Kew, and Fulham, two of them lying on the other side of the river Thames, shall now, on my return, be the subject of consideration. It will form a proper conclusion to this my Western excursion.

Twickenham, ten miles from London, is delightfully situated, and has a number of handsome seats with which it is enriched and adorned. We shall just mention *Strawberry Hill*, the elegant Gothic villa of the late EARL of ORFORD, now the residence of the Hon. Mrs. Damer. The late noble resident had a printing-press here, and in his works may be found views of the place, drawn with fidelity. The other seat here is that of Mr. POPE, who, by his description of the spot in his letters, has conferred upon it an immortality. The two weeping willows, planted by the bard, still remain, and slips of these trees were, in 1789, sent to the Empress of Russia, who had them planted in her garden at Petersburg. Since the time of Pope, the grotto and other parts, particularly of late, are much altered. Sir William Stanhope, who purchased the place on the poet's death, added two wings, and enlarged the garden :—

The humble roof, the garden's scanty line,
 Ill suit the genius of the bard divine ;
 But fancy now displays a fairer scope,
 And Stanhope's plans unfold the soul of Pope !

Richmond is by some said to be the finest village in the British dominions. Its ancient name *Sheene*, derived from the Saxon, is significant of its *resplendent* situation. It was for a series of years the residence of royal personages. Here, according to Bishop Burnet, the Pretender was nursed ! *Richmond-hill* is thus celebrated by our favourite Thomson :---

————— Say, shall we ascend
 Thy hill, delightful *Sheene* ? Here let us sweep
 Thy boundless landscape—now the raptur'd eye
 Exulting, swift to huge *Augusta* send—
 Now to the sister-hills that skirt her plain ;
 To lofty *Harrow* now, and now to where
 Majestic *Windsor* lifts his princely brow !
 Heavens ! what a goodly prospect spreads around,
 Of hills and dales, and woods, and lawns, and spires,
 And glittering towns, and gilded streams, till all
 The sketching landscape into smoke decays !

The remains of *Thomson* lie interred at *Richmond* church ; nor was there any thing to point out the spot till the Earl of Buchan, eldest brother of the late Lord Chancellor Erskine, placed, in the year 1792, upon a brass tablet, the following inscription :—" In the earth below this tablet are the remains of James Thomson, author of the beautiful poems entitled the *Seasons*, the *Castle of Indolence*, &c. who died at *Richmond*,

August 1748. The Earl of Buchan, unwilling that so good a man, and sweet a poet, should be without a memorial, has denoted the place of his interment for the satisfaction of his admirers." A more expressive eulogy never was delivered on any poet, than what is contained in these well-known lines, written for Thomson by the late Lord Lyttleton :—

No party his benevolence confin'd ;
 No sect—alike it flow'd to all mankind ;
 Such was the man—the poet well you know,
 Oft has he touch'd your hearts with tender woe ;
 For his chaste Muse employ'd her heav'n-taught lyre
 None but the noblest passions to inspire ;
 Not one immoral, one corrupted thought,
 One line, which *dying*, he could wish to blot !

Within these walls also is deposited the body of the *Rev. Gilbert Wakefield*, of classical memory. His brother who was for many years rector of this parish, is lately deceased. The brothers though of different opinions, were closely united in the bonds of fraternal affection.

Kew is the occasional residence of his present Majesty, where he is now building a *new palace* of handsome white stone, all in the Gothic style, with round towers, which will be soon finished. This has been already noticed. A stately bridge connects the village with the eastern extremity of Brentford. Its gardens are enchanting, and the *Great Pagoda*, reared in imitation of a Chinese temple, and seen from afar, constitutes a pleasing object of decoration. Its chapel con-

tains the monuments of *Gainsborough*, the landscape painter, and *Meyer*, the miniature-painter : on that of the latter are these lines by HAYLEY :—

Age after age, may not one artist yield
 Equal to thee in painting's nicer field—
 And ne'er shall sorrowing earth to heav'n commend
 A fonder parent, or a truer friend !

Fulham shall be just mentioned, because it has been the demesne of the Bishops of London ever since the conquest. Here the prelate of this diocese resides, and the tombs of bishops Compton, Robinson, Gibson, Hayter, Terrick, and Lowth, are to be found in the church-yard. The grave abolishes all distinctions—it is the termination of human glory :—

The lawn-rob'd prelate and the plain presbyter,
 Ere while that stood aloof as shy to meet,
 Familiar mingle here like sister-streams,
 That some rude interposing rock had split !

BLAIR.

Nothing now remains, but that I notice our approach to the Metropolis, the glory of our island---the wonder of the world !

The nearer we drew to London, we observed that the roads were more frequented, and every thing indicated an air of bustle and confusion. The continual travelling to and from the metropolis, is a matter of astonishment. It is thought to contain a MILLION of inhabitants, which is

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the number of persons said to have occupied the whole island at the time of its invasion by Julius Cæsar, about fifty years before the birth of Christ ! and yet from the continual increase of new buildings, it seems that its population is in a state of augmentation. The entrance at *Hyde-Park-Corner* is worthy of a great city. Its cluster of lighted lamps generates a vivid impression on the eye, in a winter's evening, and upon his return to the metropolis, announces to the weary traveller the approaching termination of his journey.

You have now, my dear Sir, the sketch of my *Excursion into the West*, in which I have endeavoured to combine entertainment, and instruction. The excursion itself, indeed, pleased me ; but it would require a portion of presumption for me to suppose, that the perusal of this delineation of it can have imparted a proportional gratification.

I remain, my dear Sir, with évery sentiment of respect,

Your's, sincerely,

J. E.

AN EXCURSION
INTO
THE MIDLAND COUNTIES
OF
ENGLAND,
AND
Part of the Southern District of Wales.



LETTER I.

BEAUTIES OF A FINE MORNING ; HIGHGATE ; FINCHLEY-COMMON ; WHETSTONE ; CHIPPING BARNET ; SEAT OF GEORGE BYNG, ESQ. ; ST. ALBAN'S ; ITS ABBEY ; BATTLES FOUGHT NEAR IT ; MONUMENT AND ANECDOTES OF BACON ; ORIGIN OF ST. ALBAN'S AND ANTIQUITY ; DR. YOUNG ; DUNSTABLE ; WOOBURN-ABBEEY, SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BEDFORD ; ANECDOTES OF THE FAMILY ; NEWPORT PAGNEL ; COWPER THE POET ; AMPHILL ; NORTHAMPTON ; ITS CHURCHES, INFIRMARY AND TOWN-HALL ; DODDRIDGE AND HERVEY ; A TOKEN OF RESPECT TO THEIR MEMORY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

THE entertainment which you were pleased to say you received from the perusal of my *Excursion into the West of England*, has induced me to send you the following narrative, which it is hoped may afford a similar gratification. It has been my aim, in the direction of your studies, to blend together amusement and instruction, thus rendering the ordinary incidents of life subservient to improvement.

Leaving LONDON in the month of June, the Northampton stage took me up at Islington, about five o'clock on a very fine morning. The dew, by which the vegetable creation had been moistened and refreshed during the night, the

rays of the sun were now seen gradually exhaling —thus at once enlivening and invigorating the face of nature. My senses, indeed, were on every side regaled ; the ear and the eye in particular, at this early time of day, received a more than ordinary degree of gratification :

For who the melodies of MORN can tell ?
 The wild brook babbling down the mountain's side,
 The lowing herd, the shepherd's simple bell,
 The pipe of early shepherd dim descried,
 In the lone valley ; echoing far and wide,
 The clamorous horn, along the cliffs above,
 The hollow murmur of the ocean tide,
 The hum of bees and linnet's lay of love,
 And the full choir that wakes the universal grove !
 The cottage curs at *early pilgrim* bark,
 Crown'd with her pail, the tripping milk-maid sings,
 The whistling ploughman stalks a-field, and hark !
 Down the rough slope the ponderous waggon rings,
 Through rustling corn the hare astonish'd springs ;
 Slow tolls the village clock the drowsy hour,
 The partridge bursts away on whirring wings,
 Deep mourns the turtle in sequester'd bower,
 And shrill lark carols clear from her aerial tour !

MINSTREL.

Having ascended *Highgate-hill* we seemed to breathe a more attenuated atmosphere, and began to view with pleasure the beauties of the surrounding country. From the brow of the hill we are presented with a view of the Metropolis, extending from Chelsea to Limchouse ! The numerous steeples impart to the city a beautiful appearance, while St. Paul's cathedral and West-

minster abbey, rearing their awful heads, confer grandeur and solemnity.

Highgate is a pleasant village, and the resort of genteel families during the summer season. At this place the absurd custom is almost obsolete of swearing the country people on their way to London ;—a pair of large horns are produced, when they take an oath, *not to eat brown bread provided they can get white, &c.* They are then taxed with a treat of liquor to the company. It was at the Earl of Arundel's house, Highgate, that the great Lord Bacon breathed his last, the 9th of April, 1626, in the 66th year of his age. He owed his death to an excessive prosecution of his experiments in philosophy. In the *last* letter he ever wrote, he compares himself to Pliny the elder, who lost his life by inquiring into the first tremendous eruption of Vesuvius, with a too dangerous curiosity.

From Highgate is a gradual descent into a delightful country. Having once had lodgings here, I recollected with pleasure, the purity of its air, and the extent of the prospect which cheers the eye and gladdens the heart.

We soon rolled along over *Finchley Common*, once noted for the depredations of highwaymen, whose bodies suspended on the gibbet used here to meet the eye of the traveller in terrible succession ! It is now cleared of these unhappy men, who infest and disgrace civilized society. On this Common was encamped, in the year 1745, a large body of troops, whence they marched Northward, for the

suppression of the rebellion then raging in Scotland. The *Guards proceeding to Finchley Common*, on this memorable occasion, by Hogarth, is a picture, which we have all seen : it exhibits a laughable scene of confused merriment and diversion. On the verge of the common are some neat villas recently erected : and *Whetstone*, a little village at its extremity, is recommended to us by its rural simplicity.

Chipping Barnet is a small town of no distinction ; it has indeed a rough pillar standing in the middle of the road, which commemorates a bloody battle fought on that spot, Easter Day, 1471. The contest was between the two houses of York and Lancaster, and proved decisive in favour of Edward IV. his great foe, the king-making Earl of Warwick being slain. The mischiefs of WAR are incalculable. The inflamed passions of men in arms resemble the *tornado*, which sweeps every object into destruction !

Alas ! even now———

When science roams at large about the world,
When men would fain be thought exceeding wise,
And talk of reason and religion too,
As though their hearts felt what their tongues repeat,
Even now the MONSTER triumphs !

AMPHLETT.

A few miles beyond Barnet, on the right, stands the seat of one of the present members for Middlesex, George Byng, Esq. an enlightened and consistent friend of liberty.

We reached *St. Alban's* about breakfast-time, distant twenty-one miles from London. The antiquity of this place entitles it to attention.

The town of St. Alban's is not large, but of rather a pleasant appearance. It has little trade of any kind. The magnitude of its abbey-church strikes the eye of the beholder with awe. Its interior is enriched with monuments worthy attention. That of Humphrey, commonly called the *Good Duke of Gloucester*, has an inscription alluding to the detection of a false miracle, common in the age of credulity, when he lived. Upon the pulling up of a trap-door you descend into a vault, containing a battered leaden coffin, with a few bones, said to be those of Duke Humphrey ; to deny or prove the assertion is equally impossible. I however took the bones into my hand, when a melancholy sensation stole across my mind, suggested by the passing nature of all human glory !

In or near this town two *battles* were fought in the bloody wars of York and Lancaster. That in 1445, was the first conflict, and terminated in favour of the Yorkists. The valliant Clifford and the great Earl of Somerset were slain in it, and the king, Henry VI. taken prisoner. The second battle, in 1461, ended in a complete victory to Queen Margaret, at the head of the Lancastrians.

In one of the churches belonging to St. Alban's is a handsome monument to the memory of Lord Chancellor BACON, whose death at Highgate has been already mentioned. He is represented sitting in a chair in a thoughtful posture, and

beneath him is a latin inscription to this purport :

“ FRANCIS BACON, Baron of Verulam and Viscount of St. Alban ; or by his more known titles, the Light of the Sciences and the Law of Eloquence, was thus accustomed to sit ; who, after having unravelled all the mysteries of natural and civil wisdom, fulfilled the decree of nature—*That things joined should be loosed !*—in the year of our Lord 1626, and of his age 66.

This was erected to the memory of so great a man by Thomas Meantys, who revered him while living, and admires him dead !”

The above inscription is the panegyric of a friend, but just in point of literary commendation. Pope and Thomson, indeed, alluding to the charge of bribery, have delineated his character with impartiality, though we do not look for the exactness of truth in the language of poetry :—

If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
The wisest, brightest, meanest, of mankind !

POPE.

Thine is a Bacon, hapless in his choice,
Unfit to stand the civil storms of state ;
And through the rude barbarity of Courts,
With firm, but pliant virtue, forward still
To urge his course—him for the studious shade
Kind nature form'd—deep, comprehensive, clear,
Exact and elegant—in one rich soul
Plato, the stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer HE ! who, from the gloom
Of cloister'd Monks and jargon-teaching schools,
Led forth the *true philosophy*—there long
Held in the magic charms of words and forms,
And definitions void, he led her forth.

Daughter of Heav'n ! that slow ascending still,
Investigating sure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to heav'n again.

THOMSON.

This is not the place for investigating his political character ; but the greatest blame is laid upon his servants. There is no doubt that some of them were guilty of bribery, and that their Lord had this opinion of them ; for one day, during his trial, passing through a room where his domestics were sitting, upon their rising to salute him, he said, *Sit down, my masters, your rise has been my fall !* The author of the *Biographia Britannica* remarks, that it was peculiar to Lord Bacon to have nothing narrow or selfish in his composition ; he gave away without concern whatever he possessed, and believing other men of the same mind, he received with as little consideration.

In the vicinity of St. Alban's are the vestiges of the town of *Verulam*, famous in the days of the Romans. The old walls lying scattered throughout the fields, and almost concealed from the eye by the luxuriance of vegetation, created a solemn impression on my mind.

It is conjectured, from the situation of *Verulam*, that it was the town of *Cassivelaunus*, so well defended by woods and marshes, which was taken by Cæsar. In Nero's time it was esteemed a *Municipium* ; or a town whose inhabitants enjoyed the rights and privileges of Roman citi-

zens. It was injured by the Britons during the war between the Romans and Boadicea, queen of the Iceni : though Verulam flourished again, and became a city of note, about the middle of the fifth century it fell into the hands of the Saxons : but Uther Pendragon, the Briton, recovered it with difficulty. After his death, Verulam fell again into the hands of the Saxons ; but by frequent wars it was at last ruined.

St. Alban's, it is well known, derives its name from Alban, said to be the first martyr for christianity in Britain ; and it is generally agreed that he suffered during the great persecution under the reign of Diocletian. The story, however, told by Bede, is too miraculous for belief. And the immortal Milton, speaking of his history, concludes with saying, that " his martyrdom, foiled and worse martyred with the fabling zeal of some idle fancies, more fond of miracles than apprehensive of truth, deserves no longer digression. "

Indeed the history of St. Alban's is interwoven with a large portion of British history.

A little higher up stands the parish of *Welwyn*, where Dr. Edward Young was rector for many years, dying there in the year 1765, at a very advanced period of life. On this spot his *Night Thoughts* were composed, which, though a favourite with the public, on account of its interesting melancholy, yet seems in some detached parts to reflect on the divine goodness. Hence on their first appearance, an ingenious reply was made to

these parts, entitled *Day Thoughts*, or a Vindication of the Benevolence of the Deity.*

We next came to *Dunstable*, a poor place, just within the borders of Bedfordshire. Here we changed coaches, being half way to Northampton. A manufacture of straw hats, with hand-baskets and toys, is the chief employ of the inhabitants. Fashion, that fickle goddess, now favours this species of human ingenuity. It so happened that several women were assembled in the midst of the street near the inn, scolding about some theft which had that morning been committed amongst them by one of their children. One female, pale and trembling with passion, discovered no contemptible powers of oratory !

In this town the sentence of divorce was pronounced against Catherine, queen of Henry the Eighth, by Archbishop Cranmer. Many roads leading to London meet here together, which gave rise to the old adage, "As plain as Dunstable road." Mr. Woodward having mentioned that the *larks* about this place are remarkably large, and esteemed the *best* in England, humourously adds, "Why the *best* ? is the enquiry of the naturalists : are their notes more *melodious*--their plumage *richer*--their shape more *elegant* ?—Hold ! inquisitive reader ! the

* See the *Beauties of Young*, with a memoir prefixed by J. EVANS. Anecdotes will be there found illustrative of a strange mixture of melancholy and cheerfulness, by which this eminent poet was distinguished.

gentle writer is sorry to inform thee, that they are generally esteemed the *best* for the *spit*, and an approved addition to a city entertainment."

Wooburn was the next town at which we arrived, having a large church; but it is an inconsiderable place of no celebrity. One thing, however, created a smile. The few streets, which are indifferently laid out, are at each corner distinguished by a name, after the manner of our metropolis! It was nearly destroyed by fire in 1724; but was rebuilt, together with the market-place, by the Duke of Bedford. *Wooburn Sands* are of some extent, and the patience of the traveller is put to the test by wading through them. Near *Wooburn* stands *Wooburn Abbey*, the seat of the Duke of Bedford a venerable mansion, encircled by a park of considerable extent. The annual *sheep-shearing feast* had just been held, and was attended by crowds of people. Agriculturalists, even from Germany and Ireland, were present on the occasion. Prizes are given away to the meritorious competitors—and hundreds entertained by his grace, with old English hospitality!

From time immemorial, *sheep-shearing* has been a period of rural festivity. These harmless animals yield their fleecy coverings for our comfort and support, but under the hands of the shearer they must experience uneasy sensations. The dissipation of their fears is thus delineated by our favourite poet, Thomson:

Fear not, ye gentle tribes ! 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you wav'd ;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who having now, to pay his annual share,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again !

The late amiable Duke turned his attention to the pursuits of agriculture. Hence the origin of this institution. His premature and sudden death was a loss to the country. To use the words of that eloquent statesman, the late Mr. Fox, " He was carried off at a period of life when he was young enough to enjoy all its blessings, and vigorous enough to perform all its duties ; when he himself looked forward to years of happiness, and when society might have expected to be long benefitted by his benevolence, his energy and his wisdom. Had he been snatched away in early youth, however distressing the event to his relations, the public calamity would not have been so considerable. The fairest promises are often fallacious : the best founded hopes are not always fulfilled. He is as deeply and universally lamented as ever any subject was, and he must long live in the recollection of a grateful posterity." It is, but justice to add, that the present Duke of Bedford, and late Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, treads in the footsteps of his illustrious brother, and enters into his patriotic schemes with cordiality.

Wooburn Abbey is an extensive and magni-

ficent pile, having the appearance of ducal dignity. Its ground-plan forms a square of 200 feet, containing a quadrangular court of no small dimensions. Among the number of paintings, by which the interior is embellished, portraits constitute the chief excellence of the collection. That of *Lord William Russel*, beheaded in the centre of *Lincoln's Inn Fields*, July 1683, merely for his attachment to the constitution and liberties of his country, cannot be contemplated by the family without interesting emotions. When, five years afterwards, James the Second hearing of the landing of the Prince of Orange, requested the advice of the Earl of Bedford, Lord Russel's father, the Earl replied in these terms of pointed reproach---“ *I had a son, Sire, who could have advised your majesty !*” Merciless are the ravages of tyranny.

A certain writer speaking of this part of the country, and noticing the quantities of fir and other trees near the adjacent roads, forming antique boughs into impenetrable thickets, observes, “That in the autumnal season at the time of sun set, nothing in nature can be more beautiful than these thickets : for by their broad light and shade, and varied dispositions, they afford a rich treat to the admirers of woodland scenery. As the sun gradually sinks below the horizon, every leaf of the stately oak and towering elm appears studded with gold, which is every where finely contrasted by the deep green of innumerable firs ; while the glowing yellow of

the departing rays of light reflected from the adjoining sands, adds additional splendour to the landscape."

We came to *Newport Pagnell*, a town with tolerable good inns. Here we dined. The manufacture of lace is carried on in the town and neighbourhood, which is a sort of mart for that article, and flourishes by that means. The paper manufacture is the other branch of their employment.

Within a few miles of *Newport Pagnell*, **COWPER**, the poet, resided ; first at *Olney*, and then at the little village of *Weston*, where the *Task* was composed in a style which has rendered it the subject of public admiration. The charms of this part of the country are introduced into his poems ; and the elegant work lately published, entitled "*Cowper Illustrated*," with twelve engraved views, proves that the poet had copied nature with fidelity. He died April 25th, 1800, having been reduced for some time before his decease to a state of extreme debility. The life of *Cowper*, by *Mr. Hayley*, may be termed an elegant and affectionate tribute of respect to his memory. "Nature (says his biographer) was prodigal of her favours to *Cowper*, in person as well as in mind. He was of a middle stature, rather strong and delicate in the form of his limbs—his hair was of a light brown colour, his eyes a bluish grey, his complexion ruddy, and even when oppressed with age, his features expressed all the powers of his mind and all the

sensibility of his heart. By a fervent application to the bible, and studying the eloquence and energy of the prophets, he made the best possible preparation for great poetical achievements, and incessantly treasured in his mind those stores of sublimity, sentiment and expression, which gradually raised him to the purest heights of poetical renown. He has proved that verse and devotion are natural allies : he has shown that true poetical genius cannot be more delightfully employed, than in diffusing through the heart and mind of man a filial affection for his Maker, with a firm and cheerful trust in his word—and the universal admiration excited by his writings, will be heightened to the friends of virtue, by the reflection, that excellent as they appear, they were surpassed by the gentleness, the benevolence, and the sanctity of his life.” To you my dear young friend, this mention of COWPER calls for no apology. When under my care, you well recollect reading the effusions of his Muse with delight. I then pointed him out to you as the poet of *Freedom* and of *Christianity*.

In reaching Newport I should have mentioned that I left on the right the little town of *Amphill*, noted for having been the residence of Catherine, wife of Henry the Eighth, during the time her unjust divorce was in agitation. This event is commemorated by the following inscription on a column, where the old castle stood. The column itself cost above 100*l.* and the lines were written by Horace Walpole :

In days of old here Ampthill's towers were seen,
The mournful refuge of an injur'd queen ;
Here flow'd her pure, but unavailing tears,
Here blinded zeal sustain'd her sinking years ;
Yet Freedom hence her radiant banner wav'd,
And love aveng'd a realm by priests enslav'd.
From Catherine's wrongs a nation's bliss was spread,
And Luther's light from Henry's lawless bed !

About seven in the evening we reached Northampton passing by a fine Gothic edifice called *Queen's Cross*, within a mile of the town. It was erected by King Edward the First, to the memory of his beloved queen Eleanor : who when her husband was wounded by a Moor, in his expedition to the Holy Land (1272) she sucked the venom out of the wound, by which Edward was cured, and she escaped unhurt ! The queen died at Herdley, Lincolnshire, Nov. 29, 1290. The body was carried for interment to Westminster Abbey, and at every place where the procession had rested, King Edward caused one of these *pillars* or *crosses* to be erected.

It is pleasing to observe the tender affections operating on the higher classes of society. Amidst the pageantry of their station, they remain susceptible of mutual attachments, and when broken by death, are obliged to have recourse to the elegy and sepulchral column in order to assuage the common sorrows of mortality ! In Woodward's *Eccentric Excursions*, travellers plodding knee-deep in the Wooburn sands, as well as antiquarians, &c. peeping at this cross

are represented in an attitude calculated to excite our risibility !

Northampton is a neat town, situated on the banks of the Nen. The market-place is spacious, and is reckoned one of the handsomest in Europe. All Saints church stands in the centre of the town, making a prominent appearance, the portico being supported by twelve columns of the Ionic order ; and a statue of King Charles the Second ornaments the ballustrade. The interior of the church is neat, and decorated with several monuments. The figures of Moses and Aaron near the altar, are entitled to attention.

To the church of *All Saints*, already mentioned, attaches an humorous anecdote of Cowper the poet, told by himself in a letter to a friend, in these words. It is here introduced, because it displays the cheerfulness of his temper, though at other times awfully depressed by derangement. “ On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word, that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain decent elderly figure made its appearance, and being desired to sit, spoke as follows ;---“ Sir, I am clerk of the parish of All Saints, Northampton, brother of Mr. C. the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality which he publishes at Christmas a copy of verses---you would do me a great favour, Sir, if you would furnish me with one.” To this I replied, “ Mr. C. you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not ap-

plied to some of them ? There is a namesake of your's in particular, C——the statuary, who every body knows is a first rate maker of verses; he surely of all the world, is the man for your purpose." " Alas ! Sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of *so much reading*, that the people of our town cannot understand him." I confess to you, my dear Sir, that I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech, and was almost ready to answer, perhaps, my good friend, they may find me unintelligible too for the same reason. But on asking him whether he had walked over to Weston on purpose to implore the assistance of my Muse, and on his replying in the affirmative, I felt my mortified vanity a little consoled, and pitying the poor man's distress, which appeared to be considerable, promised to supply him ;—the waggon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton loaded in part with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals, I have written *one* that serves *two hundred* persons !" These *famous lines* may be seen subjoined to an edition of Cowper's Poems lately published.

St. Sepulchre's church, at the northern extremity of the town, close to the road which leads to Market Harborough, is worthy of examination. It is very ancient, and built after the form of the *Holy Sepulchre* at Jerusalem. A singular circumstance took place there a few years ago. During the service one morning, a noise was

heard beneath a pew, which increasing, the people rushed out of the church, and the good parson coming down from the pulpit, ran after them ! The bottom of the pew was taken up, but nothing was to be seen : some thought the disturbance was raised by the *spirit* of a gentleman buried near the spot—whilst others were of opinion, that *Satan* had hit upon this wicked trick to put an end to their devotions ! Probably some vermin wanted the *riot act* read to them ; though it is singular that they should have been troublesome only on this occasion.

The *County Infirmary*, also, is entitled to attention. The wards are so neat and convenient, the whole building so clean and airy, that it deserves a high degree of commendation. The *common hall*, where the assizes are held, is spacious and well adapted for the purpose. The prison being adjoining, the culprit reaches the bar by means of a subterraneous communication. Upon the bar is a species of iron machinery resembling an *handcuff*, which is used for inflicting the punishment of *burning the hand* ! On the instrument is this motto—*Come not here again*—an admonition one would think scarcely necessary for an individual who had once undergone so painful an operation. It seems, indeed, to intimate, either that the punishment itself was not adapted to answer its end, or that human depravity is seldom eradicated. Besides the churches already mentioned, there are two others ; one with a handsome square tower, the other with an antique appear-

ance ; there are likewise two Independent meeting-houses, and one belonging to the Baptists.

A little out of the town is *Becket's* well, a fine spring of water, but I could not ascertain why it was thus denominated. Close to it is a beautiful walk, over-looking the meadows, through which the river Nen winds itself in gentle evolutions. The streets of Northampton are regular, and the houses possess uniformity. In one of the streets was shewn me an old edifice, where the original of Richardson's *Pamela* once lived, for novelists of ability generally draw their portraits from nature, and hence their admirable fidelity.

In the reign of Henry the Third several discontented students from Oxford and Cambridge came and erected a little academy here for every branch of learning, but in a short time it was dissolved by the king's order, because it was said, it would be a manifest damage and inconvenience to the ancient University of Oxford*.

To me, I confess, Northampton, and its vicinity, possessed additional charms on account of their having been the residence of *Doddridge* and *Hervey*, two pious and learned divines ; the former amongst the protestant dissenters, the latter belonging to the church of England.

* I have been able to add this more particular description of Northampton, from having spent a few days there at Christmas, much to my satisfaction. To the Rev. Mr. H. I beg leave thus publicly to return my best thanks for his polite and friendly attentions.

Dr. Philip Doddridge was born in London in 1702, settled tutor at an academy at Northampton, 1729, and died of a consumption at Lisbon, 1751, whither he had gone for his recovery. His seminary was in high reputation, and he was esteemed as well by churchmen as by dissenters. His labours and writings entitle him to the respect of posterity. His *Family Expositor*, in six volumes, 8vo. is a treasure of sacred criticism and pious reflections. The present Bishop of London recommends this work in his recent tract on the *Evidences of Christianity*. It has gone through several octavo impressions. A superb quarto edition of it has been just published, with an exquisitely finished head, and appropriate embellishments. A neat monument is erected to the memory of this good man in his own meeting here, and the following inscription was drawn up by his much-esteemed friend, Gilbert West, Esq.

To the memory of

PHILIP DODDRIDGE, D. D.

Twenty-one Years Pastor of this Church,

Director of a flourishing Academy,

And Author of many excellent Writings ;

By which

His pious, benevolent, and indefatigable Zeal

To make Men wise, good, and happy,

Will far better be made known,

And perpetuated much longer,

Than by this obscure and perishing Marble,

The humble Monument, not of his Praise,

But of their Esteem, Affection, and Regret,

Who knew him, lov'd him, and lament him,

And who are desirous of recording,
 In this Inscription,
 Their friendly but faithful Testimony
 To the many amiable and christian Virtues
 That adorned his more private Character,
 By which, though dead, he yet speaketh,
 And still present in remembrance,
 Forcibly, though silently, admonisheth
 His once beloved and ever grateful Flock.
 He was born June 26, 1702,
 And died October 26, 1751,
 Aged 50.

When I was at Northampton, the monument had just been cleaned, and each individual belonging to the congregation gave a trifle towards defraying the expence; I mention this circumstance merely to shew the reader how much the memory of this good man is still cherished there; for an intelligent worthy relative of mine, Mrs. C. (now deceased) who was not a member of the meeting, told me she never gave her mite with greater pleasure and satisfaction.

The *piety* of Dr. Doddridge may be gathered from the following lines, which he wrote under the motto of his family arms, *Let us live whilst we live*—DUM VIVIMUS VIVAMUS, which Mr. Orton declares to be expressive of his general temper, and which Dr. Johnson pronounces to be the finest epigram in the English language:—

“Live while you live,” the epicure would say,
 “And seize the pleasures of the present day.”
 “Live while you live,” the sacred Preacher cries,
 “And give to God each moment as it flies!”

" Lord, in *my* views let *both* united be ;
" I live in *pleasure* when I live to *thee* !"

Nor must I omit to mention, in terms of commendation, his *candour* towards those who differed from him in religious sentiment. Senseless distinctions, artful insinuations, and savage anathemas, he abhorred from his soul, persuaded that they had no connection with pure and unadulterated christianity.

James Hervey, the ingenious author of the *Meditations*, resided at the little village of *Weston Favell*, about three miles from Northampton. The Rev. Mr. H. the worthy, though not the immediate successor of the late Dr. Doddridge, both in his congregation and academy, obligingly accompanied me thither, and the walk gave rise to pleasing sensations. Upon my reaching the church of Weston, of which Hervey was rector many years, I was surprised at the smallness and meanness of its appearance. On entering the edifice, the eye was caught by no long aisles, pompous monuments, or indeed splendid embellishments of any description. Plain and unadorned, it had no one thing to recommend it except the recollection that within these walls the pious and charitable Hervey exercised his ministry, and that *here* his remains were deposited till *the resurrection of the just* ! Close to the communion-table, within the rails by which it stood encircled, I discovered a stone void of decoration, and inscribed with the following lines,

after informing the reader that he breathed his last on Christmas-Day, 1758, aged 45 :—

Reader, expect no more to make him known ;
 Vain the fond elegy and figur'd stone ;
 A name more lasting shall his writings give ;
There view display'd his heavenly soul, and LIVE !

The lateness of the evening left me scarcely enough of light to pick out the inscription, and threw a gloom over the place, which impressed me with an additional solemnity. It is at such moments that the soul, concentrating her powers, meditates on the vanity of terrestrial enjoyments, and feels the inestimable value of that REVELATION which brings *life and immortality to light !*

You will not, my young friend, blame me for my curiosity in visiting spots, (several having been noticed in the course of this letter,) which eminent men have hallowed by their exertions to promote the best interests of mankind. The theologian, as well as the literary man, is entitled to his gratification. Dr. Beattie, in drawing the character of a beloved son, of whom he was prematurely deprived by death, mentions this *curiosity* among the commendable traits for which he was distinguished.

“ He had a passion,” says this pleasing writer, “ for visiting places that had been remarkable as the abodes of eminent men, or that retained any memorials of them ; and as in this I resembled him, we often walked together on what we called

classic ground. Westminster Abbey, in the neighbourhood of which we lived several months, was a favourite haunt of his, and suggested many images and meditations. He had wandered in the bowers of Twickenham, and amidst the more majestic scenes of Blenheim and Windsor. At Oxford, where he passed some time, he met with many interesting objects and attentive friends. He kissed, (literally he did so,) the grave-stone which covers the dust of Shakespeare, at Stratford, and sat in the same chimney-corner, and in the same chair in which tradition tells that the immortal bard was wont to sit. He once or twice visited the house, and even the chamber, (near Coltsworth, in Lincolnshire,) in which Sir Isaac Newton is said to have been born. The last time he and I were at Cambridge, I gratified him with a sight of those apartments in Pembroke Hall which were once honoured with the residence of my memorable and long-lamented friend Mr. Gray, of whom he was a warm admirer, he being the greatest poetical genius that Britain had produced since Milton. He composed an ode to the genius of Gray, of which I find among his papers a few stanzas, but far the greater part is irrecoverably lost. This ode, I think, he wrote or planned while we were passing some time, in 1787, at Windsor, where, from the terrace, he had a view of Stoke church, in which Gray is buried, and towards which I often found him directing his eyes."

Pleading such a precedent, you cannot with

justice censure my curiosity. Indeed, the desire of visiting places on which talents, and virtue, and piety, have shed a kind of sanctity, is connected with the best feelings of our nature, and affords refined gratification. Great and good men even when they are no more, may be likened to certain leaves, which, after they have fallen in the autumnal season from the trees which they once enriched and decorated, leave behind them a kind of fragrance with which the surrounding atmosphere is for a long time after perfumed and impregnated. Such sensations should be cherished—it is a tribute of respect due to meritorious characters; it excites an honourable emulation.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's &c.

LETTER II.

MARKET HARBOROUGH ; FOTHERINGAY CASTLE ; EXECUTION OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS ; BATTLE OF NASEBY ; WICKLIFFE ; LEICESTER ; ITS ANTIQUITY ; ITS MANUFACTORIES ; ITS EXTENT AND POPULATION ; UTILITY OF CHARITY-SCHOOLS ; SINGULAR EPITAPH ; ROMAN CURIOSITY ; BLUE BOAR INN ; REMARKABLE MURDER ; RUINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY ; ANECDOTES OF CARDINAL WOISEY ; REFLECTIONS OCCASIONED BY THE RUINS OF ST. MARY'S ABBEY.

DEAR SIR,

NEXT morning, about seven o'clock, I left Northampton for *Market Harborough*. A lady, who had been for her daughter from a boarding-school, politely offered me a third part of a post-chaise as far as Leicester, which I cheerfully accepted. The morning was pleasant, the road good, and driving with rapidity, we reached the place of our destination to breakfast. *Market Harborough* consists of one long street, in which stands the church, with a handsome Gothic tower, adding much to the appearance of the town. Being a thoroughfare on the road to Derby, Nottingham, &c. it has good inns for the accommodation of travellers. It is remarkable, that the town, although in a flourishing

state, has neither fields, meadows, nor any lands whatever belonging to it, which gave rise to a proverb used in former times, "that a goose would eat up all the grass in Harborough."

To the right of this town, at the distance of a few miles, near Oundle, stands *Fotheringay Castle*, where MARY *Queen of Scots*, was beheaded, Feb. 8, 1587, in the 45th year of her age, having passed the last *nineteen* years of her life in captivity. This murder was perpetrated by Elizabeth, with all the arts of hypocrisy. But Stuart and Whitaker have drawn aside the flimsy veil, and held up the deed to the scorn of infamy. The sufferings of this beautiful, but imprudent woman, have secured to her the compassion of posterity. The calmness and dignity with which this unfortunate Princess passed through the last awful scene of her present existence is too remarkable to be here omitted. "On the morning of her execution at this castle, she dressed herself in a rich habit of silk and velvet, and being informed by the sheriff of the county that *the hour of execution* was come, she passed into another hall, where was erected the scaffold, covered with black; and she saw, with undisinayed countenance, the executioners and all the preparations of death. She now began, with the aid of two women, to disrobe herself, and the executioner also lent his hand to assist her. She smiled, and said, that she was not accustomed to undress herself before so large a company, nor to be served by such valets. Her servants seeing

her in this condition, ready to lay her head on the block, burst into tears and lamentations. She turned about to them, put her finger on her lips, as a sign of imposing silence on them, and having given them a blessing, desired them to pray for her. One of her maids, whom she had appointed for that purpose, covered her eyes with a handkerchief—she then laid herself down without any sign of fear or trepidation, and her head was severed from her body at three strokes by the executioner. He instantly held it up to the spectators streaming with blood, and agitated with the convulsions of death. The Dean of Peterborough alone exclaimed, “So perish all the Queen Elizabeth’s enemies!” The Earl of Kent alone replied, “Amen!” The attention of all other spectators was fixed on the melancholy scene before them :—zeal and flattery alike gave place to present pity and admiration.”

Her remains, which had been interred in the cathedral of Peterborough, were taken up by her son, James the First, and removed to a vault in Henry the Seventh’s chapel, Westminster Abbey, where a monument was erected to her memory.

To the left of the road, not far from Harbrough, lay *Naseby Field*, where a bloody battle was fought, June 14th, 1645, between General Fairfax and Charles the First, in which the forces of the latter were routed. This engagement proved fatal to the king’s affairs, for a casket found in the baggage contained letters to the queen, which discovered the plans of operation laid

down, and through the precautions taken in consequence of that information by the parliament, all his schemes were defeated.

HUME, speaking of this battle gives the following account of it :—" At Naseby was fought, with forces nearly equal, a decisive and well disputed action between the King and Parliament. The main body of the royalists was commanded by the KING himself, the right wing by Prince Rupert, the left by Sir Marmaduke Langdale. Fairfax, seconded by Skippon, placed himself in the main body of the opposite army ; Cromwell in the right wing ; Ireton, Cromwell's son-in-law, in the left. The charge was begun with his usual celerity and usual success by Prince Rupert. Though Ireton made stout resistance, and even after he was run through the thigh with a pike, still maintained the combat till he was taken prisoner, yet was that whole army broken and pursued with precipitate fury by Rupert ; he was even so inconsiderate as to lose time in summoning and attacking the artillery of the enemy which had been left with a good guard of infantry. The king led on his main body, and displayed in this action all the conduct of a prudent general, and all the valour of a stout soldier. Fairfax and Skippon encountered him, and well supported that reputation which they had acquired. Skippon being dangerously wounded, was desired by Fairfax to leave the field, but declared that he would remain there as long as one man maintained his ground. The infantry of the

Parliament was broken, and pressed upon by the King, till Fairfax, with great presence of mind, brought up the reserve and renewed the combat. Meanwhile Cromwell having led on his troops to the attack of Langdale, overbore the force of the royalists, and by his prudence improved that advantage which he had gained by his valour. Having pursued the enemy about a quarter of a mile, and detached some troops to prevent their rallying, he turned back on the King's infantry and threw them into the utmost confusion. One regiment alone preserved its order unbroken, though twice desperately assailed by Fairfax; and that general excited by so steady a resistance, ordered Doyley, the captain of his life-guard, to give them a third charge in front, while he himself attacked them in the rear. The regiment was broken, Fairfax with his own hands, killed an ensign, and having seized the colours, gave them to a soldier to keep for him. The soldier afterwards boasting that he had won this trophy, was reproved by Doyley, who had seen the action. *Let him retain that honour,* said Fairfax, *I have to-day acquired enough beside!* Prince Rupert, sensible too late of his error, left the fruitless attack on the enemy's artillery, and joined the King, whose infantry was now totally discomfited. Charles exhorted this body of cavalry not to despair, and cried aloud to them, *One charge more, and we recover the day!* But the disadvantages under which they laboured were too evident, and they could by no means be induced

to renew the combat. Charles was obliged to quit the field and leave the victory to the enemy. The slain, on the side of Parliament, exceeded those on the side of the King : they lost 1000 men, he not above 800. But Fairfax made 500 officers prisoners, and 4000 private men, took all the King's artillery and amunition, and totally dissipated his infantry, so that scarce any victory could be more complete than that which he obtained."

The *Field of Naseby* retains no marks of the fight at present, except a few holes, where it is said the men and horses were buried. In one of the rooms, in an inn near the spot, used to be a series of pictures, representing the manœuvres of both armies on that perilous day ! They served to impress the mind of the traveller with the particulars of that memorable transaction.

A little further up, just within the borders of Leicestershire, also, stands *Lutterworth*, a small town with a large handsome church, of which JOHN WICKLIFFE, the noted reformer, was rector, and here he peacefully died in spite of the machinations of popery. His pulpit still exists, whence he honestly inveighed against the errors of the times, and instructed his hearers in the rudiments of a purer christianity. Mr. Throsby, in his *History of Leicestershire*, gives a plate of what remains of this *chair of verity*, a relic which even protestants dare hold in veneration. Wickliffe has been pronounced the *morning star* of the REFORMATION !

We reached *Leicester* by noon, where I with regret parted with my female fellow-traveller, whose conversation and politeness contributed to enliven this part of my journey.

Leicester is a town of antiquity, and flourished even in the time of the Romans. Many Roman antiquities have been found here, particularly about a century ago, when coins and statues were dug up, after having laid in the bosom of the earth for ages! One of their catacombs or burying-places was discovered here, built of brick and rag-stones, with niches where the urns had been deposited; but in what age it was erected is not known, though probably soon after they settled in Britain; because when christianity became the established religion of the empire, the practice of burning dead bodies was abolished. The remains of this antique repository have a singular appearance, and are now known by the name of *Old Jewry Wall*. This town underwent revolutions in the different stages of our history. It was stormed and taken by Charles the First, the 31st of May, 1645; but he did not keep it long, for being defeated at the battle of Naseby, already described, General Fairfax retook it for the parliament.

At present *Leicester* is in a flourishing state, by reason of the manufactory of stockings, which is carried on to a large extent. The houses are well built but with no regularity. Some mud walls at the entrance into the town ought to be levelled with the ground. It has six parishes,

though only five churches. There are several dissenting places of worship, which are well attended. The presbyterian meeting is large and commodious : over this society presided for upwards of fifty years the late venerable Hugh W——n, with an unremitting zeal and activity. The general baptist place of worship also is neat and agreeable : it was erected a few years ago—the pulpit was designed by Mr. Ludlam, the mathematician, and is a transcript of St. Mary's at Oxford. Under the hospitable roof of a worthy friend I was gratified by the contemplation of several pieces of mechanism which he shewed me. They reminded me of a painting to be seen at Versailles, containing *two hundred* little figures in the act of enjoying the various pleasures of *rural sports*, which are separated from the back ground of the picture, and are set in motion by springs, admirably imitating all the movements natural to their different occupations :—a fisherman throws in his line and draws up a little fish ; a regular chase is displayed, and a nuptial procession appears, in which some little figures, riding in tiny carriages, nod to the spectators ! Such displays of humour and ingenuity cannot fail of commanding our admiration !

To preach a *Charity Sermon* at Leicester was the purport of my journey, though I was called both to Quorndon, near Loughborough, and to Nottingham, on similar services. Indeed schools for the instruction of poor children are the only sure means of regenerating our land. From such

institutions valuable consequences must accrue to the next generation. In the mean time, we must not expect that any thing short of such measures can counteract the pernicious effects of vice, which threaten to deluge our country. Indeed, kings may issue their proclamations, law-givers may enact their statutes, judges may ascend their tribunals, prisons may be crowded with culprits, lands may be sought out in the remotest parts of the earth for banishment, nay, gibbets may be erected in every part of our island, and bodies hung thereon till the air become pestilential; yet, after all, the efforts of legislative skill will prove ineffectual, provided the religious education of the poor be neglected : *They shall die without instruction, and in the greatness of their folly shall they go astray!* In the sacred writings we read of a tree whose virtues sweetened and purified the waters of Marah—the *tree of knowledge* has a similar efficacy on the human heart, that capacious fountain out of which flows *the issues of life!* So true are the words of Shakspear :—

———Ignorance is the curse of God,
Knowledge the wing with which we fly to heav'n !

Leicester has two goals near each other, the one for the town and the other for the county, a spacious market-place, a handsome infirmary, a beautiful assembly-room, and pleasant walks in its vicinity. On my return from one of these

walks, in company with some agreeable ladies, I entered the town by a part of it called *Newark*, which contains many excellent houses, and whose situation has charms to recommend it. It may be stiled *the West End of the Town*.

Four objects at Leicester attracted my attention.

First, a tomb-stone with a *singular epitaph* in the church of St. Martin. The substance of it is, that one Mr. John Heyrick, who died on the second of April, 1589, in the 76th year of his age, lived with his wife fifty-two years in one house; and although they had often twenty in family, yet during the whole of that time he never buried one single person. The epitaph also informs us that his wife, who died in 1611, aged 97, had one hundred and forty-three persons of her own issue, including the third generation. Such *long-livers*, in conjunction with their *fruitfulness*, remind me of the patriarch, whom the poet thus describes :

At life's meridian point arriv'd HE stood,
And looking round, saw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd over earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave !

PORTEUS.

Secondly, a *Roman curiosity*, which is to be seen in the cellar of a respectable tradesman in

the town. It is supposed to have been the bottom of a bath, and represents in tessellated work the figure of a stag and a human being, alluding to the ancient mythology. Some imagine, that it bears a reference to the story of *Acteon and his dogs*, so pleasingly detailed in Ovid, whilst others contend that it exhibits some other change in fabulous history. Be this as it may, it is without doubt a complete specimen of the kind and engages the attention of all true lovers of antiquity. At first sight it has a confused appearance, but viewed with a steady eye in a certain direction, it develops itself, till the figures shew their proportions in all their beauty and propriety. *Tessellated pavements* were common among the Romans. They were a kind of rich Mosaic work, made of curious square marbles, bricks, or tiles, called *tessellæ*, from their resembling dice. The materials and construction ensured durability.

Thirdly, a *ruinous house*, formerly the *Old Blue Boar Inn*, where RICHARD the THIRD lodged previous to the battle of Bosworth, in the year 1485, and whence he issued to that contest which put an end to the long and bloody contention between the houses of York and Lancaster. The *infamous Richard* was killed in the battle; his body, besmeared with gore, was stripped naked, thrown across a horse, carried to Leicester for interment, and his stone coffin was afterwards converted into a horse-trough, belonging to the largest inn in the town!

At this ancient house a singular affair hap-

pened, which is thus recorded by Sir John Twisden, who had the particulars from persons of veracity. A bedstead, which RICHARD had brought with him, was set up for him to lay upon, and remained there when he marched to the field of battle. After his death, no person ever came to demand this bedstead, which was large, strong, and heavy ; it therefore became considered as a fixture belonging to the inn, and was transferred from landlord to landlord with the lease of the house. After many persons had occupied the inn, without any notice being taken of the bedstead, it came into the possession of a very industrious couple, and the room in which the bedstead was fixed they appropriated to their own use. The good woman being one day very busy in cleaning this chamber, by accident struck the broom against the bedstead, and was surprised by hearing money jingle on the ground. Looking under the bed, she found broad pieces of gold, which increasing her surprise called her husband, and acquainted him with the affair. The man was as much surprised as his wife, and both being curious to unravel this mysterious affair, and discover some more coin, if possible, they stripped the bed-clothes from off the bedstead. Then searching narrowly, they perceived a kind of door, which the stroke of the broom had forced open ; on which they opened it quite, when to their joy many other pieces tumbled out ! They found, that what they

had taken to be solid wood, was hollow within, the whole cavity being filled with broad pieces of gold. They secured their treasure, which amounted to a great sum. The pieces were fresh, and the coin of Richard the Third. They, however, imprudently made the affair public, through an avaricious design of disposing of the pieces for more than their intrinsic value. The rumour of this affair brought many of the nobility and gentry to the inn. Thus the custom was not only increased, but ten guineas were given for a single piece by those who made their opulence subservient to their curiosity. The innkeeper grew rich; but being of an avaricious temper, he would not quit his inn, nor sacrifice his interest to his ease. His opulence, however, gave him importance, so that he was deemed one of the most considerable men in the town of Leicester, and was once elected mayor. At length he died, and left the immense wealth, concerning which he had been so solicitous, to his wife, whose disposition being similar to her husband's, she likewise kept on the inn, though she was near seventy years of age. At length the imagination of her immense riches proved a temptation to accomplish her destruction, and induced four wicked wretches to lay a scheme not only to rob her, but to murder her likewise, in order to prevent discovery. Among the four who had conspired to destroy her was a maid-servant, who had lived with her for many years, and her

waiter, who had agreed, after the accomplishment of their villany, to retire to a distant part of the kingdom to be married, and live at ease upon their ill begotten treasure. On the fatal night appointed, they with their vile associates, two indigent townsmen, perpetrated the horrid deed, by cutting the old woman's throat from ear to ear! The bloody act was performed by her maid-servant, to whom she had been remarkably kind, and indeed at her death, which could not have been far off, according to the course of nature, she intended to bequeath her a considerable legacy. Thus, by having a little patience, she would have been possessed, without guilt, of more than what came to her share by imbruing her hands in the blood of her mistress. They were, however, all banked in their expectations, for the old lady had, but a little time before, put out her money to use, so that they found but a trifle in the house. They took, however, what money they could, and packing up plate, linen, wearing apparel, and valuable moveables, they put all into a cart, which they had got in waiting for the purpose, and drove away in the middle of the night, leaving all the house fast except a back-door. In the morning, the people of the town were amazed that the inn was not open at the usual time. When noon arrived, the inn still continued shut, as if it was the dead of the night, and many travellers were waiting about the door for entertainment for themselves and

cattle. This raised many suspicions, but at length several of the neighbours applied to the mayor of Leicester, and informed him of their conjectures. The mayor, with proper officers, repaired to the place, and finding the back door open, they entered, and discovered that the people's surmise was but too true, when they perceived the house stripped, and the hostess murdered. A hue and cry was raised, and the assassins were so hotly pursued, that they were all apprehended the same evening, and brought back to Leicester, together with the property they had stolen. They were lodged in the gaol till the assizes, when they were condemned, the three men to be hanged, and the woman to be burnt! Their sentence was executed, and they died unlamented.

The *Fourth* and last object is *St. Mary's Abbey*, of which a great part remains to the present day. It stands among pleasant meadows near the banks of the river, and was built by Robert, Earl of Leicester, in the reign of Henry the First. Many great men presided over it, and here that haughty statesman and proud ecclesiastic, *Cardinal Wolsey*, ended his days under the displeasure of his monarch, Henry the Eighth. In his last agony he regretted that he had not served God with the fidelity he had used towards his royal master! Our inimitable Shakespear, has drawn the fall of Wolsey with exquisite beauty :

—————O Cromwell! Cromwell!

Had I but serv'd my God with half the zeal
I serv'd my king, he would not in mine age
Have left me naked to mine enemies!

The history of this man is of too singular a nature not to demand some attention. CARDINAL WOLSEY was born at Ipswich, 1471. Common tradition says he was the son of a butcher, though our best historians simply assure us that he was descended of poor but honest parents. His first preferment was to the rectory of Lymington, where his conduct was so bad, that it is said, Sir Amias Paulet, a justice of the peace, set him in the stocks for being drunk and raising a disturbance at a fair in the neighbourhood! But the knight had reason to repent of the measure, for Wolsey being made chancellor, repaid him by five or six years imprisonment. By the use of flattering arts this ecclesiastic passed through a variety of preferments. In March, 1514, he was made bishop of Lincoln.—November following, archbishop of York.—September, 1515, cardinal of St. Cicely, by the interest of the king of England. The king likewise bestowed upon him the rich abbey of St. Alban's, and the bishopric of Durham, and afterwards that of Winchester; and with these he held in farm the bishoprics of Bath, Worcester, and Hereford, enjoyed by foreign incumbents. From all these preferments, together with presents and pensions from foreign princes, his annual income exceeded the revenues

of the crown! In this capacity also he kept eight hundred servants, among whom were nine or ten lords, fifteen knights, and forty esquires! *Wolsey* aspired to the Popedom, but without success. About this time, however, such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, he lost all favour at Court. In this reverse of fortune he was obliged to retire to his archbishopric at York, where, having remained for a time, he was arrested on the charge of High Treason. On the third day after his having left York, in his progress towards London, he reached *Leicester Abbey*. Here the abbot and the whole convent came out to meet him with reverence, but the Cardinal only said, "*Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you!*" His words were verified, for, expiring four days after, November 29, 1550, he was buried in one of the abbey chapels. He lay some time, however, in an oaken coffin, with his face uncovered, for public inspection. As to his person, *Wolsey* was tall and comely, graceful in his air and manners, but having a defect in one of his eyes, he, with a view to hide the blemish, was always painted in profile. In prosperity *Wolsey* was proud, arrogant, and haughty; in adversity, mean, abject, and cowardly. His vices were of that cast which disgrace the character of a prelate. At the same time his virtues were of the public kind, for he promoted and encouraged literature. He patronized the polite and useful arts, and, in general, was a friend to the poor.

Indeed he was a *great* but not a good man. In his political character he displayed abilities, and it is acknowledged that England was rendered formidable to all the powers of Europe during *his* administration*.

The RUINS of this ABBEY, in the vicinity of Leicester, have a fine appearance at a distance, and are in themselves impressive. They proclaim its former magnificence ; they remind us of the pomp and grandeur of its possessors, now gone down to the dust ; they shew us the decay to which sublunary objects are destined, in spite of every effort to rescue them from the all-devouring gulph of oblivion :—

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
 'Tis now the apartment of the toad,
 And *there* the fox securely feeds,
 And *there* the poisonous adder breeds,
 Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds ;
 While ever and anon there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls ;
 Yet time has been that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow,
 Has seen this *broken pile* complete,
 Big with the vanity of state !
 But transient is the smile of fate—
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sun-beam in a winter's day,
 Is *all* the PROUD and MIGHTY have
 Between the cradle and the grave !

DYER.

* See the *British Plutarch*, in eight pocket volumes, drawn up by the late *Dr. Joseph Towers*—it is a treasure of Biography.

Such, my young friend, is my sketch of Leicester, which I trust you will pursue, as well as the former part of the letter, with that candour to which the director of your youthful studies is entitled.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's &c.



LETTER III.

MOUNT SORREL ; QUORN ; LOUGHBOROUGH ; NOTTINGHAM ;
 EXCURSION INTO DERBYSHIRE ; ALFRETON ; STORY OF A RO-
 MAN LADY ; MATLOCK DALE ; COTTON MILL ; SIR RICHARD
 ARKWRIGHT ; MATLOCK ; ITS SPRINGS ; ITS ROMANTIC SI-
 TUATION ; CUMBERLAND CAVERN ; CHATSWORTH HOUSE ;
 ITS GARDENS AND WATER-WORKS ; BAKEWELL ; HADDON
 HALL ; KING OF THE PEAK ; VERNON FAMILY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

FROM the town of Leicester I passed on to Loughborough, through *Mount Sorrel* and *Quorn*, two places which recommend themselves by their situation. *Mount Sorrel* is a small town, standing at the foot of a hill, and *Quorn* is a populous village, with some agreeable spots in its vicinity. Two gentlemen, who live in the village, accompanied me to the top of a neighbouring eminence, whence we enjoyed a prospect of the adjacent country.

Loughborough is situated on the banks of the river Soar, over which it has a stone bridge. It stands on the borders of Charwood Forest, being surrounded by meadows and well cultivated fields. In the time of the Saxons it was a royal town, and its church is a Gothic structure of antiquity.

On the road to Nottingham I passed through a village, in which I spied a school, with this motto over the door :—

“ *Disce, vel Discede !* ”

Learn or go about your business.

This short sentence conveys a lesson to the pupil, which it is hoped will be duly regarded. A moderate but steady application is the soul of improvement.

From Loughborough to *Nottingham* the distance is about fourteen miles, and I reached this place in the evening. A gentleman, on my arrival, took me to his country house at Arnold, a village four miles beyond the town, so that my account of Nottingham must be deferred till my return thither at the close of the week. The next morning, in company with an obliging young gentleman, I set out on horseback for *Derbyshire*. A sketch of this part of my tour will be expected, and you shall not be disappointed. As we travelled over a considerable extent of ground, the excursion will form no improper subject for this and the succeeding letter ; its variety will, I trust, serve for your amusement.

On Tuesday morning, between six and seven o'clock, we set off, well mounted, for *Alfreton*, a small town, just within the borders of *Derbyshire*, where, after a ride of fifteen miles, we breakfasted. Nothing here attracted our attention, excepting that from the window of the inn we

were diverted by seeing several females nursing their children with cheerfulness and simplicity. Little children are objects at all times interesting to a feeling heart : to a good parent of either sex they must prove endearing ; for powerful are the ties of parental affection ! We are told in the Roman history, that Cornelia, the illustrious mother of the Gracchi, after the death of her husband, who left her *twelve* children, applied herself to the care of her family with a wisdom and prudence that acquired her universal esteem. A Campanian lady, who was rich and fond of pomp and shew, after having displayed, in a visit she made to her, her diamonds, pearls, and richest jewels, desired *Cornelia* to let her see *her* jewels also. *Cornelia* turned the conversation to another subject, to wait the return of her sons, who were gone to school. When they returned, and entered their mother's apartment, she said to the Campanian lady, pointing to them—*These are my jewels, and the only ornaments I admire !* [Such ornaments, while they impart a refined gratification to parental affection, are the cement of society.

Immediately after breakfast we pushed on for *Matlock*, which being about another fifteen miles, we reached to dinner. The entrance into *Matlock Dale*, by *Cromford*, has a romantic appearance. The road runs by the side of the river *Derwent*, in some places so hemmed in by the rocks as barely to allow room for the passing traveller. Here stands a curious mill for spin-

ning cotton, invented by Sir Richard Arkwright, whose spacious house is erected near it, on an eminence. It boasts a charming situation. A small church of modern erection rears its head in the valley beneath it, and every thing around has the air of a new creation. The following short sketch of Sir Richard Arkwright, taken from the new edition of the Biographical Dictionary, may not be unacceptable to you.

“ He was a man, who in one of the lowest stations of life (being literally a *penny barber*, at Wirkworth, in Derbyshire) by uncommon genius and persevering industry, invented and perfected a system of machinery for spinning cotton that had been in vain attempted by many of the first mechanics of the last and present centuries, and which, by giving perpetual employment to many thousand families, increased the population, and was productive of a great commercial advantage to his country. . The machine is called a *spinning jenny*. Sir Richard died August 3d, 1792, leaving property to the amount of near half a million sterling !”

It is impossible, my young friend, to contemplate such improvements without admiration. It shows that the faculties of man, may, by exercise, be appropriated to wonderful purposes. By the magic power of *art* an astonishing change has been *here* introduced—well may we exclaim, in the language of an ingenious writer—“ O *art*, thou distinguishing attribute and honour of human kind ! who art not only able to imitate na-

ture in her graces, but even to adorn her with graces of thine own ! Possessed of thee, the meanest genius grows deserving, and has a just demand for a portion of our esteem ; devoid of thee, the brightest of our kind lie lost and useless, and are but poorly distinguished from the most despicable and base ! When we inhabited forests in common with brutes, nor otherwise known from them than by the figure of our species, thou taughtest us to assert the sovereignty of our nature, and to assume that empire for which providence intended us ! Thousands of utilities owe their birth to thee ! Thousands of elegancies, pleasures, and joys, without which life itself would be but an insipid possession !”

Matlock is a village celebrated for its warm springs, which have proved efficacious in the removal of scorbutic disorders. It is situated close to the river Derwent, and consists of a range of elegant houses, built in an uniform manner, with stables and out-houses. The baths are arched over, adjoining to which are convenient rooms, with apartments for servants. The assembly room is on the right hand, and at the top is a music-room, to which you ascend by a grand staircase. There is a fine terrace before the house, and near it a green where the gentlemen divert themselves in the evenings. From this place there is a rocky shelf descending to the river, which is rapid, and runs with such a murmuring noise, as fills the mind with pleasing emotions :—

“ The interruptions from the stones that strew
Its shallow bed, or the thick dancing reeds,
Stay not its course, for still with earnest speed
And undiverted, fast it rolls along,
Never to know tranquillity, till mix’d
With the great mass of waters !”

GOTTLÉ.

The environs of Matlock bath are equal in natural beauty to any places in the kingdom. They form a winding vale of about three miles, through which the Derwent runs in a course extremely various ; in some places the breadth is considerable and the stream smooth ; in others it breaks upon the rocks, and falling over the fragments forms slight cascades ! The boundaries of the vale are cultivated, hills on one side, and bold rocks with pendant woods on the other ! Taking the winding path up the hill leads you to the range of fields at the top, bounded by a precipice, along which is a walk, the finest natural terrace in the world.

We dined at the hotel at an ordinary, for which the charge was reasonable. The company was small, and except ourselves, entirely ladies. Indeed the season was but just begun, therefore we saw not Matlock in its glory. There were, however, several gentlemen’s carriages, and a few belonging to the nobility.

My friend and I having sauntered about during the afternoon, we in the evening visited a cave, which is a natural curiosity. The proprietor, who shewed it us, seemed a plain honest man, and had taken pains of late years to render

the passage into it commodious and easy. So pleased were we with this subterranean recess, that on my return to the inn I called for a sheet of paper, and wrote the following account of it.

Cumberland Cavern is situated on the brow of a steep hill, and its mouth is closed with a white-washed wooden door, which being opened, the man took his taper out of his lantern, with which he lighted three candles to guide our steps through the bowels of the earth ! Whilst this ceremony was performing we stood at the entrance, and surveyed with pleasure the scenery which surrounded us. We were taking, as it were, a farewell of day, when our leader informed us that the lights were ready, and having taken them into our hands, we followed him in slow procession. The first thirty yards of the way were partly artificial, he having himself piled up stones at each side, that the entrance into the cavern might be gained with facility. We now descended into this abode by steps, fifty-four in number, which seemed as if we were going down towards the centre of the earth ! At the bottom of this descent the cave opened upon us, in grandeur. The profoundest silence reigned in every corner of the recess. Huge masses of stone were piled on each other with a tremendous kind of carelessness, produced by some violent concussion, though at a period unknown to any human creature. From this place we ascended, as it were, the side of a steep hill, and at the top came to a long regular passage of some extent.

The roof had all the regularity of a finished ceiling, and was bespangled by spars of every description. From above, from below, and from the respective sides, the rays of our candle were reflected in a thousand directions! Our path had so brilliant a completion, that my eyes were for some time fixed upon it, though I trust not with the same temper of mind with which Milton has made one of the fallen angels contemplate the pavement of heaven:—

Mammon, the least erected spirit, that fell,
From heav'n, for e'en in heav'n his looks and thoughts
Were always *downward* bent, admiring more
The riches of heav'n's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught divine or holy, else enjoy'd
In the vision beatific?

When I withdrew my attention from this object, I was shewn little cavities on every hand, which contained spars in the innumerable forms of crystalization. The wantonness of nature in these her operations is wonderful, and oftentimes exceeds our conceptions. The part of the cavern that is ornamented by the brilliancy of the spars and ores, we were assured delighted the ladies, who, notwithstanding their characteristic timidity, have ventured into this dark abode for the gratification of their curiosity! Proceeding onwards a few yards we came to large flat stones, which lay on one another, not altogether unlike fitches of bacon. How they came there, and for what reason they could be thus laid together baffled our comprehension. In the next com-

partment we observed rocks heaped on rocks, in terrible array, and on descending from this part, these rocks assume a threatening aspect, seeming as if they would *slide down* and crush you to atoms ! Another scene surprises you, and is gratifying to the senses. An apartment is decorated with what is here called the *snow fossil*. This species of stone is, both from its figure and colour, a resemblance of snow. Its delicacy cannot fail to please. One portion of this apartment was so stained by this fossil, that it possessed peculiar charms. It had the appearance of a cavity, into which the snow had been drifted by the winter storm ! This apparent imitation of nature is certainly a curiosity. Near the extremity of the cavern was shewn a part of it, which might, on account of its appearance, be denominated the *piscatory hall* ! Here are seen fishes petrified and fixed in the strata which form the recess. What kind of fish they were could not be ascertained, but they were discernible. One of the fishes had its back *jutting out* of the side of the earth, as if petrified in the act of swimming ! What a proof that the earth was once in a state of fluidity ! We might have seen another branch of the cavern, where was to be found a well of considerable depth ; but waving further research, we returned the way we came. After many an ascent and descent, together with *numerous* meanderings, we reached the entrance, and hailed the light of day with renovated satisfaction !

Next morning, after having secured a good breakfast, we got on horseback and rode on to *Chatsworth*, the far-famed seat of the Duke of Devonshire, though we understood that his grace seldom visits this part of the country. The first part of the ride through the vale towards the village of Matlock is impressive. On the right is a rock called *High Torr*, whose height is said to be one hundred and forty yards. About half way up it is covered with brushwood, but the upper part is bare and inaccessible. The river runs close at the foot, and by the intervention of a ledge of rocks, flows down them with rapidity. The village is romantic; indeed every part of this spot is marked by a wild and variegated scenery.

Chatsworth house was built in the reign of William the Third, and has been ranked among the wonders of the Peak. The structure, which is quadrangular, is large and roomy; lying in a bottom amidst plantations, and is backed by sterile hills. You approach it by an elegant stone bridge over the Derwent, and on the left, hid among the trees, are the remains of an old square tower, moated round, called Queen Mary's Garden, or Bower; for on this spot the unfortunate Queen of Scots passed many years of her long captivity.

The description of Chatsworth, by Cotton, though drawn so long ago, has the merit of fidelity:—

On Derwent's shore stands a stupendous pile,
Like the proud regent of the British isle ;
This palace, with large prospects circled round,
Stands in the middle of a falling ground ;
At a black mountain's foot, whose craggy brow
Secures from eastern tempests all below ;
Under whose shelter trees and flowers grow,
With early blossoms spite of frost and snow !

Having met with a countryman to hold our horses, we alighted, and were conducted into the mansion. We were first shewn the hall, a superb place, decorated with the history of Julius Cæsar, that accomplished destroyer of the human race ! The chapel was remarkable for its profusion of embellishments. The miracles of our Saviour were delineated by the hand of a first rate artist. The blessings of recovery were depicted in the countenances of the recipients ; and the features formed an animated comment on the benevolence to which they were indebted for their restoration. Most of the apartments were richly furnished, and several of the paintings were valuable for their antiquity. In one room we were shewn the *bed* in which *George the Second*, breathed his last ; four posts were of plain oak, but the furniture was costly, though the worse for age ; in the contemplation of this object, interesting ideas rushed upon the mind :—

“ The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave ;
Alike wait the inevitable hour,
The paths of glory lead but to the grave ! ”

In another room we saw the bed in which Mary Queen of Scots lay for years, during her confinement in this mansion. It was of red damask, considerably mouldered, has an antique appearance, and cannot be kept much longer in tolerable preservation. Such, however, is the association of our ideas, that objects of this kind, though decayed, awaken our sensibility. One of the last things we were shewn was her grace's cabinet of fossils, which is kept in order, and contains specimens of exquisite variety.

We quitted the house and entered the gardens, where we were gratified by the water-works. They were introduced into England, and were made by the person who was the constructor of those celebrated ones at Versailles. Walking up an ascent, we observed at the top of the eminence a small temple, of a circular form, from which, down almost to the place where we stood, was a flight of steps. In the twinkling of an eye, from the upper part of this little building, streams of water issued and came tumbling along these steps with precipitation; by the time they almost reach your feet, and you begin to be apprehensive of danger, the water steals into a cavity of the earth and is seen no more! We were then conducted to an open space in a wood, and in a moment, trees, disposed in a circular form, flung forth water from their leaves and branches, to such a degree, that it had all the appearance of a shower; leaden pipes, inserted in the several parts of the trees, produced this

phænomenon. Lastly, we were led to the fine sheet of water before the house, the surface of which was decorated with nymphs and sea monsters. From the mouth of one of these aquatic gentry issued forth in a perpendicular direction, and to an amazing height, such a stream of water, that its noise alone made a tremendous impression on the mind ! It reminded me of the water-spout at sea, so terrible to sailors—often the presage of irremediable destruction !

We now left Chatsworth, crossed the hill, and reached *Bakewell* to dinner. Steep was the descent into this little town ; but the prospect around was wild and variegated. A kind of ragged downs spread themselves over the horizon, and appeared to touch the sky :—

———Nature wears here
Her boldest countenance. The tumid earth
Seems as of yore it had the phrenzy fit
Of ocean caught, and its unlifted sword
Performed a billowy dance, to whose vast wave
The proudest surges of the bellowing deep
Are little, as to his profoundest swell
The shallow rippling of the wrinkled pool !

HURDIS.

Bakewell is a place of antiquity, encircled with hills, and contains a few decent houses. The church is a respectable building, and has some tombs of the *Vernons*. One of these monuments is beautiful, being divided into several niches, each containing a figure, and underneath a passage of scripture, adapted to their age and

condition ! The following inscription, on a plain tomb, pleased me by its simplicity :—

WILLIAM SAVILLE, ESQ.

STEWARD TO THE EARL OF RUTLAND, 1653.

No epitaph nede make the just man famed,
The GOOD are prayed when they'r only nam'd !

We visited Mr. White Watson, (Fellow of the *Linnean Society*) the mineralogist, and saw his cabinet of fossils, which are worth inspection. Happening, indeed, to have my *Sketch of the Denominations of the Christian World* in his library, and of which he was pleased to think favourably, we soon became acquainted, and he treated us with politeness and attention.

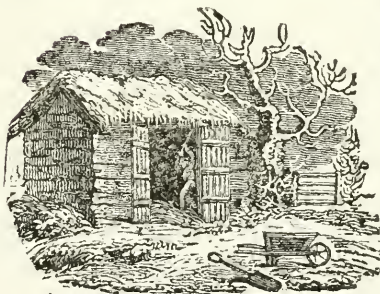
Near Bakewell is *Haddon Hall*, the ancient seat of the *Vernons*—one of whom, Sir George Vernon, who lived in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was so celebrated for his hospitable disposition, that he was usually called KING OF THE PEAK ! The name of VERNON holds a distinguished rank in the annals of our country. The siege of Carthagera was a memorable event. Thomson, in describing the pestilence which raged among the British troops on that occasion, represents the admiral in an impressive point of view ! He is not only said to have heard the groans of the sick that echoed from ship to ship, but that he stood and listened at midnight to the dashing of the waters occasioned by the throwing of the dead bodies into the sea :---

“ Heard nightly plung’d into the sullen waves
The frequent corse !”

How many pathetic images are here brought together---all marked by an overpowering solemnity.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your’s, &c.



LETTER IV.

BUXTON; ITS ANTIQUITY; ITS CRESCENT; ITS BATHS; ITS STERIL SITUATION; THE LATE DR. GARNET; POOLE'S HOLE; COTTON'S DESCRIPTION OF IT; CASTLETON; DEVIL'S CAVE; FERGUSON'S ACCOUNT OF IT; REFLECTIONS ON THE PEAK; BERESFORD HALL; COTTON AND WALTON'S LITTLE FISHING HOUSE; ASHEBOURNE; BEAUTIFUL TOMB; DOVE-DALF; ROUSSEAU; SEAT OF LORD SCARSDALE; DERBY; ITS SILK MILL; VISIT TO DR. DARWIN; RETURN TO NOTTINGHAM.

DEAR SIR,

WE sat off for *Buxton*, and after a dreary ride reached the end of our journey, when the shades of evening were closing around us. The hills over which we traversed, being of a chalky complexion we saw the *white* road winding along before us, for miles in an almost endless succession. It had, indeed, from its curvature, some resemblance to Hogarth's Line of Beauty, though I confess its charms made no impression on my imagination.

Buxton is distant one hundred and sixty miles from London. It lies in a bottom, and its bath, which has been celebrated since the æra of the Romans, supports, even to the present time, its reputation. The town itself has nothing to recommend it. But you descend into a valley at

once, where you find a stately crescent, built by the Duke of Devonshire for the accommodation of the company. Beneath it are piazzas, where, in unfavourable weather, the visitants may pace backwards and forwards in safety. The baths, which are nearly behind this row of buildings, are deemed in the cases of gout and rheumatism of efficacy. The water is sulphureous and saline, yet not unpalatable; it neither tinges silver, nor yet is it purgative. If drank, it creates an appetite, and is prescribed in scorbutic cases and consumptions. St. Anne's Well, opposite the new crescent, furnishes the water which is drank, and is secured by an alcove, with iron railings. The place is only a township of Bakewell, and therefore prayers are read in the hall by a curate, for which a subscription is raised. The situation of Buxton is the reverse of Matlock; here we seek in vain for charming scenery; the hills, by which we are surrounded, vie with each other in sterility! In the evening we supped at the ordinary, in company with about twenty persons, among whom was the late intelligent Dr. Garnet, then lecturer of the New Royal Institution. Sitting opposite me we conversed freely on a variety of subjects. His Tour through the Highlands, and his other publications, do credit to his talents and industry.

The next morning we rose early, and visited *Poole's Hole*, about half a mile from Buxton, on the side of a hill. At its entrance stood a number of old women, ugly in the extreme, who, on our

approach, lighted their lanthorns, and prepared for a subterraneous exhibition. Had they their *broomsticks* and their *cauldrons*, they would not have been unlike Shakespeare's witches; and this fanciful idea gained strength from the barbarous sounds they uttered, the gloomy haziness of the morning, and the yawning mouth of the cavern. However we determined to explore this recess, and, accordingly, having some of these beauties at the head and in the rear, we entered! Every part of this wonderful place is crowded with petrifications. Having taken its name from one *Poole*, a robber, noted for his depredations, who here secreted himself, our guides shewed certain romantic figures, which they say were used by him for various purposes. His kitchen, parlour, stable, bed, and even closet, are pointed out with a boasted accuracy. Cotton, who in 1681, described the *Wonders of the Peak* in Hudibrastic verse, notices the circumstance in the following curious manner:—

In this infernal mansion you must see,
Where Master *Poole* and his bold yeomanry
Took up their dark apartment; for they here
Do shew his hall, parlour, and bed-chamber,
With drawing-room and closet, and with these
His kitchen and his other offices;
And all contriv'd to justify a fable,
Which no man will believe but the silly rabble!

The other petrifications, which have assumed imaginary configurations, are the sea turtle---tripe---constant drop---flitch of bacon---sheep---

lion---laundress' table,---the bee-hive---the horse ---organ pipes, and Mary queen of Scots' pillar. These I took down with my pencil on the spot, and therefore you may depend on the enumeration. Beyond the pillar the opening of the rock terminates in a point, in which a candle being placed, it has the brilliancy of a star, in the firmament! In our return we came out under the passage by which we were led into the cavern. The water, used by persons living just by, is fetched out of this place. Whilst we were inspecting the hole, several were occupied in this employment; we looked down upon them from the side of a rock, whither we had clambered; the dimness of their light gave them the appearance of apparitions, whilst their singing, mingled with noises arising from their tin jugs swinging against the crags, made a fearful reverberation! Upon gaining the entrance of the cave, these aged beauties crowded round with basons of water that we might wash our hands; for we were bedaubed with the slime of this dungeon. It is about half a mile under the earth, and we were glad once more to emerge into day-light and liberty*.

On our return to breakfast our appetites were keen, and we relished our fare and our company. It was our wish to reach Castleton, distant fourteen miles, where we should have seen

* The cave of Trophonius was so awful that whoever visited it never afterwards smiled.

the *Devil's Cave*, which is reckoned the capital of the Peak's wonders ; but our time would not permit ; and indeed there is such an unpleasantness in surveying these dreary places, that I easily gave up this gratification.

That you, however, my young friend, may have it in your power to form some idea of it, I will transcribe a description of it, by the ingenious James Ferguson, who made himself so celebrated by his study of astronomy.

“ DEVIL'S CAVE, OR PEAK'S HOLE.

“ The entrance (says that gentleman) into this complicated cavern, is through an almost regular arch twelve yards high, formed by nature, at the bottom of a rock, whose height is eighty-seven yards. Immediately within this arch is a cavern of the same height, forty yards wide, and above one hundred in length. The roof of this place is flattish, all of solid rock, and looks dreadful over head, because it has nothing but the natural side-walls to support it. A pack-thread manufactory is therein carried on by poor people, by the light that comes through the arch. Towards the further end from the entrance, the roof comes down with a gradual slope to about two feet from the surface of the water, fourteen yards over, the rock in that place forming a kind of arch, under which I was pushed by my guide across the water in a long oval tub, as I lay on my back in straw with a candle in my hand, and was, for the greatest part

of the way on the river, so near the arched roof, that it touched my hat if I raised my head but two inches from the straw on which I lay on the tub, (called the boat,) which I believed was not above a foot in depth. When landed on the further side of this water, and helped out of the boat by my guide, I was conducted through a low place into a cavern seventy yards wide and forty yards high, in the top of which are several openings upwards, so high that I could not see to their tops. On one side of this place I saw several young lads with candles in their hands climbing up a very rough ascent, and they disappeared when about half way up. I asked my guide who they were and he told me they were the singers, and that I should soon see them again, for they were going through an opening that led into the next cavern. At eighty-seven yards from the first water I came to a second, nine yards broad, over which my guide carried me on his back. I then went under three natural arches at some distance from one another, and all of them pretty regular ; then entered a third cavern, called Roger's Rain-house, because there is a continual dropping at one side of it like moderate rain ! I no sooner entered that cavern than I was agreeably surprised by a melodious singing which seemed to echo from all sides, and on looking back I saw the above-mentioned lads in a large round opening, called the chancel, nineteen yards above the bottom where I stood.

They sang for what the visitors pleased to give them as they return.

“At the top of a steep rugged stony ascent, on one side of this cavern, I saw a small irregular hole, and asked my guide, whether there was another cavern beyond it? He told me there was—but that very few people ventured to go through into it on account of the frightful appearance at the top of the hole, where the stones seemed to be almost loose and ready to fall and close up the passage. I told him that if he would venture through I would follow him—so I did, creeping flat, the place being rather too low to go on all-fours. We then got into a long, narrow, irregular, and very high cavern, which has surprising openings of various shapes, at top, too high to see how far they reach! We returned through the hole to Roger’s Rain-house again, and from thence went down fifty yards lower on wet sand, wherein steps are made for convenience. At the bottom we entered into a cavern called the *Devil’s Cellar*, in which my guide told me, there had been many bowls of good rum punch made and drank, the water having been heated by a fire occasionally made there for that purpose. In the roof of this cellar is a large opening, through which the smoke of the fire ascends, and has been seen by the people above ground to go out at the top of the rock. But this opening is so crooked and irregular, that no stone let down

into it, from the top, was ever known to fall quite through into the cavern.

“From this place I was conducted a good way onward, under a roof too low to let me walk upright, and then entered a cavern, called the *Bell*, because the top of it is shaped somewhat like to the side of a bell. From thence I was conducted through a very low place into a higher, in the bottom of which runs a third water, and the roof of that place slopes gradually downward, till it comes within five inches of the surface of the water running under it. My guide then told me, that I was just two hundred and seven yards below the surface of the ground, and seven hundred and fifty yards from the first entrance into the rock, and there was no going any farther.

“Throughout the whole, I found the air very agreeable, and warm enough to bring on a moderate perspiration, although in less than a fortnight before, all the caverns beyond the first river (where I was ferried under the low arch) had been filled to a considerable height [with water during a flood occasioned by long and continued rains.”

Such are the wonders of this part of the kingdom, and the inspection of them affords high satisfaction. In penetrating, however, into these recesses of the earth, it is impossible wholly to divest the mind of unpleasant sensations. The idea of the ground falling in upon us, will obtrude itself at times in spite of our philosophy.

To be instantaneously crushed to death, or to be condemned to the horrors of a lingering and agonizing dissolution by being entombed alive, are evils not to be contemplated even in apprehension, with composure and resignation. The *possibility* of such a dreadful accident crosses the brain with an inconceivable rapidity. But the recollection of the *improbability* of the event restores the mind to its accustomed serenity.

The cave of Virgil, into which he introduces Æneas by the aid of the Sybil, occurred to my mind while exploring these awful excavations in the centre of our island. Indeed the description of the Mantuan bard powerfully struck me:---

Spelunca alta fuit, vastoque immanis hiatus,
Scrapea tuta lacu nigro nemorumque tenebris !

From *Buxton* we, after breakfast, set out on our return, and directed our route towards *Derby*. We rode to *Newhaven*, and dined ; it is only a single inn, about half way to *Ashbourne*. We were well entertained ; and the good landlady behaved with uncommon civility. Of her I enquired about *Beresford Hall*, formerly the seat of *Charles Cotton, Esq.* the friend of honest *ISAAC WALTON*, (whom I have already mentioned in my account of *Winchester*) the father of anglers, and one of the best men of the age in which he lived. She informed me that it lay within three miles of the house ; and away we rode to gratify an innocent curiosity.

We soon reached the spot, over which my imagination had often strayed with pleasure. The *hall* itself, now inhabited by a maiden lady, looks old and ruinous ; and the adjoining garden exhibits a scene of desolation. Below the eminence on which it stands, through a sweet vale, runs the river Dove, famous for trout-fishing. Its gentle meanders heighten the beauty of the surrounding scenery ; and I for some time gazed on its charms in silent admiration.

Well might Cotton, living on the spot, exclaim——

O my beloved nymph—fair Dove !
 Princess of rivers ! how I love
 Upon thy flow'ry banks to lie
 And view thy silver stream,
 When gilded by a summer's beam !
 And in all that wanton fry
 Playing at liberty :
 And with my angle upon them
 The all of treachery
 I ever learnt industriously to try !

Hither it was, that the venerable Isaac Walton frequently came upwards of *one hundred miles*, that during the summer months he might, with his friend Cotton, enjoy the sport of angling ! In return for these visits, Mr. Cotton built a small fishing-house, in a kind of peninsula, on the banks of the Dove, whose walls and covering only remain, and these I beheld with veneration.

Sir John Hawkins, in his edition of Walton's

Complete Angler, gives two views of this curious *fishing-house*, and tells you, that he, several years ago, employed a person to visit it, and send him a description of it. From that account I extract the following paragraph, that you may form some idea of its *former* condition :

“ It is of stone, and the room in the inside a cube of about fifteen feet ; it is also paved with black and white marble. In the middle is a square black marble table, supported by two stone feet. The room is wainscotted with curious mouldings that divide the pannels up to the ceiling ; in the larger pannels are represented in painting, some of the most pleasant of the adjacent scenes, with persons fishing ; and in the smaller, the various sorts of tackle and implements used in angling. In the further corner on the left is a fire-place, with a chimney ; and on the right a large beaufet with folding-doors, whereon are the portraits of Mr. Cotton and a boy servant, and Walton, in the dress of the times. Underneath is a cupboard, on the door of which are the figures of a TROUT, and also of a GRAYLING, well pourtrayed !”

But, my young friend, you will inquire after its *present* condition. I will inform you. Being erected in the year 1674, it has stood above a century, and having been taken little care of for some years past, it has fallen into decay. Here was, however, to be seen the CYPHER over the door, containing the initials of the names both of Cotton and Walton, interwoven in each other,

and the inscription above it SACRUM PISCATORIBUS, (*sacred to fishermen,*) half filled with moss, was almost obliterated. I clambered in through the window with difficulty; but of the interior decorations, alas! no traces were to be found. Looking round me with a melancholy pleasure, I mused on the interesting conversations which had taken place again and again within the walls of this forsaken mansion. Sad memorial of friendship! How evanescent are terrestrial enjoyments!

The person who went with us hither from the neighbouring village, told us that the *little building* was, in his remembrance, enriched with the above rural decorations; and that persons came even from Scotland to gratify their curiosity in the inspection of it. A new engraving of it may be seen in a very beautiful edition of *Walton's Angler*, just published.

It was in this little deserted temple of friendship, took place that pleasing dialogue found in the *Contemplative Angler*, respecting the formation of an *artificial fly*, which Gay has thus described with a moral annexed to it:—

To the *little animal* provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride;
 Let nature guide thee, sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require;
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail;
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings;
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art:

So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, of air ;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays
 Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays !

We now returned to our inn to dinner, where a *trout* and a *grayling*, made a part of the repast; and we soon bid adieu to our good landlady. We rode on to Ashbourne, and remained there during the night.

Ashbourne is a town of some size, and contains many genteel families. The church is the only object worthy of attention. Here we found the beautiful monument raised by Sir Brooke Boothby to the memory of his only daughter, a child of six years of age. It has inscriptions upon it in English, Latin, French, and Italian. The lines under the pedestal are :—

TO PENELOPE,

Only child of Sir Brooke and Dame Susannah Boothby,
 Born April 11, 1785, died March 13, 1791.

She was, in form and intellect, most exquisite.
 The unfortunate Parents ventured their all on this frail bark,
 and the wreck was total.

I was not in safety ; neither had I rest, and the trouble
 came.

A tourist has so happily delineated this monument, that I cannot help transcribing his words : —“ Nobody ought ever to overlook this tomb, as it is perhaps the most interesting and pathetic object in England. Simplicity and elegance appear in the workmanship; tenderness and innocence in the image. On a marble pedestal

and slab, like a low table, is a mattrass with the CHILD laying on it, both likewise in white marble. Her cheek expressive of suffering mildness, reclines on the pillow, and her little fevered hands gently rest on each other near to her head. The plain and only drapery is a frock, the skirt flowing easily out before, and a ribbon-sash, the knot twisted forward, as it were, by the restlessness of pain, and the two ends spread out in the same direction with the frock. The delicate naked feet are carelessly folded over each other, and the whole appearance is as if she had just turned in the tossings of her illness to seek a cooler or an easier place of rest. The man whom this does not affect need not proceed any farther in his tour; his heart is not formed to relish the beauties either of nature or of art!"

This writer then adds, alluding to the inscriptions, "To all these expressions of grief might not *one* be added—*Weep not, the damsel is not dead but sleepeth!*" Surely in such cases it is our duty as well as privilege, to have recourse to the consolations of Christianity.

In the vicinity of Ashbourne lies *Dovedale*, a spot known far and near for its romantic scenery. A foot-path winds along its side, and sometimes presents a tremendous declivity. At one of these places, a few years ago, an Irish Dean on horseback, with a lady behind him, was by accident thrown down a precipice and dashed to pieces! The lady was saved by catching hold of a twig: the shattered remains of the unfortu-

nate clergyman were interred in Ashbourne church, where I saw a plain stone dedicated to his memory ! Not far from this dale, Hume procured a place of retreat for that ingenious novelist, *Rousseau* ; it was suited to his genius, affording him scope for his favourite study, botany ; and securing to him an asylum from the bustle of the world. From this abode, however, he, with an eccentricity, allied to insanity, soon issued, inflamed by some imaginary affront, and heaping reproaches on the persons to whom he stood most indebted for an attention to his welfare and felicity.

After breakfast we mounted our horses, and set out for *Keddleston*, close to which is the seat of Lord *Scarsdale*, the glory of Derbyshire ! This is a noble mansion, of modern erection, and is thought to have cost two hundred thousand pounds ! The house-keeper, a polite old lady, conducted us through the apartments. The front, built of white stone, is extensive. In the centre is a flight of steps, over which is a pediment supported by four lofty pillars of the Corinthian order. On each side a corridore connects a pavilion with the body of the house, and forming the two wings of the steps, leads into a magnificent hall, behind which is a circular saloon. On the left are a music-room, drawing-room, and a library, and at the end of the corridore, the private apartments of Lord and Lady *Scarsdale*, and their young family. On the right of the hall are the dining-room, state dressing-room,

a bed-chamber, and another dressing-room, the kitchen, and offices. In the hall are eight fluted pillars, of the variegated marble of the county ! They are twenty-five feet high and two feet six inches in diameter. The room itself is sixty feet by thirty, decorated with designs from HOMER, the revered father of poetry ! In the library, over the chimney, is a piece of Rembrandt. It is the story of Daniel brought before Nebuchadnezzar to interpret his dream, and contains eight or nine small whole length figures. We marked the composed majesty of the king, who is seated in a chair of state ; the astonishment and terror of his great men sitting near him ; the earnestness of Daniel kneeling before him ; in short, the whole piece, is striking beyond expression. The kitchen, which is spacious, has this motto, which ought to be written up in all kitchens, and attended to by all servants---*waste not ! want not !* From the principal front of the house, the eye is conducted by a beautiful slope to water, which is seen tumbling down a cascade, encircling an island planted with firs at the edge falling over rough rocks ; and then forming a large sheet of water, on which is a yacht. Below is a small rustic building, over the *well* and *bath*, used for scorbutic cases by persons who are accommodated at the inn, built by his lordship in the road, and from which an avenue through the park leads to the bath. In the back front of the house, on the edge of the rising ground, is a plantation, beginning to shew itself in great beauty.

Derby, at the distance of three miles, we reached to dinner. This town is large, populous, and on the whole well built, containing five parish churches. All-saints is a noble structure, erected in the reign of Queen Mary, and its Gothic tower possesses uncommon beauty. It is said to have been built at the sole expence of the bachelors and maidens in the town; hence it was formerly the custom, when a young woman, a native of the place, was married, for the bachelors to ring the bells! A proper tribute this of respect to the *holy state* of matrimony. The town was an ancient borough by prescription, and in the reign of Charles the First, received a charter of incorporation. It has a weekly market on Fridays, is 126 miles from London, and stands on the Derwent, nearly in the centre of the kingdom.

Derby has a *silk mill* on the river erected by Sir Thomas Loombe, who, at an immense expence and great hazard, brought the model from Italy. It is fixed in a large house, six stories high, and consists of 26,586 wheels, with 97,746 movements, all driven by one large water wheel, fixed on the outside of the house! It goes round three times in one minute, and each time works 73,726 yards of silk thread, so that in twenty-four hours, it works 318,496,320 yards of silk thread, under the management of only one regulator! It has been of such service to the silk trade, that Sir Thomas had the benefit of it during his life; but the parliament having allowed him fourteen thou-

and pounds, as a further reward for his services, he suffered a model of it to be taken. This model now lies in the Record Office at the Tower, for the benefit of the public, any person being allowed to inspect it, so that there are at present several mills of the kind erected in different parts of the kingdom.

Its China manufactory also does honour to human ingenuity. Nor must I omit to mention the skill displayed in the formation of spars, marbles, and petrifications, with which the country abounds, into vases, urns, pillars, and columns, of exquisite beauty! They are, however, exceedingly brittle, as I found by experience; the purchaser, therefore, must be careful to secure them from injury. Both at Matlock and Buxton specimens of this frail ware are exhibited in a boasted variety.

Before we quitted the town we were introduced to the late celebrated Dr. Erasmus Darwin, who received us politely, and with whom I enjoyed half an hour's pleasant conversation. Having mentioned his works, and expressed my surprise at the number and extent of them, he assured me that they were, for the most part, written in his carriage, as he went to visit his patients, to whom I afterwards understood he was sometimes called forty or fifty miles, all round the country. Using a black-lead pencil in the first instance, he afterwards delivers over his zig-zag manuscript to an amanuensis for transcription. It has been the envied lot of this gentleman to unite together,

in his own person, the characters of philosopher and poet; for whilst his *Zoonomia* displays the profundity of his researches, his *Botanic Garden* and *Temple of Nature*, shew his acquaintance with the muses, who appeared to have conferred their favours with liberality. Take, as a specimen, these inimitable lines :—

The seraph SYMPATHY from heaven descends,
And bright o'er earth his beamy forehead buds :
On man's cold heart, celestial ardour flings,
And showers affection from his sparkling wings ;
Rolls o'er the world his mild benignant eye,
Hears the lone murmur, drinks the whisper'd sigh ;
Lifts the closed latch of pale Misfortune's door,
Opes the clench'd hand of Avarice to the poor ;
Unbars the prison, liberates the slave,
Sheds his soft sorrows o'er the timely grave ;
Points with uplifted hand to realms above,
And charms the world with UNIVERSAL LOVE !

Dr. Darwin favoured us with the key of his garden, of which I had heard many speak in terms of commendation. We entered it, after having ferried ourselves over the Derwent with ease, by means of machinery, which he himself had constructed. The spot was rural and retired, whilst vegetation sported herself in luxuriance. At the extremity we were shown a seat, whence we enjoyed a view of the bridge and river, together with other objects interesting to the contemplative mind. Here we were told the doctor has sat for hours, meditating plans for private and public utility. Probably his works were here first conceived, which will cause his name to descend to posterity !

As to the person of Dr. Darwin, it may be remarked, that he somewhat resembled the late Dr. Samuel Johnson. He was unweildy in his appearance, and his tongue seemingly too large for his mouth made it rather difficult to understand him. However, the intelligence and benevolence with which his features were lighted up in conversation, did away every unpleasant sensation which might have been excited by an apparent deformity.

The rebels, in the month of December, 1745, penetrated England as far as Derby; of course, a few strides more would have put the metropolis into their possession. This circumstance created a most unprecedented alarm throughout the whole country. The well-affected, of every description, were up in arms to resist these invaders, and the dissenters, at this turbulent period, were distinguished for their zeal and loyalty. Dr. Doddridge went about from house to house persuading young men to enlist and serve on this occasion. But happily the rebels, divided in their councils, and perplexed in their measures, soon retreated back to Scotland with precipitation. The Duke of Cumberland, who at this critical time was fighting in Germany, returned to England, followed them to the Highlands, and defeated them on Culloden Moor, near Inverness, on Wednesday the 16th of April, 1746. Horrible was the carnage of that day, and it is to be regretted, that after so *entire* a victory the scaffolds should have streamed with blood. By the suppression of this

rebellion, however, which lasted *nine long months*, during which period the royal troops were *twice* routed, (at Preston Pans, and at Falkirk,) the inhabitants of this highly favoured island were relieved from the apprehensions of a sullen and unrelenting tyranny.

We now bade adieu to Derby, and arrived at Arnold, near Nottingham, about nine in the evening. After an absence of *four* days, in which we travelled near one hundred and fifty miles, we returned safe, though fatigued, into the bosom of a family, where we were received with congratulations. Nor can I omit expressing my obligation to Mr. S. and also to his eldest son, (now a respectable young Minister of the established church) who accompanied me, for their attention to a plan transmitted them by a worthy relative of theirs, the Rev. Mr. W—n, of Highbury Place, Islington, whom I have the honour to rank among my friends. By *these* means I was enabled to perform my journey with satisfaction.

Flattering myself that you, my young friend may find some little novelty in this part of my excursion :

I remain, yours, &c.

LETTER V.

NOTTINGHAM; ITS PECULIAR SITUATION; ITS MANUFACTORY; TOWN-HALL; ANECDOTE OF JUDGE POWIS; CASTLE; STANDARD OF CHARLES THE FIRST RAISED HERE; HISTORY OF ROBIN HOOD; ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH; TAMWORTH; BIRMINGHAM; ITS MANUFACTORIES; RIOTS IN 1791; ROBINSON OF CAMBRIDGE; WASHINGTON, MEDAL OF; MECHANICAL THEATRE; JUBILEE OF SHAKSPEARE; CHARACTER OF HIS WORKS; LINES BY BEN JOHNSON UNDER AN ORIGINAL PORTRAIT; APOLOGY FOR THE DIGRESSION.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

HAVING conducted you through the recesses of Derbyshire in my last letter, I will now begin with a sketch of *Nottingham*, and then beg you to accompany me in my route across the country down to Pontypool, in the principality of Wales.

Nottingham is a populous town, situated pleasantly on the north side of the river Trent. Its origin is not known, but from a variety of circumstances, it is, at least, as old as any place in the kingdom. At present it is of considerable extent, the streets also being broad, open, and well paved. It is remarkable that the whole town is undermined with caverns of an amazing depth, so that it is questioned whether all the buildings spread over the surface of the rock on

which it stands would fill up the excavations beneath. Hence the cellars cut in the rock are frequently as deep as the highest houses! In these subterraneous recesses is kept the fine Nottingham ale, the invigorating and cheering qualities of which have not only rendered it the subject of song, but have long made it famous throughout the kingdom! The market-place is one of the largest and best supplied in England.

In this town are three parish churches. St. Mary's is in the form of a cathedral, and has a grand appearance from almost every part of the surrounding country. The church is decorated by neat marble monuments; those costly emblems of mortality.

The dissenters here are numerous, and have several places of worship. That on the High-pavement is spacious, and some of the first families in the town belong to it. It is likewise ancient, and part of its interior bears a reference to those unhappy times in the reign of the Stuarts, when conscientious individuals suffered for their nonconformity. May the existence of such a period never again disgrace the annals of Britain!*

A vast quantity of stockings is made in this town, and the *whizzing* of the frames, issuing from every quarter, as you walk along the streets, gives

* The author has been just informed that the Presbyterians have pulled down this old place, and built a neat chapel, which has been since opened for public worship.

rise to singular emotions. At first it reminds you of some animal indignantly hissing at the passing stranger ; but when explained to you it forms a pleasing indication of that industry by which thousands are supported. Such a recollection is grateful to our sensibility.

The town-hall is a noble edifice, supported by pillars in the Tuscan order. The sessions and assizes are held here, but it is said that this edifice owes its existence to an accident. The story stands thus : In the reign of George the First, Powis, one of the justices of the King's Bench, being here on the assizes, was delivering his charge to the grand jury, when one of the beams gave way ! All the people ran out of court, amongst whom was the sheriff, who took to his heels crying out, " Will nobody take care of the judge ? " Justice Powis, who was aged and infirm, made shift to hobble off the bench, and as soon as he found himself in safety, ordered the town to be fined a considerable sum for not keeping the hall in repair. From that circumstance, and an absolute rule from the court of King's Bench, the inhabitants were under the necessity of erecting the present structure, which is executed in a manner that there is no reason to fear the judges will be under a necessity of *hobbling* out on a similar occasion !

It only remains to notice the Castle, which presents a singular appearance, being erected on the summit of a lofty rock. Here is a passage called *Mortimer's Hole*, which was probably in-

tended to relieve the castle with men and provisions, in case the town should be in possession of an enemy. The castle is encircled with a spacious green plat, from which you are gratified with a view of the country.

In the civil wars, *Charles the First* set up his standard here, but the castle afterwards became a garrison for the parliament. Rapin says, that the King published a proclamation, requiring all men who could bear arms to repair to him at Nottingham, where he intended to set up the royal standard, which all good subjects were obliged to attend. This was the ancient manner of making known to the people the king's urgent occasion for their aid, and the place to which they were to repair to assist him. He thought, therefore the setting up of his standard would make a strong impression on the people, and induce them to appear in arms. But prejudices were too deeply rooted in the minds of most of his subjects for a bare ceremony to remove them. At last, however, on the 25th of August, 1642, the king caused his standard to be erected on a turret of *Nottingham Castle*, (Rushworth says it was erected in the open field on the back side of the castle wall) having with him only some unarmed trained bands. His proclamation had produced so little effect that few were come to attend the royal standard. Nay, it happened, the very day the standard was erected, it grew so tempestuous that it was blown down, and could not be fixed again for a day or two! This

was looked upon by many as a *fatal* presage of the war!"

And, indeed, in what other light could the circumstance be viewed by individuals, whose minds, at so critical a juncture, brooded over the melancholy state of public affairs? The step which his majesty, in consequence of the advice given by evil counsellors, had now taken, led to a series of hostilities, which terminated in his destruction. For *seven* long years was the kingdom a scene of bloodshed and confusion. Civil wars are carried on with so much animosity, that we must reckon them among the calamities destined to afflict and desolate the world.

The *Life of Colonel Hutchinson*, written by his Lady, and lately published, is well worth attention. He was governor of this castle in the tumultuous times of Cromwell.

Close to Nottingham may be seen the spot over which *Sherwood Forest* once spread itself, and where ROBIN HOOD and LITTLE JOHN used to play their pranks, to the terror and diversion of the neighbourhood. The old popular ballad is founded on some facts—though involved in obscurity. As this tale used to amuse my childhood I have taken some pains to gather a few particulars concerning it.

Robin Hood, or *Head*, (but more commonly known by the name of *Robin Hood*) was born somewhere in the county of Nottingham, in the reign of Henry the Second, and is said to have been the son of a nobleman. But the most proba-

ble opinion is, that he was one of those youths who resented the inclosure of forests, and being proscribed by Richard the First, he raised a band of men, who, acting under his command, infested all the towns near Sherwood Forest, after robbing the passengers, but he never, except in his own defence, proceeded to acts of cruelty. He kept the articles obtained by this illegitimate method till they amounted to a considerable quantity, when he exposed them to sale at a place on the borders of the forest. This mode of life he is thought to have followed many years. A great price was set upon his head, and many fruitless attempts were made to take him. At length falling ill, he went, in order to be taken better care of, to Birkleys, a nunnery in Yorkshire, where he desired to be let blood. The reward, however, being considerable, proved a temptation to the betraying of him, and instead of bleeding him as he desired, they blooded him to death, about the latter end of the year 1395. Such are the particulars I have obtained, but shall say nothing respecting their credibility.

As to the song itself of Robin Hood and Little John, it has been admired for its doggrel simplicity. The diverting manner in which ROBIN took in the *Sheriff of Nottingham* may be just mentioned by way of specimen. Robin one day purchased some meat, and in disguise carried it to Nottingham market, where he sold it at a cheap rate. This attracted attention; the butchers invited him to a feast, and here he met the

Sheriff of Nottingham. What after passed between them, take in the words of this ballad :---

Hast thou any horn'd beast said the Sheriff,
Good fellow, to sell to me ?

Yes, that I have, good master Sheriff,
I have hundred, two, or three,
And a hundred acres of good free land,
If you please it for to see,
And I'll make you as good assurance of it
As ever my father did me.

The Sheriff he saddled his good palfrey,
And took *five hundred pounds* in gold,
And away he went with Robin Hood,
His horned beasts to behold.

Away then the Sheriff and Robin did ride,
To the forest of merry Sherwood ;
Then the Sheriff did say, God preserve us to-day
From that man called *Robin Hood* !

But when a little farther they came,
Bold Robin he chanc'd to spy
An hundred head of *good fat deer*
Come tripping the Sheriff full nigh :
How like you my horned beasts, good master Sheriff ?
They be fat and fair to see :

I tell thee good fellow, I would I were gone,
For I like not thy company.

Then Robin set his horn to his mouth,
And blew out blasts three,

Then quickly and anon there came Little John,
And all his company !

What is your will, master, then said Little John,
I pray come tell to me ?

I have brought hither the *Sheriff of Nottingham*,
'This day to dine with thee.

He is welcome then to me, said Little John,
I hope he will honestly pay ;

I know he has gold, if it were but told,
Will serve us to drink a whole day.

Then Robin Hood took his mantle from his back,
And laid it upon the ground,
And out of the Sheriff's portmanteau he,
Soon told five hundred pound !
Then Robin he brought him through the wood,
And set him on his dapple grey,
O ! have me commended to your wife at home
So Robin went laughing away !

Nottingham has, in modern times, been famous for political contentions ; though latterly, it has enjoyed considerable tranquillity.

Leaving the populous town of Nottingham, I passed through *Ashby-de-la-Zouch* and *Tamworth*, in my way to Birmingham.

Ashby-de-la-Zouch is a tolerable town, and receives its name from the *Zouches*, its ancient lords to distinguish it from another Ashby in this county, called Ashby Folville. It consists of one open street, in which is a neat stone cross that has stood for ages. The town is populous, having a manufactory for stockings. The church is a handsome structure, and there is a meeting for Protestant Dissenters. It once had a castle in which James the First was entertained several days, during which time he was served at table by thirty poor knights clothed in scarlet gowns with golden chains. During the civil wars Charles the First placed a garrison in it ; the parliament, however, besieged it and demolished the battlements, from which time it has fallen into oblivion.

Tamworth is an ancient town, in a low situation on the river Tame, which at once waters and

supplies it with fish. As Ossa, king of Mercia, had once a palace here, and a deep trench surrounds it, we may suppose that in the Saxon times it was both a place of importance and strength. It was plundered by the Danes, but recovered its grandeur previous to the conquest. The present church is a collegiate one, and possesses much beauty. The town-hall, built by Mr. Guy, founder of the celebrated hospital in London, is a noble building, and has its name from him. The town, which has a manufactory of needles, is populous, and among its inhabitants are many dissenters.

In passing through the country I was delighted with the appearance of the approaching harvest :

How full of cheer,
 Joyous, devout, and grateful is the soul,
 To see again its *unexhausted* God
 Thus pile the table of a world with bread !
 For what's the globe on which we *all* subsist ?
 The table of immortal bounty 'tis,
 A feast perpetual, where unnumber'd sons
 Sit down to banquet as their sires withdraw ;
 And in succession generations feed,
 Contented, rise, give thanks, and pass away !

HURDIS.

Driving on about sixteen miles further, we reached *Birmingham*, which has been denominated the *toy-shop* of Europe. The town is of considerable extent, occupying a large space of ground. It is famous for its manufactures, con-

sisting of all sorts of iron and steel ware, snuff-boxes, buckles, buttons, and a variety of other articles, which are made here in such quantities that they not only supply London, and other capital places in the kingdom, but are also exported to most parts of the world ! The town is situated on the side of a hill, and it is said was formerly called *Birmicham*, from a family of that name, who were benefactors to it. The lower part of it consists of old houses, chiefly inhabited by manufacturers, and from the forges is continually covered with a cloud of smoke. To use the elegant language of Virgil in one of his Eclogues :—

Hic focus et tedæpingues : hic plurimus ignis
Semper et assidua postes fuligine nigri !

Here glows the hearth, here pitchy pines and fire
Abound ; here black with soot the lintels smoke !

The upper part, however, is handsome, containing a number of regular streets, and a square of elegant buildings. Here are two churches, one of which, in the lower part of the town, is an ancient structure, with a lofty spire. The other is an handsome modern edifice, erected in the reign of Queen Ann, and dedicated to St. Philip. It has a square stone tower adorned with a cupola above, which rises from the turret. Within the tower is a fine peal of ten bells, and a set of musical chimes, which play seven different tunes, that is, one for each day of the week. This town was never incorporated, in

consequence of which it is governed by two constables and two bailiffs. Being open therefore for any person to come and settle there, this circumstance has not only contributed to the increase of the buildings, but to the advancement of trade. Within the course of the last century it has attained to an astonishing degree of prosperity !

In the summer of the year 1791, disgraceful riots broke out in this town, and the outrages of the mob were directed for several days against the dissenters. The celebration of the French Revolution, on the 4th of July, by a few individuals, was made the pretext for these transactions ; some of the finest seats, belonging to the dissenters, in and about Birmingham, were plundered and then set on fire ; the ruins of some of them still remain, and they are beheld with commiseration. Two meeting-houses also were destroyed, over one of which presided the celebrated Dr. Priestly, who escaping with his life sought refuge in the metropolis. His house and invaluable philosophic apparatus also were consigned to the flames with savage fury. That *such* scenes should take place in Britain at the close of the *eighteenth century*, must be ascribed to the implacable malignity of bigotry and superstition.

On the walls of one of the ruined houses I saw, written with chalk, these words---*A lasting shame to Birmingham !* A compensation, however, though inadequate, was made to the sufferers, and a few of the rioters were executed.

Dr. Priestly was settled at Clapton, immediately after these riots, but soon emigrated to America, where he died not long ago, in the 70th year of his age. A handsome monument has been recently erected to his memory at Birmingham, with an inscription from the pen of Dr. Samuel Parr of classic celebrity.

In the burying-ground close to one of the meeting-houses which were destroyed during the riots, lie interred the remains of Robert Robinson, of Cambridge, and a *neat monument*, with an inscription of some length has been lately erected to his memory. He came on a visit to Birmingham, in the summer of the year 1790, and here, in the 55th year of his age, died suddenly, and alone in his bed, at midnight. He had wished for instantaneous dissolution, and his wish was gratified. He was in many respects an extraordinary man. He rose to eminence, not only by the simplicity of his pulpit eloquence, but by the variety and ingenuity of his theological productions.

As this advocate of civil and religious liberty has, by his writings, endeavoured to soften the prejudices and annihilate the evils of party-spirit, it is remarkable that he should have been interred in the spot, over which, in the course of a twelvemonth after, were acted scenes of the most disgusting and outrageous bigotry. Could ROBINSON have started from his tomb on this occasion, and could the rioters have listened for a moment to his impressive accents, they would

surely have desisted from their devastations, shrinking back ashamed and confounded to their habitations! The voice proceeding from the lips of truth commands attention, and operates with an irresistible energy. It silences the clamours of ignorance, and subdues the tumults of passion. It awakens the tenderest emotions, inciting to the mild deeds of virtue and of humanity.

Since writing the above paragraph, in the former editions of this work, a *Monument* has been raised to the memory of Mr. Robinson, with the following just inscription:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY

Of the REV. ROBERT ROBINSON,
Of Cambridge,

The intrepid Champion of Liberty,
Civil and Religious ;

Endowed with a genius brilliant and penetrating,
United with an indefatigable industry,

His mind was richly furnished with an inexhaustible
Variety of Knowledge ;

His eloquence was the delight of every public Assembly,
And his conversation the charm of every private circle.

In him the erudition of the Scholar,
The discrimination of the Historian,
And the boldness of the Reformer,
Were united in an eminent degree,
With the virtues which adorn the Man
And the Christian !

He died at Birmingham, the 8th of June,
Aged 54 years,
And was buried near this spot.

I would beg leave to recommend to you, my young friend, *the Life* of this worthy man, pre-

fixed to an *handsome Edition* of his smaller productions in *four* volumes, by Mr. B. Flower, of Cambridge. This Biographer has repelled the attacks of Fanaticism and Infidelity, shewing him to be what he really professed himself, the *rational, consistent, and liberal* friend of CHRISTIANITY.

Wishing to bring with me from *Birmingham* some memorial of ingenuity, for the display of which the place is distinguished, I entered a principal shop, and after having looked over various little articles, purchased a medal of the great WASHINGTON. Individuals who *knew* him have pronounced the impression a striking likeness. Round the profile are these words, GEORGE WASHINGTON, OB. 14 DEC. 1799, Æ. 68. On the reverse is the figure of *Fame* with her trumpet, having this inscription encircled with oak and laurel, EMANCIPATOR OF AMERICA! This real patriot, considered either in his military or legislative capacity, possesses a degree of merit which surpasses my feeble powers of commendation. His prudence and fortitude throughout the American war, his wisdom and moderation during the period of his presidency, to which he was twice elected, together with his determined firmness in preserving peace with this country, during our lamentable contest with France, entitle him to the reverence and gratitude of succeeding generations. On this account I honour and esteem his character, and for these reasons the account of his illness, death, and interment,

in the American prints, was particularly affecting and impressive :—

Sweet PEACE ! do thou *his* relics keep,
 With olives blooming round thy head ;
 And stretch thy wings across the deep,
 To bless the nations with the shade !

Stand on the pile immortal Fame,
 Broad stars adorn thy brightest robe ;
 Thy thousand voices sound his name,
 In silver accents round the globe !

Flattery shall faint beneath the sound
 While hoary truth inspires the song ;
 Envy grow pale and bite the ground,
 And slander gnaw her forked tongue !

Night and the grave remove your gloom,
 Darkness becomes the vulgar dead ;
 But glory bids the patriot tomb
 Disdain the horrors of a shade !

GLORY with all her lamps shall burn,
 And watch the warrior's sleeping clay,
 Till the last trumpet rouse his urn,
 To aid the triumphs of the day !

WATTS.

During my stay at Birmingham I was gratified by ingenious pieces of mechanism to be seen in some of the principal manufactories in the town. It is incredible to what perfection such things are brought. They reminded me of what I had read respecting the *Mechanic Theatre* at Paris. The account of this exhibition being somewhat similar, shall be transcribed :—“The spectacle in the *Picturesque and Mechanical Theatre* consisted of scenery and appropriate little moving figures. The first scene was a view of

a wood in early morning ; every object looked blue, fresh, and dewy. The gradations of light, until the approach of meridian day, were admirably represented. Serpents were seen crawling in the grass. A little sportsman entered with his fowling-piece, and imitated all the movements natural to his pursuits ; a tiny wild duck rose from a lake and flew before him. He pointed his gun, and changed his situation, pointed again, and fired. The bird dropped, he threw it over his shoulders, fastened his gun, and retired. Waggon, drawn by horses four inches high, passed along ; groups of peasantry followed, exquisitely imitating all the indications of life. Amongst several other scenes was a beautiful view of the bay of Naples, and the great bridge, over which little horses, with their riders, passed in the various paces of walking, trotting, and galloping ! All the minutiae of nature were attended to. The ear was beguiled with the patting of the horses' hoofs upon the pavement, and some of the little animals reared and ran before the others. There were also some charming little sea pieces, in which the vessels sailed with their heads towards the spectators, and manœuvred in a surprising manner. The whole concluded with a storm and shipwreck. Sailors were seen floating in the water, then sinking in the surge. One of them rose again and reached a rock. Boats put off to his relief, and perished in the attempt. The little figure was seen displaying the greatest agonies. The

storm subsided, tiny persons appeared upon the top of a projecting cliff, near a watch-tower, and lowered a rope to the little sufferer below, which he caught, and after ascending to some height by it, overwhelmed by fatigue, lost his hold. After recovering from the fall he renewed his efforts, and at length reached the top in safety, amidst the acclamations of the spectators !”*

How great the gratification to behold the ingenuity of MAN applied, as it is by our own countrymen at this place, in a direction which multiplies the comforts and augments the happiness of society !

Birmingham stands in the county of Warwick, and I must not quit these parts without mentioning that it was *this county* gave birth to our incomparable SHAKSPEARE ! He was born April 16, 1564, at Stratford-on-Avon, about twenty miles from Birmingham, and his monument is still to be seen in its church, informing us that he died in 1616, at this his native town. Here on the 6th of September, 1769, a JUBILEE was performed in honour of SHAKSPEARE, in which the late Mr. Garrick bore a part. Great preparations were made on the occasion. The poet’s bust over his monument in the church was crowned with bays. The town-hall was ornamented at one end with a good picture of

* See Sir John Carr’s *Stranger in France* ; this and his other Tours are highly entertaining, and combine much information relative to some of the most interesting portions of the civilised world.

Shakspeare, in the attitude of inspiration, and at the other with a copy of Gainsborough's portrait of Garrick. Its five windows were ornamented with transparent paintings on silk—the *Genius of Shakspeare*, *King Lear*, *Falstaff*, *Pistol*, and *Caliban*! Without the town was erected an amphitheatre, supported by a circular colonnade of columns of the Corinthian order. A part of the room was taken up with an orchestra for the music, and it was illuminated by a chandelier of 800 lights hanging from the centre of the roof! Numbers of nobility and gentry attended on this occasion. The *jubilee* began with a song in honour of Shakspeare, performed in the streets early in the morning. The company breakfasted in the town-hall, before which drums and fifes played favourite marches; from thence they proceeded to the church, where the oratorio of *Judith* was performed. At three the company went to the amphitheatre, where they dined, and after a bumper drank to Mr. Garrick, and to the memory of Shakspeare, (which last was accompanied with three huzzas) the performers in the orchestra sung catches and glees, while the company joined in the chorus. After this was sung, the old song *God save the King*, in which the whole company joined, and the evening concluded with a ball. Unfortunately the next morning proving wet prevented a procession, which was intended to have been made to the amphitheatre. They, however, repaired thither at noon, when an ode, written by Mr. Garrick, and adapted to the occasion, was performed. The music

was composed by Dr. Arne, and the recitative parts were spoken by Mr. Garrick. This being over, Mr. King, the comedian, in the character of an ambassador from the society of the Macaroni, with humour attacked the character of Shakspeare; after which Mr. Garrick addressed the ladies in a poetic speech, complimenting them on the respect they had shewn to the immortal bard. In the evening were displayed some fire-works, though the badness of the weather spoiled their effect; and the whole was concluded by a masquerade, which lasted till between six and seven in the morning. The company assembled on the occasion is said to have amounted to about 800 to breakfast, 1500 at dinner, and about 2000 at the oratorio, ball, and masquerade! It is to be regretted that the weather abridged these commemorative diversions.

SHAKSPEARE will continue to maintain his empire over the human mind, by his skill in imitating the language of the passions. Here his triumphs are unrivalled; and Pope pronounces him to be the *organ* through which nature speaks *directly* to the heart :—

O youth and virgins ! O declining old !
 O pale misfortune's slaves ! O ye who dwell
 Unknown with humble quiet ! ye who wait
 In courts, and fill the golden seat of kings :
 O sons of sport and pleasure ! O thou wretch
 That weepest jealous love, and the sore wound
 Of conscious guilt, or death's rapacious hand,
 That left thee void of hope ! O ye who mourn
 In exile ! Ye who through the embattled field
 Seek bright renown, or who for nobler palms

Contend the leaders of a public cause ;
 Hath not HIS faithful tongue
 Told you the fashion of you *own* estate,
 The *secrets* of your bosom ?

AKENSIDE.

It is somewhat strange that Shakspeare should afford such a paucity of materials for his biography. But after all, his *works* impart the best idea of his character :—this, indeed, is suggested by Ben Jonson, in some lines affixed to an engraving of the bard, said to be an original likeness, and lately shewn me by my worthy and ingenious friend Mr. Robert Bloomfield :—

This figure that thou here seest put,
 It was for *gentle Shakspeare* cut ;
 Wherein the graver had a strife
 With nature, to out-do the life.
 O ! could he but have drawn his wit,
 As well in *brasse* as he hath hit
 His face, the print would then surpass
 All that was ever writ in *brasse* !
 But since he cannot, reader looke
 Not on his *picture* but his *BOOKE* !

You will pardon me, my young friend, for this digression ; being in my tour so near the native place of our immortal poet, to say something concerning the spot was a temptation too strong to be resisted. *You* who have often, in the course of your studies, recited several of his passages with rapture, will cheerfully unite with me in paying this token of respect to his memory.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

LETTER VI.

BROMSGROVE; DROITWICH; ITS SALT PITS; HISTORY AND USES OF SALT; WORCESTER; ITS HANDSOME APPEARANCE AND PLEASANT SITUATION; BATTLE OF WORCESTER; FLIGHT OF CHARLES THE SECOND; TEWKESBURY; GLOUCESTER; CATHEDRAL; BISHOP WARBURTON; CHELTENHAM; ITS MEDICINAL WATERS; DR. JENNER: SUCCESS OF THE VACCINE INOCULATION; ROSS; MAN OF ROSS; MONMOUTH; RAGLAND CASTLE; USK; ITS CASTLE; ITS SALMON FISHERY; PLACE OF MY NATIVITY.

DEAR SIR,

SETTING off in the mail about five in the afternoon from Birmingham, I passed through *Bromsgrove*, *Droitwich*, and *Worcester*, to *Gloucester*. Each of these places will require a detail, which shall be given with brevity.

Bromsgrove is a small town, seated on the river Salwarp, with about 400 houses. It carries on a trade in clothing, and has a market for cattle, corn, and all sorts of provisions.

Droitwich, though a small place, with few inhabitants, is a place of antiquity, and noted for its *salt-pits*, which were formerly many, and were even known in the reign of Alfred the Great; but their number is diminished.

A singular phænomenon may be seen in Poland of a town in a salt mine, which is thus described by Dr. Darwin:—

Cavern'd around in Cracow's mighty mines,
With crystal walls a gorgeous city shines ;
Scoop'd in the briny rock long streets extend,
Their hoary course, and glittering domes ascend ;
Down the bright steep, emerging into day, ..
Impetuous fountains burst their headlong way
O'er milk-white vales, in ivory channels spread,
And wandering seek their subterraneous bed.
Far gleaming o'er the town transparent fanes
Rear their white towers, and wave their golden vanes ;
Long lines of lustres pour their trembling rays,
And the bright vault returns the mingled blaze !

How pleasing are the researches of the philosopher into the nature of those substances which enrich and beautify the natural world ! They not only serve to gratify that thirst for knowledge by which man is distinguished above all other animals on the face of the globe ; but they at once increase the comforts of life and extend the sources of national prosperity.

Worcester is a handsome city, standing on the Severn ; its streets are spacious, the buildings handsome, and many of its inhabitants rank among the higher classes of society. It has a cathedral and nine parish churches, besides meeting-houses for the several denominations of protestant dissenters.—The cathedral was repaired in the year 1752, at which time the workmen, on taking off the top of a tomb (the inscription of which was obliterated except the date, 1296) found the bones of a corpse firm, and most of them adhering together, in the same posture as when interred, and about the skull and shoulders appeared something like a coarse sacking or sack-

cloth quite fresh. The body of King John also having been buried here, was of late years found in a state of high preservation. With respect to the churches, the spire of St. Nicholas attracts attention, and in its parish is a free-school, founded by Henry the Eighth, which has produced excellent scholars. In the High-street, which is broad, stands the Guildhall, a stately structure, decorated by the statue of Justice, holding aloft her scales of rigorous impartiality ! In this city there is a mart for hops ; and here is a manufactory of china, much esteemed, in which numbers of hands are employed. Here is likewise an infirmary, supported by voluntary contributions ; and many charity schools—by such institutions the community cannot fail of being essentially benefitted.

It may not be improper to remark, that about fifty years ago, Dr. Maddox, bishop of Worcester, preached a sermon before this infirmary for the recommendation of *Inoculation* for the *Small-Pox*, a practice which was then just introduced into the country. Similar steps ought to be taken in the present day by the clergy of every denomination, to extend the practice of *Vaccine Inoculation*, a discovery pregnant with blessings to the community.

The most remarkable event that ever happened in this city, was the battle between the English, under the command of Oliver Cromwell, and the Scotch who had taken up arms in defence of Charles the Second. Cromwell en-

camped within a mile of the town, having first detached General Lambert with some forces to the opposite side of the river, which obliged Charles to weaken his army by sending his men to oppose Lambert. While these two detachments were engaged, Cromwell attacked the royalists at both ends of the city, and the engagement continued for hours with fury. The Scotch commanded by the Duke of Hamilton and the Earl of Middleton, fought with bravery, but both of these noblemen having been wounded, and most of their men killed, a sudden fear seized the rest of them, and a dreadful slaughter ensued. The king endeavoured to bring them once more to renew the charge, but his efforts were in vain. The foot finding themselves deserted by the horsemen, were filled with such terror that they stood motionless, whilst upwards of 2000 were killed on the spot, and above 8000 taken prisoners, most of whom were sold as slaves to the American Colonies. Cromwell ordered his men to level the walls of the city to the ground. The *king* in the meantime escaping through the gate of St. Martin, sought safety by flight. He first dressed himself in the habit of a peasant, and in that disguise travelled through several parts of the kingdom, being frequently in danger of being seized by his enemies, especially as a price was set upon his head. The better to elude the search of his pursuers, he spent a whole day in a *tufted oak*, at Boscobel in Staffordshire, thence called the ROYAL OAK, where

he saw pass under him some persons on horse-back, who expressed, in his hearing, their earnest wishes that he might fall into their hands. At one time he was detected by the sagacity of a smith, who remarked that his horse-shoes had been made in the north, not in the west, as he pretended; and he very narrowly escaped. At another time he was discovered by one Pope, the butler of a family, where he happened to come as servant to a visitor. but Charles made the butler promise that he would keep the secret from every mortal, even from his master, and he was as good as his word. At last, after a concealment of *forty-one* days, he embarked in a vessel at Shoreham, in Sussex, and landed safely at Fescamp, in Normandy. The man who carried him over, lies buried in Brighton church-yard, where I have seen a stone with a long inscription, mentioning the circumstance and applauding his loyalty. There is a report in that part of the country, that an annuity was given the family by way of reward, and that it has been lately discontinued. Charles remained in this state of exile till the 29th of May, 1660, when he was *restored* to the throne of these kingdoms.--- The above anecdote shews the reason why *Oak* is still worn in the hat on the 29th of May, as commemorative of the restoration.

It is in this county that *Hagley* lies, the seat of Lord Lyttleton. The house, situated on a rising ground, commands an extensive prospect. The ascent to this mansion is by a flight of

steps : the edifice itself, built of grained stone, has been reckoned one of the most beautiful structures in England. It was erected by the celebrated George Lord Lyttleton, author of many admired productions, who has embellished several of the rooms with the portraits of Pope, Thomson, West, and characters of a similar description. With most of these his Lordship was acquainted, and he was held by them in estimation. In early life he had been a deist, but upon his believing Christianity, he wrote some excellent *Observations on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul*, which remain as an irrefragable proof of his judgment, integrity, and piety. The gardens belonging to this far-famed mansion are so picturesque, that they have not unfrequently been made the subject of song. His lordship, in his *Monody on the Death of his Wife*, alludes to them in an affecting manner :---

O shades of HAGLEY ! where is now your boast ?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost ;—
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts,
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities and the pride of courts :
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye—
 To your sequester'd dales,
 And flow'r-embroider'd vales,
 From an admiring world she chose to fly.
 With nature there retir'd, and nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd every passion from her breast,
 But those the gentlest and the best—
 Whose holy flames, with energy divine,
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love !

This accomplished nobleman has, by these lines, shewn at once the fervor of his affection towards the deceased, and the poignancy of his grief upon her dissolution. More expressive strains could not have been penned; nor was a richer offering ever made on the altar of domestic felicity.

Leaving Worcester, we passed on through *Tewkesbury* to *Gloucester*.

Tewkesbury is a large populous town, with a fine Gothic structure for its church; on the west end are two turrets, and the tower in the middle has a ring of musical bells. The place was considerable even in the Heptarchy, as appears from its abbey, founded about the beginning of the eighth century, by two brothers, Saxon noblemen, as an atonement for some horrid crimes which they had committed. A terrible battle was fought here, May 10th, 1471; thousands fell victims at the shrine of ambition on this bloody day!

As we were quitting *Tewkesbury*, near midnight, the moon burst upon us from beneath the linings of a silvery cloud, and its gentle beams flung a beauty over the surrounding scenery!

We soon reached *Gloucester*, entitled by the Ancient Britons a *fair city*, for it is situated on the Severn, which is navigable for small vessels even to the quay. In the course of our history it underwent revolutions. At present it has four gates, and in the centre of the city four streets meet at right angles. A reservoir in the vicinity

sends forth its streams into four canals, for the supply of the inhabitants. A prison has been recently built on the plan of Howard, and is, alas ! too fully inhabited. Here is a grammar-school, conducted with ability. The Greek Grammar drawn up for the use of this seminary, possesses merit in point of precision and accuracy. The Cathedral is a beautiful structure, with a fine tower, in which is an excellent ring of eight bells. Over the east end of the choir is a whispering gallery, but it is now known that certain architectural adjustments occasion this reverberation. Here is to be found the monument of that literary phænomenon Dr. *WARBURTON*, who was for many years bishop of this see ; the following is the inscription drawn up by his friend Dr. *Hurd*, the late bishop of Worcester :

“ To the memory of *WILLIAM WARBURTON*, D. D. for more than 19 years bishop of this see ; a prelate of the most sublime genius and exquisite learning, both which talents he employed through a long life, in support of what he firmly believed the *CHRISTIAN RELIGION* ; and of what he esteemed the best establishment of it, the *CHURCH OF ENGLAND*. He was born at Newark-upon-Trent, Dec. 24, 1691 ; was consecrated bishop of Gloucester, Jan. 20, 1760 ; died at his palace in this city, June 7, 1779, and was buried near this place.” Curious Letters between *Warburton* and *Hurd* are just published —they were left for publication by the latter pre-

late; and the profits arising from them, are to be given to the Worcester Infirmary.

The abilities of bishop Warburton, as well as his acquirements, were of a superior kind.---But the superciliousness with which he treated his adversaries created him enemies, and left an unfavourable impression on the mind of the public. In his correspondence with Dr. Doddridge, he appears in an amiable point of view. Speaking in one of his letters to that excellent man, of the variations to which human life is subjected, he has this observation:—"I do the best I can, and should, I think, do the same if I were a mere Pagan, to make life passable. To be always lamenting the miseries of it, or always seeking after the pleasures of it, equally takes us off from the work of our salvation. And though I be extremely cautious what sect I follow in religion, yet any in philosophy will serve my turn, and honest Sancho Panca's is as good as any; who, on his return from an important commission, when asked by his master whether he should mark the day with a *black* or a *white* stone—replied, faith, Sir, if you will be ruled by me, with neither, but with *good brown ochre*! What this philosopher thought of his commission, I think of human life in general, *good brown ochre* is the complexion of it."

A few miles to the north-east of Gloucester lies the little town of *Cheltenham*, famous for its mineral waters.

Cheltenham is a small place, chiefly built of

brick, having one long street, with a variety of outlets into the country. In the year 1780 the lodgings for visitants were few, now they are much increased. Its waters, the ingredients of which are Epsom and Glauber salts, a small portion of chalybeate, and some fixed air, are in repute for the cure of hypochondriac and scorbutic cases : they are indeed also beneficial in obstructions of every description. Its rooms, likewise, are commodious for the company ; its theatre well fitted up ; and indeed Cheltenham may boast of the usual amusements to be found at such places :—

Society here twines its wreaths,
 Good nature o'er their meetings breathes ;
 Its *magic look* the whole obey,
 Whether at pump, or ball, or play !

CHELT. GUIDE:

It is well known that the *Royal Family* have visited this spot ; and ever since that period it has been frequented by persons of the highest respectability. It may not be improper to add, that the walk, above the well, shaded by a plantation of lime-trees for the space of near 300 feet, yields a delightful retirement. Here the valetudinarian may indulge his emotions of gratitude to the Supreme Being, for having endowed with medicinal virtues so many parts of nature, with the view of banishing disease and of restoring health, the want of which poisons and destroys our felicity.

At Cheltenham it is that the celebrated Dr.

EDWARD JENNER, (a native of this county) passes his summer months ; to whose benevolent labours mankind are indebted. The blessings flowing from the VACCINE INOCULATION are incalculable ! Fervent hopes are entertained that this discovery, now making its way through the four quarters of the world, will annihilate the small-pox, which on account of its virulence and fatal effects, may be termed the hitherto *standing plague* of society. The clouds of prejudice indeed are now seen passing away ; the sun of science and humanity has arisen with its beams to bless the children of men :—see them extend their vivifying influence to the latest posterity :—

When FUTURE AGES shall high trophies raise
To those who best deserv'd their country's praise,
And worth departed claims the tribute just—
To JENNER then shall rise the honour'd bust !
On its broad base shall shew the wondering throng
The dreadful scourge that nations bore so long :
Here mothers, shudd'ring, shall the horrors view,
Which from this *dread disease*, their parents knew ;
With tearful eyes, with grateful love imprest,
Shall clasp their beauteous offspring to their breast ;
With sweet emotions feel their bosoms glow,
That no *such* sorrows *they* are doom'd to know ;
Then round HIS shrine weave the ne'er fading bays,
And to HIS memory pour IMMORTAL LAYS !

FLOWERDEW.

It is in the county of Gloucester that the noble river THAMES takes its rise, from a small spring not far from Cirencester :—

Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons,
By his old sire to his embraces runs,

Hastening to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity !

From Gloucester, the nearest way to Pontypool is through *Ross, Monmouth, and Usk* ; places entitled to some attention.

Ross is an old town, situated on the banks of the *Wye*. The air is healthy, and the neighbouring fields fertile and delightful. The houses are in general well built, and the place, for the size, populous. The only remarkable buildings are two charity-schools, supported by voluntary subscriptions. In this town lived Pope's famous character, whose charities the poet has delineated :

But *all* our praises why should lords engross ?
Rise, honest muse ! and sing the MAN of Ross.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows ;
Whose seats the weary traveller repose ?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise ?
The MAN of Ross, each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread,
The MAN of Ross divides the daily bread ;
He feeds yon alm-house neat but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate.
He portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest ;
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick ? the MAN of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance ? enter but his door,
Baulk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks, with curses fled the place ;
And vile attorneys—now an useless race !
Thrice happy man ! enabled to pursue,
What many wish, but want the pow' er to do.

O say ! what sums that generous hand supply ?
What mines to swell that boundless charity ?
Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possess'd—*five hundred pounds* a year.
Blush, grandeur blush ! proud courts withdraw your blaze !
Ye little stars,—hide your diminish'd rays !

The name of this person, whose deeds are thus pourtrayed, was Mr. JOHN KYRLE ;---he died here in the year 1724, at the age of ninety, after having spent *sixty* years of his life in doing good to his fellow-creatures. The poet has not exceeded matter of fact. Mr. Kyrle was a bachelor, and of his estate, amounting to 500*l. per annum*, he spent only 50*l.* in support of himself. Such rare characters ought to be consigned over to immortality !

Monmouth is a place of antiquity. The castle, of which ruins are still visible, was probably built before the conquest. Henry of Bolingbroke, son of John of Gaunt, resided some time in this building, where his son Edward the Fifth was born, for which reason he was called Henry of Monmouth. The situation of the town is pleasant, at the confluence of several streams, being both populous and well built. Besides the county hall, where the assizes are held, there is a good town-house, and a handsome Gothic church. There is not much trade here, except the exportation of the productions of the county, by means of the Wye, to Bristol. In the vicinity of Monmouth, *Troy House* rears its stately turrets, the seat of the Duke of Beaufort, who is lord lieutenant of the county.

On the road from Monmouth to Usk stands *Ragland Castle*, which, though it is believed to be more modern than all the other castles in Monmouthshire, was once a place of strength, and remarkable for having held out in the cause of Charles the First, under the Marquis of Worcester, even to the end of the civil wars. His conduct on that occasion has been the subject of admiration. His son was author of the *Century of Inventions*, to which some suppose we owe the rise of the *Steam Engine*, an invention of inestimable utility.

Usk, (Isea) is a small town delightfully situated in the centre of the county of Monmouth. It is supposed, by Camden, to have been the *Burrium* of Antoninus, where, according to the itinerary, there was a Roman colony. The town-house is a neat modern building, and the church is large and commodious. Here is an ancient inscription said to puzzle all the learned in the kingdom. For its explication the appendix to Coxe's History of Monmouthshire may be consulted, where the following free translation is given by the ingenious Mr. William Owen, author of the Welsh Dictionary :—it is supposed to be an epitaph on some celebrated personage, whose name seems not to be recoverable :—

“ Ah ! behold the grave of the *great Teacher* is the sod of the vale ; when a battle took place London felt embarrassed, and the song of the Bards of ancient lore, and their joy, all vanish through his death ! He who was like Solomon,

profound of word, on Isca's banks is his couch of sleep ; Fairly the eloquent doctor reconciled disputes;—clergy and laity were fully enlightened by him."

Formerly there was a fine castle here, on the brow of the hill overhanging the town, which the Welsh princes used as a garrison against the incursions of the English. The remains of the fabric are still visible, and a part clasped round by the aged ivy, forms an interesting spectacle in the appearance of the country :---

————— The mouldering walls
 Black with the rust of age, and all within
 Silence and waste, while not a sound was heard
 But the wind, moaning ; not a form beheld,
 Save one, that fancy imaged to their mind ;
 The spirit of DESTRUCTION ! she who haunts
 The moss-grown temples, and the wild resort
 Of bats and scorpions—where no mortal steps
 Make the walls murmur with obtrusive sounds ;
 But cries and screechies, from all hated beings
 Sound even more, whilst the whole progeny
 Of doleful things, that court rank solitude,
 Thrive and make merriment. Upon a pile
 She loves to sit, of broken monuments,
 And o'er the scene casts an exultant eye,
 Smiling to view the massy pillars fallen,
 The aged altars, trophies, pedestals !—
 And where the invulnerable shaft withstands
 Her hate and her derision, round she strews
 The *creeping ivy*, with its living shade,
 To hide all forms of man!

COTTLE.

The river Usk, running by the town, has a good bridge thrown over it, but the floods in the winter season endanger its stability. The limpid

stream flowing through its arches, has been long famous for salmon, by which the Bath and Bristol markets are supplied. This fishery has proved profitable to its proprietors; and amusing it is to behold the contrivances which ingenuity has devised to secure its prey.

For the little rural town of *Usk*, I must be suffered to indulge a degree of partiality natural to the human heart---for here I drew my *first* breath, on the second day of October, 1767 :---

*Nescio qua natale solum dulcedine mentem,
Tangit et immemorem non sinit esse sui.*

Even to the most common minds their *natal soil* presents some endearment. But my worthy young friend, neither the time of our birth, nor the period of our dissolution, can be deemed of consequence :---

Enough—that VIRTUE fill'd the space between,
Proved by the ends of being—TO HAVE BEEN !

POPE.

Since writing the above I visited *Usk*, (in the summer of 1807) and entered not only the house, but the very room where the light first beamed on my eyes. My emotions were peculiar—they cannot be described—existence is a blessing, notwithstanding all the troubles and vexations of mortality :---

Life has no value as an end but means—
As an end deplorable—a *means* divine ;
When 'tis our *all*, 'tis nothing—worse than nought
A nest of pains ; when held as nothing *much*,
'Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace,

In prospect richer far—important—awful,
Not to be mention'd, but with shouts of praise,
Not to be thought on, but with tides of joy,
The *mighty basis* of ETERNAL BLISS !

YOUNG.

I at length reached *Pontypool*, embosomed in its hills, fatigued by my circuitous journey. An account of this sequestered spot, and a sketch of my return through Bristol, Bath, Reading, Windsor, &c. back to the metropolis, will form the contents of my three next epistles, when both *you*, my young friend, and my *pen*, will be relieved, by my subscribing myself.

Your affectionate Tutor.

LETTER VII.*

PONTYPOOL ; ITS ROMANTIC SITUATION ; GREAT HOUSE ; ITS INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR DECORATIONS ; ITS CHURCH ; IRON MANUFACTORY ; JAPAN MANUFACTORY ; CANAL ; APPARITIONS AND FAIRIES ; SURROUNDING SCENERY ; CAERLEON ; ITS ANTIQUITY AND CURIOSITIES ; NEWPORT, A FLOURISHING SEA-PORT ; CHRIST CHURCH ; CAERWENT ; PIERCEFIELD ; ITS BEAUTIES ; VALENTINE MORRIS ; HIS PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

HAVING informed you at the close of my last letter, that I reached *Pontypool* ; here I rested for a few days beneath my paternal roof. The sight of kind relatives and friends, whom you have not seen for a time, invigorates the feelings, and awakens the best emotions of the heart. Such intercourses are of a delicious kind ; they are the result of the social law of our nature, and they constitute a *bond of union* among the numberless

* Though *Monmouthshire* be included in the *Oxford circuit*, and on that account is deemed a part of England, yet the language and manners of the good folks in the country shew that it still has a just claim on being reckoned a part of the principality of Wales. The author having considered it as such in the present letter, the above reasons form his apology. The *History of Monmouthshire* by Mr. COXE, decorated with beautiful engravings, is an entertaining work replete with information.

families which are scattered over the surface of the earth !

Pontypool is a small town of Monmouthshire, which has risen up in the course of the last century. It owes its existence to the mineral treasures which lie concealed in the surrounding hills. The quantities of iron ore and of coal, here dug out of the bowels of the earth, are astonishing. The hammer and the pick-axe are heard to resound where used to prevail the profoundest silence ; whilst the roaring furnace and the thundering forge shake the vallies through which the brooks were wont to flow with an uninterrupted placidity !

Scarce had the genius of our happy isle
 Wing'd freedom here, when she began to smile ;
 O'er all this checquer'd scene she deign'd to look,
 Peep'd in each hill, surveyed each winding brook ;
 The blooming copse, and tall majestic oak
 She eyed with joy, and thus prophetic spoke :—
 “ *Here, in these wilds, in this obscure retreat,*
Of arts renown'd, I'll fix the lasting seat ;
Inspir'd by me thy hardy sons shall pour
From those long pregnant hills the pond'rous ore ;
While sooty hands from tents of turf shall aid
(With jetty charcoal) the important trade ;
This rolling stream, or that small murmuring rill,
Shall motion give to thundering forge or mill ;
While through yon vale shall dusky columns rise,
That fill the air and dim the lucid skies !”

In approaching the place you have no view of the town till you enter it. The windings thither are romantic, and commence from the *Turnpike-House*, a neat little structure of recent erection,

and close to which is a large handsome stone in the high road, which informs you that you are a *mile* from *Pontypool*, and *one hundred and forty-eight* miles from *London* ! After leaving this spot, a variegated scene soon presents itself to view. On the left stands a huge mountain with dark and dreary aspect, possessing none of those tokens of fertility which sooth and tranquillize the heart. On the right lies a hill with a gentle declivity, part of which forms a park, where the deer are seen through the vista of lofty trees, frolicking with gamesome festivity ! In full front, at the extremity of the park, and close to the town, a Gentleman's seat rears its head, suggesting the welcome idea of plenty and hospitality. The mansion is called *the Great House*, a term peculiarly appropriate ; for upon its first erection it must have appeared *immensely great* to persons in this part of the country, where a few huts for the accommodation of workmen were almost the only architectural exhibitions which ornamented this portion of the principality. It was partly built by Major Hanbury, and partly by his son Capel ; but it has undergone several improvements. As to the gardens, a lawn of verdure is seen gradually to slope from the house, thus harmonizing with the native beauties of the scenery.

The house, however, is large and handsome ; it is the property of *Capel Hanbury Leigh, Esq.* who resides in it, and who, together with Mrs. Leigh, (the late Lady Mackworth,) are beloved

for their affability and condescension. His father, *John Hanbury*, Esq. bore a similar character ; and after having served the county of Monmouth in Parliament for several years, died, on the 5th of April, 1784, at Rouen in Normandy. His remains were brought home for interment among his ancestors, and the last sad token of respect was paid to his corpse by thousands of spectators, with every degree of solemnity !

It may not be improper here to add, that his widow, (daughter of M. Lewis, Esq. of St. Pierre,) married T. Stoughton, Esq. who lately resided, together with his family, at Pontypool. Both he and Mr. Leigh act in the capacity of magistrates, and discharge its duties so well, that they are entitled to the thanks of the community. The due administration of law, for the promotion of peace and security, is an unspeakable blessing to any country.

The great house is decorated with family pictures, particularly the portraits of Major Hanbury, of the late John Hanbury, Esq. of his wife, (now Mrs. Stoughton,) and their three infant sons. There is also the head of an old man, though not well painted : it is Mr. Williams, of Caerleon, the friend of Major Hanbury, and the great benefactor of the family. Mrs. Leigh likewise has brought from Gnoll Castle, Glamorganshire, the seat of her late husband, Sir Robert Humphrey Mackworth, Bart. many paintings, with which the connoisseur cannot fail of being gratified. This

mansion, together with its decorations, is well worth inspection.

Upon quitting the turnpike-road you leave on the right a large iron gate, which commands the entrance into the park, at the top of which are entwined the initials of the Hanbury family. You then pass over *Pontymoill Bridge*, a plain structure of one arch, but a neat plate of which you will find in *A Collection of Tours through the Principality*. Here is a poor village of the same name, where nothing used to strike the eye but *wire works*, fallen into decay. Now works are erecting for a *tin* manufactory, similar to those near Caebleon. *Trosnant*, another village, soon appears in view, of larger extent, and in which are some good houses. Quickly after you have a view to the right of the *Great House*, the stables, and the adjoining park, when you all at once find yourselves entering the sequestered town of *Pontypool*! It consists only of two streets, has one principal inn, but a market on Saturday, for almost every kind of provision. From the *Cross*, in the centre of the place, is a view of gardens belonging to the *Great House*, recently laid out, and in a high degree of cultivation.

It is remarkable that this little town should not have in it either church, chapel, or any kind of meeting-house. The parish church of Trevethin stands one mile off, two meetings at a similar distance, and another in the village of Trosnant. With respect to the church, it may be accounted

for on this principle, that the town being of modern date, it would be much easier for the inhabitants to frequent the structure already built, than to erect another in its vicinity.

The church is situated on the side of a hill, and therefore it requires the effort of many a step to reach it. Part of the way lies through the midst of a wood, which renders the approach towards it solemn and impressive. You at last see it at the distance of a long field, placed on an eminence, encompassed with a few tombs belonging to respectable families, and with a number of head-stones, those common memorials of mortality. The time of its erection being unknown, we may exclaim :

Say, ancient edifice—how long upon the hill has stood
Thy weather-braving tower, and silent mark'd
The human leaf inconstant bud and fall ?
The generations of deciduous man,
How often hast thou seen them pass away !
How often hast thy still-surrounding sward,
Yawn'd for the fathers of the peopled vale,
And clos'd upon them all !

HURDIS.

The edifice itself is a good plain country church ; the pulpit has stood many years, having on it this inscription :—" 1637, God save the King, C. R. 13," with some other initials ; and of the few monuments to be found here, that belonging to the family of the *Hanburies* is by far the best, both in point of appearance and execution. The vault stands close to it, with an escutcheon suspended over the door, bearing this

very usual but expressive motto,—“*In Cælo quies*”
---IN HEAVEN THERE IS REST. This sentiment forms a contrast with the bustle attendant upon earthly greatness, which seldom fails to bring along with it more than an ordinary share of the cares and sorrows of mortality ! There is also a plain tablet fixed above one of the pillars, with some expressive lines on Mr. Read, a physician, who was much esteemed for his seriousness and his humanity.

The situation of the church is rural, and the prospect must make an impression on the heart. Having ascended the tower, you find yourself environed by hills, on the sides of which the bleating flocks are scattered in every direction. The rustic cottages here and there shew their heads with simplicity. Immediately before you, at the extremity of the horizon, the Bristol channel presents itself, on the surface of which are seen gliding to and fro vessels of various sizes, whose white sails, by means of the reflection of the sun, heighten and beautify the landscape ! Beyond, the scene is bounded by a fine blue ridge of Somersetshire hills, not far distant from Wells, Bridgewater, and Glastonbury.

Descending from this eminence, you go down gradually into the valley ; and entering the town you pass by a forge, where the iron from the furnace is again melted down and beaten into different forms for the uses of society. The place has a dark and tremendous appearance. The glowing of so many fires, the roar of so many pair of

bellows, together with the reiterated fall of a hammer of near *five hundred pounds weight*, astound the senses, filling them with fearful reverberations !

See, pale and hollow-eyed, in his blue shirt,
 Before the scorching furnace reeking stands
 The WEARY SMITH ! A thund'ring water-wheel
 Alternately uplifts his cumb'rous pair
 Of roaring bellows. He torments the coal
 And stirs the melting ore, till all resolved ;
 Then with vast forceps seizes the bright mass
 And drags it glowing to the anvil. Eye
 Can scarce attend it, so intense the heat.
 He hears it all, and with one arm lets free
 Th' impatient stream. The heavy wheel uplifts
 Slowly, and suddenly lets fall the loud
 And awful hammer that confounds the ear
 And makes the firm earth tremble ! He the block
 Shapes to the blow obsequious ; cooler grown
 He stays his flood-gate, once again provokes
 The dying cinder, and his half-done work
 Buries in fire. Again he plucks it forth
 And once more lifts it on the sturdy anvil.
 There, beaten long, and often turn'd, at length,
 'Tis done. He bears it hissing to the light,
 An IRON BAR. Behold it well. What is't,
 But a just emblem of the lot of virtue ;
 For in this naughty world she cannot live,
 Nor rust contract, nor mingle with alloy.
 So the great judge, to make her worthy heaven,
 Submits her to the furnace and the anvil,
 Till molten, bruised, and battered, she becomes
 Spotless and pure, and leaves her dross behind !

Beautiful

VILLAGE CURATE.

There are here three of these forges, and they work both day and night. The noise of their

hammers, which scarcely ever ceases, imparts to this retired spot a kind of tumultuous animation. On this article of manufacture hundreds depend for their livelihood and prosperity.

The *Japan Manufactory* in this place is deserving inspection. Its ware needs no description, being every where seen and every where admired. There are, indeed, many imitations of it at Birmingham, and at other places ; but they are inferior to the productions of the original manufactory.

A canal has been made close to the town, at an immense expence, by which ore and coal are conveyed from their native beds down to Newport, ten miles off, on the Bristol Channel, whence they may be transferred to any part of the habitable world. The banks of the canal afford a pleasant walk to the inhabitants, presenting a prospect of the country.

Nor should I omit to mention the *Folly*, a summer-house of semi-circular form, built by the late Mr. Hanbury, near the extremity of the chain of hills which stretch from Pontypool park to the Blorenges, near Abergavenny. Hence the wild and beautiful parts of the country are seen to advantage. Few prospects can be said to exceed it, either in beauty or sublimity !

Before I quit my present subject, I shall just notice the *apparitions* and *fairies* with which Wales is said to abound. A venerable minister, Mr. Edmund Jones, now deceased, published some years ago a pamphlet, in which were de-

tailed all the tales of the kind which he could muster up throughout the principality. I now sought for this, but in vain; probably parents had *wisely* committed it to the flames. I read it when a boy, and under its influence have been fearful of my shadow! The tales consisted of dreadful noises and hideous appearances, all of which it is more than likely originated in the imagination of those who first detailed them. Superstition is ever conjuring up her airy phantoms, and pouring her marvellous tales into the ear of credulity! But the rays of science disperse these shades of darkness, and in the mean time, cherishing the favour of the Supreme Being, we ought to rely on his protection with cheerfulness and serenity.

As to *fairies*, many a droll story is told of them; and their being inclined to merriment, made me wish for a sight of them. My wish, however, was never gratified. They are, in general, said to appear on the side of a mountain, in the dawn of the morning, for some time before the sun arises, which sends them to their abodes of invisibility. A gentleman assured me he had seen them at this time dancing in a circle beneath the foliage of an oak, with tokens of festivity! He said there were myriads of various colours, small in stature, and their music was of that nature that it wrought his soul into ecstacy: He was eager to approach and join them; but alas! before he could reach the spot the sun had made its appearance, and they vanished away. Such

was the story to which I once listened with a bewitching pleasure. I am now convinced from enquiry, that my informer must have been mistaken; that the appearances were only exhalations from the ground, and the sounds only the effect of an imagination which had longed for such a gratification. As *imaginary* beings they form a part of poetic machinery, but ought never to have been admitted among the *realities* of the Principality. Dr. Beattie has thus delineated these diminutive gentry in his Minstrel :—

With merriment and song, and timbrels clear,
A troop of *fays* from myrtle bowers advance ;
The *little* warriors doff the targe and spear,
And loud enlivening strains provoke the dance.
They meet, they dart away, they wheel askance
To right, to left, they thrid the flying maze,
Now bound aloft with vigorous spring, then glance
Rapid along—with many-colour'd rays
Of tapers, gems, and gold, the echoing forests blaze !

It would be impossible to attempt a description of the walks, with which the little town of Pontypool is surrounded. Woods and rivulets meet you in every direction. Accustomed to them from early childhood (being only five years of age when my parents removed hither) I feel a pleasure in revisiting them, and even a stranger would acknowledge that their variety entitled them to admiration. Here you may perceive nature sporting herself in ten thousand different forms; here you may indulge that kind of meditation which is essential to improvement :—

———Seat of my early years !
Still busy fancy loves with fairy touch
To paint its faded scenes : even now my eye
Darts thro' the past its retrospective glance,
And calls to view each haunt of sportive youth,
Each long-lost haunt I lov'd.

SOUTHEY.

Having remained at Pontypool for a few days only, I left it rather suddenly, and set out for London.

Caerleon was my first stage, at the distance of eight miles, a charming ride, where I breakfasted with a worthy family, (that of Mr. R——d's,) remarkable for its hospitality. In my way hither, to the right, on the brow of the hill, once resided the ingenious but eccentric *Philip Thicknesse*, whose *Travels on the Continent* are amusing and instructive. Many singular anecdotes are told of him during his continuance in this part of the country.

In the time of the Romans, *London*, *York*, and *Caerleon*, are mentioned, as the three principal places in the kingdom. *Caerleon* was then an archbishopric, and thirty British kings are said to have been brought here for interment ! A splendid court was kept here, and the famous Prince Arthur, together with the Knights of the Round Table, used here to perform feats of dexterity. Temples, colleges, and baths, once abounded in this place, possessing the grandeur and magnificence of a metropolitan city. But few vestiges are now to be found. The town is

dull, and has nothing to recommend it to attention. Antiquities indeed are occasionally dug up, which shew its former importance in the scale of society. A castle formerly commanded its entrance; but even its mouldering remains, sometime ago visible, have *now* disappeared!

Caerleon church is a venerable object, and of some extent. Close by, stands a neat free-school, founded by a Mr. Williams, highly serviceable to the rising generation.

Near the bridge, which used to be a wooden one, but which is now recently built of stone, is a neat place of worship, and the only one in the town, for dissenters. It belongs to the Baptists, and was built by the late Haman Davies, Esq.

A large boat goes from Caerleon to Bristol every week, carrying thither quantities of iron, and bringing back all kinds of goods for the use of the country. About two miles below the town, on the side of the river, may be seen the old mansion of St. Julian's, and two miles farther down, stands the town of Newport, which carries on a trade with places lying on the shores of the Bristol channel. A handsome stone bridge has been erected here by the son of the architect who built the far-famed arch of *Pont-y-pridd*, near Caerphilly, in Glamorganshire. The church of Newport, called *St. Woola's*, rears its head on an eminence, whence there is a charming prospect towards every part of the horizon!

As I was directing my course to Bristol, the

New Passage was the object of my destination. Upon leaving Caerleon, you perceive on the summit of the hill the battered structure of *Christ Church*, even at a distance exhibiting to the most superficial eye marks of antiquity. Within, on the pavement, is seen a long flat stone with this inscription round its edge, in Latin : *Here lie John Colman and Isabella his wife, who died 1876.* On the eve of Trinity Sunday, poor persons used to come and lie all night on the stone, conceiving that this would cure them of any disease with which they happen to be afflicted ! Even since the year 1800, Mr. Donovan has visited this *sacred spot*, and assures us of the following fact : “ I there to my inexpressible astonishment beheld a young man of very creditable appearance, with his night cap on, laying upon the bare pavement shivering with cold, his hands uplifted, and with many pious aspirations muttering a prayer for the cure of some affliction under which he appeared to labour. During this religious farce, his friends formed a spacious circle round him, some standing, some sitting, and others kneeling, as best accorded with their inclinations, but all were equally intent in watching the countenance and motion of the patient, to observe the progressive advancement of the miracle wrought upon him, in consequence of this superstitious ceremony ! ” Since this period I have myself alighted from my horse, and examined this far-famed stone ; was happy to find that the above absurd practice is wearing away ;

it is indeed painful to an ancient Briton, to have to record such follies of his countrymen. It is time that the increasing light of the age should shed its beneficial effects on the principality.

Riding on about ten miles we came to *Caerwent*, a place of consequence in the times of the Romans ; but now rural in its aspect and variegated in its scenery. A Roman pavement was discovered here some years ago, which I turned aside to inspect, and was sorry to find it in a shattered condition. It was walled round the center of a field ; but for want of being covered, and from the circumstance of every visitor taking away a piece of it, the ancient figures were nearly obliterated.

Not far from *Caerwent*, in the neighbourhood of *Chepstow*, lies *Piercefield*, whose house and gardens have been the subject of general admiration. The house is a magnificent building of free-stone, reared in a romantic situation, and its interior is handsomely decorated. But it is the gardens which have attracted so much attention. Mr. COXE has thus happily described them:--
“ On entering the grounds at the extremity of the village of *St. Arvans*, and at the bottom of *Wynd Cliff*, the walk leads through plantations, commanding on the right a distant view of the *Severn* and the surrounding country. It penetrates into a thick forest, and conducts to the *Lover's Leap*, where the *Wynd Cliff* is seen towering above the river in all its height and beauty ; and below yawns a deep and wooded abyss. It

waves almost imperceptibly in a grand outline on the brow of the majestic amphitheatre of cliffs impending over the Wye, opposite to the peninsula of Lancut, then crosses the park, runs through groves and thickets, and again joins the banks of the Wye at the reach of the river which stretches from Lancut to the castle of Chepstow. From the Lover's Leap the walk is carried through a thick mantle of forests, with occasional openings, which seem not the result of art or design, but the effect of chance or nature, and seats placed, where the spectator may repose and view, at leisure, the scenery above, beneath, and around ! This

————— bow'ry walk

Of covert close, where scarce a speck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom !

is consonant to the genius of Piercefield. The screen of wood prevents the uniformity of a bird's eye view ; and the imperceptible bend of the amphitheatre, conveys the spectator from one part of this fairy region to another, without discovering the gradations. Hence the Wye is sometimes concealed or half observed by overhanging foliage ; at others, wholly expanding to view, is seen sweeping beneath in a broad and circuitous channel. Hence, at one place, the Severn spreads in the midst of a boundless expanse of country, and on the opposite side to the Wye ; at another, both rivers appear on the same side, and the Severn seems supported on the level summit of the

cliffs, which form the banks of the Wye. Hence the same objects present themselves in different aspects, and with varied accompaniments. Hence the magic transition, from the impervious gloom of the forests to open groves, from meadows and lawns to rocks and precipices, and from the mild beauties of English landscape to the wildness of Alpine scenery."

This enchanting spot was once the seat of *Valentine Morris, Esq.* who died August 26, 1789; a character as distinguished for his imprudence as for his benevolence and hospitality. He was, however, greatly beloved,—for when his embarrassed circumstances obliged him to quit his beloved Piercefield, his departure excited deep regret in the breasts of persons of almost every description. Indeed, to use the words of Mr. Thicknesse, who knew him well,—“ he shared his good things, in the day of his fortune, with the friends of his prosperity; and he divided the pittance that remained, in the hour of distress, with the companions of his adversity.”

In the memoirs of Miss S. recently published, and who once lived at Piercefield, an *Ode* will be found on the death of *Llewellyn ap Griffith*, the last Prince of Wales, whom the authoress supposes was killed at or near this spot. Be this as it may, the *Ode*, written at fifteen years of age, must be pronounced highly creditable to the amiable Miss Smith's genius and memory.

Upon reaching the *Passage-house*, we were not able to cross for some hours. It is supposed

that this ferry is as ancient as that of the Old Passage, nearer to Chepstow. But it may be mentioned, that Oliver Cromwell suppressed it on account of a small body of republicans being lost here by the designed inattention of the boatmen. It was revived in 1718, and belongs to the St. Pierre family.

The Severn, in the New Passage, is about three miles wide; and it was diverting to behold the porpoises tossing and tumbling on the surface of the tumultuous tide! The *hourse resounding* Severn takes its rise in Montgomeryshire, passes by Shrewsbury, Worcester, Gloucester, &c. then loses itself, by means of the Bristol Channel, in the waves of the Atlantic ocean! When our patience was almost exhausted, we met with a small boat, and got over with ease. A stage conveyed us the remaining twelve miles, passing along through rural villages, particularly *Westbury*, to the famous city of Bristol.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

LETTER VIII.

BRISTOL; ITS ANTIQUITY AND HISTORY; ITS EXTENT, POPULATION, AND COMMERCE; COLSTON'S SCHOOL; EDUCATION SOCIETY; DISSENTING BURYING GROUND; HOTWELLS; MONUMENT OF DR. STONEHOUSE; CLIFTON; DURHAM DOWNS; SAVAGE AND CHATTERTON; KEYNSHAM; BATH; ITS ANTIQUITIES AND SITUATION; ITS BATHS AND PUMP-ROOM; BEAU NASH; CATHEDRAL; SIDNEY GARDENS; LANDSDOWN; PRIOR PARK; DR. JAMES FORDYCE; THE REV. MR. WARNER.

BRISTOL is said to have been founded by Brennus, near four hundred years before the birth of Christ. It is also in the list of the fortified and eminent cities that were in Britain in the year 430, when the Romans abandoned the island. In history it makes a figure, particularly for its extent and population. In the year 1211, King John laid a tax upon all the Jews, throughout his dominions. One of the unfortunate race of Abraham, residing in Bristol, resisted the tax, for which he was fined 10,000 marks. This sum the Jew refused to pay, which so exasperated the king, that he commanded one of his teeth to be drawn every day till he complied. He had but *eight*, and suffered seven of them to be pulled out, when he paid the fine rather than part with the last tooth! We are also told that King-

Henry VII. with the Lord Chancellor, came to Bristol in the year 1490, and kept his court at St. Augustine's Back. The citizens, willing to shew his Majesty all the respect they could during his residence, arrayed themselves in their best clothes. The king, however, thinking some of their wives rather too finely dressed for their station, ordered every citizen who was worth twenty pounds in goods, to pay twenty shillings, because their wives went so sumptuously apparelled. In the reign of Charles I. this city was stormed and taken by the King's army; but afterwards Fairfax took it from Prince Rupert, which disgraced the royal party. Oliver Cromwell ordered its castle to be pulled down, and rased with the ground.

Bristol, on account of its size, trade, and populousness, has been reckoned the *second* city in the kingdom, though Liverpool is now thought to exceed it. It contains nineteen parish churches, besides chapels and various meeting-houses for protestant dissenters; that of the presbyterians is spacious, elegant, and of modern erection. The cathedral is a venerable pile, and contains several fine monuments. Here, on the tomb of Mrs. Mason, the wife of the poet, are some beautiful lines, written by her husband, which cannot be too much admired.

Bristol has been long famed for the extent of its mercantile concerns; and its river, crowded with shipping, makes a commercial appearance.

Its quay is strewed with articles from almost every clime, though the trade most cultivated here belongs to the western world.

Colston's school, is an admirable charity, and its scholars wear on their breast a figure of a *dolphin*, in brass; to which embellishment hangs this tale :—COLSTON, a rich West Indian merchant, was coming home with a ship which contained all his treasure: she sprung a leak, and after having pumped for a long time, day and night, those on board were on the brink of going to the bottom. - At once, to their astonishment, they found the leak stopped, and bore on to the desired haven, when, upon examination, it was found that a *dolphin* had providentially *squeezed itself* into the hole, and thus saved them and their all from destruction! Colston, therefore, ordered this emblem of a dolphin to be worn as a sign of his gratitude. The *Infirmary* here is likewise a noble institution, and there are other buildings entitled to attention.

In this city the Baptists have an institution, entitled the *Education Society*, where young men are educated for the ministry. It has been enriched by legacies, particularly by the valuable library of Dr. Lewellyn, as well as that of Dr. Gifford, for many years sub-librarian to the British Museum. Curiosities, together with a painted window, are entitled to attention. The society flourished for many years under the superintendence of (my much respected relatives,) the Rev.

Hugh Evans, A. M. and his son, the Rev. Caleb Evans, D. D.

The *Rev. Hugh Evans* died *multis bonis flebilis* in 1781, having reached the 69th year of his age. Few men were so beloved through life, and so lamented at their decease, as was this good man, distinguished for his patriarchal simplicity and piety. The *Rev. Dr. Evans* succeeded him in the labours of the pastoral office, and in the arduous duties of the academy. He possessed a fund of good sense, a considerable share of learning, and a pleasing talent for public speaking. To these qualifications he added an enlightened zeal and a persevering activity. It will not, therefore, be a matter of surprise that his pulpit labours were very acceptable, and to the last he preserved his popularity. This is mentioned to his praise, as he always preached to the understanding, and deemed vociferation, whatever charms it has with the multitude, unsuitable to the dignity of the christian ministry. Beside *Sermons* and other miscellaneous publications, he distinguished himself in a controversy with *John Wesley*, at the commencement of the American war, for he was a warm friend of civil and religious liberty. His triumph over the founder of Methodism, was decisive. Wesley's biographers ashamed of the business, pass it over in silence. This excellent man died during the month of August, 1791, after a few months illness, in the 54th year of his age. His funeral was numerously and respect-

ably attended. On that day (I well remember it) many tears were shed to his memory!

Both *Father* and *Son* lie interred near each other, in the Baptist burying-ground, and each of the head-stones is covered with a Latin epitaph. Two years ago (July 1807) I visited this crowded cemetery, and strayed awhile among the tombs. There were many inscriptions; the following on the death of two infant grand-children of the Rev. H. Evans, (sons of Mr. Thomas Mullett,) who died in the year 1771, is worthy of being preserved:

Inexorably calm with dread career
See DEATH has pass'd, with ruin marks his way,
Two CHERUBS clad in clay now mouldering here
Turn'd not his step nor could his course delay;
Low level'd in the dust the babes are laid,
DEATH pitied not the rose of infant bloom;
Nor could a parent's tenderness dissuade,
Or soften the fell tyrant of the tomb.
Without long tarryance in these dark retreats,
T'was *theirs* to breathe contagion's baleful breath;
'Ere dear-bought knowledge had destroy'd their peace,
They languish'd smiling in the arms of death;
To happier climes than fancy ever flies,
Thro' DEATH's impenetrable gloom they trod,
A voice divine came issuing from the skies,
They heard, and hail'd their SAVIOUR and their God!

These lines are beautiful—I have not been able to ascertain their author, they form a fine contrast to the rubbish by which *this* and other repositories of the dead are disgraced.

Among the remains of ministers deposited here, are those of the Rev. James Newton, A. M. who was assistant tutor at the Baptist academy. He

a sensible calm modest man, he taught the classics at his own apartments also, and had the felicity of numbering the celebrated *Hannah More*, among his pupils. He died in the year 1790, and his funeral sermon preached and published by his friend and associate in the academy, Dr. C. EVANS, was an affectionate and honourable tribute of respect to his memory.

At *Fish Ponds*, in the vicinity of Bristol, is a mansion for the reception of the insane, and where they are treated with great humanity: "Practical Observations on Insanity," by its superintendant, *Dr. Joseph Mason Cox*, are entitled to particular attention. Alas! that there should be so many cases of *religious madness*, since revelation was designed to *enlighten* and *cheer* us in our path to immortality!

One evening, during my stay at Bristol, I visited another burying-ground, Brunswick-square, because it contains the ashes of an excellent *maiden aunt*, to whom my earliest years are indebted, and who was possessed of good sense, accompanied with unaffected piety. Indeed, my young friend, cemeteries are interesting to the contemplative mind!

'Tis pleasant in the *peaceful, serious* hour,
To tread the silent sward that wraps the dead,
Once our companions in the cheerful walks
Of active life—the same ere long
In the dark chambers of profound repose!
All have their *kindred* here—and I HAVE MINE.
To DIE—what is it but to sleep, and sleep,
Nor feel the weariness of dark delay

Through the long night of time, and nothing know
 Of intervening centuries elapsed,
 When thy sweet morn, ETERNITY, begins?
 Or else—what is it but a welcome change
 From worse to better—from a world of pain
 To one where flesh at least can nothing feel,
 And pain and pleasure have no equal sway?
 What is it—but to meet *ten thousand friends*,
 Whose earthly race was finished ere our own,
 And be well welcome, where the timorous feet
 Fear'd to intrude, and whence no fool returns?

HURDIS.

The *Hotwells* stand on the banks of the river Avon, about two miles below Bristol. The situation is romantic. At the bottom of a steep rock you see nothing of the house where the water is drank till you almost enter it. A woman hands you the salubrious draught, for which no charge is made, the attendance being paid by subscription. On one side you behold the vessels gliding down the river, whilst, on the other side, you perceive piles of bottles filled with the water, and ready to be conveyed to every part of the world. Its efficacy is felt in consumptive cases, with which our island abounds, arising from the variations of its atmosphere! Cures have been wrought here, whilst other sufferers, falling a prey to the ravages of this disorder, are doomed to the anguish of disappointment:

Scar'd at thy presence, start the train of death,
 And hide their whips and scorpions—thee confused,
 Slow fever creeps from ; thee, the meager fiend
Consumption flies, and checks his rattling coughs !

Nor youth alone thy pow'r indulgent owns,
 Age shares thy blessings, and the tottering frame
 By thee supported !

In the chapel belonging to the Hotwells lie interred the remains of *Sir James Stonehouse, M. D.* the friend and physician of Doddridge and Hervey. He latterly entered the church, used to preach at All Saints, where I have heard him with pleasure ; and from his *Letters* published by the Rev. Mr. Steadman, of Shrewsbury, it appears that he discharged with fidelity the duties of the Christian ministry. The following inscription on his monument is from the pen of Miss Hannah More :—

Here rests awhile, in happier climes to shine,
 The orator, physician, and divine ;
 'Twas his, like LUKE, the double task to fill,
 To heal the nat'ral and the moral ill.
 You, whose awaken'd hearts his labours blest,
 Where ev'ry truth by ev'ry grace was drest ;
 Oh ! let your lives evince that still you feel
 Th' effective influence of his fervent zeal.
 One spirit rescued from eternal woe
 Were nobler fame than marble can bestow,—
 That lasting monument will mock decay,
 And stand triumphant at the final day !*

* It afforded me some gratification to find that my *Sketch of Denominations*, &c. should have met with this good man's approbation. He recommends it to his *Curate*, in these flattering terms : " It is a book which no clergyman should be without, being a kind of *Pocket Dictionary* by which you at once see the tenets of a Papist, Quaker, Sandemanian, &c. I did not know the tenets of many who call themselves Christians, till I got this useful book !" *Letters to the Rev. Thomas Steadman, A. M.*

Winding up the side of a steep hill, from which there is a tremendous declivity down to the bed of the river, and also a prospect of St. Vincent's rocks, you at last gain the summit, on which stands the charming village of *Clifton*. The numerous elegant buildings are chiefly inhabited by the company who frequent the wells. Here also, for the accommodation of beauty and fashion, the decorations of female dress may be obtained in perfection.

Durham Downs, in the vicinity of Bristol, are pleasant, and frequented by the citizens for the sake of an healthy excursion. Hence is a prospect of the distant hills of the Principality.

Before I quit Bristol I must mention *two* remarkable characters connected with it in the course of the last century.

Richard Savage, the poet and friend of Dr. Samuel Johnson, in his early years, lies buried in this city, close to the Mint, in the church-yard of St. Peter; his grave was pointed out to me, though no stone seems to have been erected to his memory. The incidents of his life are, perhaps, the most remarkable in the annals of biography.

Fixing my eyes on the spot where the remains of this singular man have long ago mingled with their kindred earth, serious ideas rushed across my mind. I recollected the lesson which Dr. Johnson has drawn from his history, and which, by *you*, my young friend, ought never to be forgotten. It closes the narrative:—"This relation

will not be wholly without its use, if those who languish under part of *his* sufferings shall be enabled to fortify their patience by reflecting that they feel only those afflictions from which the abilities of *Savage* did not exempt him ; or those, who in confidence of superior capacities or attainments, disregarded the *common maxims of life*, shall be reminded, that nothing will supply the want of prudence, and that negligence and irregularity, long continued, will make knowledge useless, wit ridiculous, and genius contemptible."

The other character is the unfortunate *Chatterton*. He was a native of this city, educated at Colston's school, and here lived with an attorney. He came to London, wrote for the booksellers, and at the end of a few months, being nearly starved, he, in a fit of despair, poisoned himself, at his lodgings in Brook-street, Holborn ! The door being burst open, he was found lying on the floor with the fatal phial beside him ; his features distorted, and his papers, which had been first torn to pieces, scattered over the room ! His talents were unquestionable, and his end to be lamented. He brought forward some beautiful ancient poems, said by him to be the production of one Rowley, a monk of the 15th century ; whilst others contended that they were of his own fabrication. The circumstance, soon after his death, occasioned a controversy between the first learned characters of the age ! It is extraordinary, that a lad of seventeen years

of age, bred at a charity-school, and confined in an attorney's office, should be able to produce such a quantity of various kinds of poetry, accompanied by such an air of antiquity! And yet Messrs. Southey and Cottle, in their late edition of the Pieces published by Chatterton, in three large octavo volumes, do not hesitate to entitle them the *Works of Chatterton*, so fully convinced are they of his fabrication; in this opinion, the public seems to have acquiesced.

When last at Bristol, I visited the room over Redcliff church where this extraordinary genius said he found the manuscripts, and saw *the now empty coffers* where these said manuscripts, were supposed to have lain undisturbed for centuries. Indeed it was a visit of mere curiosity, for there is nothing to be found there. I was afterwards shewn by Mr. Joseph Cottle, the poet, a *pocket book* belonging to this unfortunate young man, containing a few *memorandums*, put down not many months previous to his dissolution. Davies' *Life of Chatterton*, is amusing, but I could wish it free from some passages which are dictated by an acrimonious severity.

Dr. Vicesimus Knox has made the following address to the memory of *Chatterton*,—"Unfortunate boy! poorly wast thou accomodated during thy short sojourning amongst us; rudely wast thou treated—sorely did thy feeling soul suffer from the scorn of the unworthy; and there are, at last, those who wish to rob thee of thy only

meed, thy posthumous glory. Malice, if there was any, may surely now be at rest ; for, cold he lies in the grave below ! But where were ye, O ye friends to genius, when stung with disappointment, distressed for food and raiment, with every frightful form of human misery painted on his fine imagination, Chatterton sunk into despair ! Alas ! ye knew him not then—and now it is too late—

For now he is dead ;
Gone to his death bed,
All under the willow tree !

So sang the sweet youth, in as tender an energy as ever flowed from a feeling heart.”

Mrs. Robinson, also, the celebrated novelist, was a native of Bristol, but her *misfortunes* have been laid before the public, that here no account of her will be expected.

From Bristol I directed my course through the pleasant village of Keynsham to Bath, the distance being twelve miles ; and stages are to be obtained every hour of the day.

Just beyond Keynsham, across the river on the left, is the pleasant village of *Britton*, having an handsome church, with several monuments. The worthy rector for years past has been the *Rev. Charles Curtis* ; a brother of mine, has been for a considerable time his curate, and has opened a seminary in the village, in which he has succeeded beyond his expectation. Industry in a respectable calling, and perseverance

in a good work, seldom fail of their reward ! Whether we regard ourselves or society, we cannot be better employed than in directing the studies and improving the morals of the rising generation.

BATH is a delightful city, both on account of its buildings and its waters, which are celebrated throughout the world. It is said to have flourished even before the Romans visited this island, who afterwards called it the *Waters of the Sun*. It was rather neglected by the Saxons, by whom it was however denominated the *City of Valetudinarians*. The present abbey was built in 1137, and adjoining to it was a large monastery, but no other remains of it are now to be seen, except a gate-house, which the chapter used to let out in lodgings. In 1637, when James the Second had abolished the penal laws against popery, he visited the West of England, accompanied by his queen, and they lodged some weeks in the gate-house. It was also during their stay at Bath, the Queen first declared herself pregnant with that child, afterwards called the *Pretender*, whose pretensions to the crown of England occasioned the ruin of many families. The circus, crescents, and other buildings in Bath, are to be admired on account of their uniformity. The city is, likewise, encircled with hills in the form of an amphitheatre ; and the houses reach nearly to the top of some of them. The air is remarkable for its salubrity. To use the words of the ingenious Mrs. Chandler :—

Blest source of health ! seated on rising ground,
With friendly hills by nature guarded round ;
From eastern blasts, and sultry south secure,
The air's balsamic, and the soil is pure !

The number of hot-baths are five :—the King's bath, the Queen's bath, the Cross bath, the Hot bath, and the Leper's bath. There is also one Cold bath. The manner in which these waters are said to have been found out is too fabulous for belief. Prince Bladud, son of the eighth king of the Britons, from Brute, had a leprosy, which occasioned his running away from court, and, by way of disguise, engaged himself as a feeder of swine ; he gave *them* also the disorder with which he was afflicted. The swine disappeared, he went in search of them, and after some time found them dabbling in these waters perfectly cured ; he instantly stripped, plunged in along with them, and partook of the recovery. Such is the story on record, and poor Bladud has his bust over one of the baths ; where, had he the power of speech, he would, no doubt, expatiate on their efficacy ! But whoever first discovered these waters, they have proved beneficial to the human frame in a variety of cases ; many a valetudinarian has thrown away his crutch and leaped for joy !

The Pump Room, where the water is drank, is of some extent, and on the pump are these lines, by Christopher Ansty, Esq. alluding to the subscriptions for the poor :—

O ! pause awhile, whoe'er thou art,
 That drinks this healing stream,
 If e'er compassion o'er thy heart
 Diffus'd its heavenly beam.

Think on the wretch whose distant lot
 This friendly aid supplies ;
 Think how in some poor lonely cot
 He unregarded lies !

Hither the helpless stranger bring,
 Relieve his heart-felt woe,
 And let thy bounty, like this spring,
 In genial currents flow.

So may thy years, from grief and pain,
 And pining want be free ;
 And thou from heav'n that mercy gain
 The poor receive from thee !

It has a gallery for a band of music at one end, and, at the other end, in a niche, stands the full length statue of Richard Nash, Esq. commonly called *Beau Nash*, who was Master of the Ceremonies many years in this city. To him are the citizens indebted for having restored the place by his activity, and his wise regulations, to prosperity. He is represented as when living, with his waistcoat opened almost to the bottom, and a *white hat* under his arm. He died here at an advanced age in the year 1761, and his death was regretted by the inhabitants. With all his foibles, he was charitable, and exerted himself with zeal in the establishment of the Infirmary, a circumstance honourable to his memory. An anecdote is told of him too singular to be omitted. When he brought in his account to some gentlemen, among other articles he charged—*For*

making one man happy, 10l! Being questioned about the meaning of so strange an item, he declared, that happening to overhear a poor man declare to his wife, and a large family of children, that 10*l.* would make him happy, he could not avoid trying the experiment. He added, that if they did not chuse to acquiesce in the charge, he was ready to refund the money. The gentlemen, struck with such an instance of good-nature, thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled, as a proof of their satisfaction.

Bath, besides its Cathedral, which has many fine monuments, contains several parish churches, and also meeting-houses for the methodists and dissenters. Here is also a theatre; and Sidney Gardens, laid out, with delightful walks, are not far from the city.

Lansdown, in the vicinity of Bath, is rendered memorable by a battle in the civil wars of Charles the First, where the King's forces defeated those of the Parliament, July 5, 1643; but the victors sustained a loss by the death of the brave Sir Bevil Grenville. A monument is erected here by George Lord Lansdown, in commemoration of the above victory. The inscription stands thus :—

To the immortal memory of his renowned grandfather,
and valiant Cornish friends,
who conquered,
Dying in the royal cause, July 5, 1643.

This column was dedicated

By the Hon. GEORGE GRENVILLE, Lord Lansdown, 1720,~

Dulce est pro patriâ Mori.

This monument I visited, but it is sadly out of repair. The spot is delightful, affording a view of the city of Bristol, and even of the mountains of the Principality.

Lord Clarendon remarks, that "in this battle, on the King's part, were more officers and gentlemen of quality slain than private men; but that which would have clouded any victory, and made the loss of others less spoken of, was the death of Sir Bevil Grenville. He was, indeed, an excellent person, whose activity, interest, and reputation, were the foundation of what had been done in Cornwall; and his temper and affection so pacific, that no accident which happened could make any impression on him; and his example kept others from taking any thing ill, or at least seeming to do so: in a word, a brighter courage, and gentler disposition, were never married together, to make the most innocent and cheerful conversation."

From some parts of Bath is seen *Prior Park*, where Ralph Allen, Esq. resided for many years. He was, originally, in the lower ranks of life, but by the establishment of the cross-posts raised himself to opulence. POPE often visited at Prior Park, and here he introduced Warburton, who afterwards married Mr. Allen's niece, which eventually elevated him to the bishopric of Gloucester. Allen was partial to the

literati, and treated his friends with hospitality. The gardens adjoining the mansion are spread out on the declivity of the hill. In one of the walks the water seems as if gushing out from a rock, and near it is a statue of Moses, with a staff in his hand. He appears in an attitude expressive of the admiration he must have felt after having struck the rock and seen the water flowing from it !

Since writing the above, I have visited *Prior-Park*, a large mass of buildings, situated on an eminence, and encircled by beautiful gardens. I saw it in a state of desertion. Of the house-keeper I asked several questions, many of which she could not answer, modestly saying, it was not her *sphere* ! She however referred me to an old woman below, who occupied the entrance into the grounds, and from *her* indeed I learnt many curious particulars. *Pope* she well remembered small and diminutive, *Warburton* gigantic and proud, whom she termed *my Lord*, *Allen* mild and conciliating, always intent on the happiness of those around him. These I consider as characteristic traits. This poor old woman was the humble “historian of the plain,” and I was gratified with her unassuming modesty. Few mansions have enjoyed more of human prosperity, but it is gone down, and report says, for want of a proper title, it will soon be laid level with the dust ! Thus the mansions of the great, like human life itself, *appear for a little time* and then *vanish away* !

The Rev. Dr. James Fordyce, author of *Sermons to Young Women*; and also to *Young Men**; together with some admirable *Addresses to the Deity*, closed his active and useful life in this city, 1796, where he lies buried. He was altogether an extraordinary man, notwithstanding the exceptions of Mrs. Woolstonecraft to part of his writings. The Rev. Dr. Lindsay, in his Funeral Sermon, has done justice to his character and memory.

As to Dr. Fordyce I have often been surprised that his works have not been published, with a *Life of its Author*. No man is better fitted for it than the Rev. Dr. Lindsay, who I hope will speedily undertake it. His productions, making allowance for the style which is acceptable to young people, are calculated to make an impression on the rising generation.

Before I took my leave of Bath, being beneath the hospitable roof of my friend Mr. T——r, I had the pleasure of being introduced, by a gentleman of his acquaintance, to the Rev. Mr. Warner, the pedestrian tourist *through Wales and various parts of England*. He is a pleasing writer, and his *History of Bath* is creditable to his ingenuity and industry. His *Sermons* also, are not only well written, but they breathe the spirit of Christianity. Indeed he embraces every oc-

* There is a very neat edition of these Sermons, printed in a convenient portable size, published lately, price 7s. or separate 3s. 6d. each, which I would recommend to the attention of my young friends.

casion to promote those deeds of charity, which promote essentially the happiness and comfort of the inferior classes of mankind. Such a conduct is worthy of the Christian Pastor, and congenial to the spirit of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

I am, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.



LETTER IX.

FINE EVENING ; CALNE ; COUNCIL ; MARLBOROUGH ; THE
DOWNS ; CURIOUS EFFECTS OF A FOG ; NEWBURY ; DEATH
OF LORD FALKLAND ; READING ; CAT'S-GROVE HILL ;
MAIDENHEAD ; VICAR OF BRAY ; WINDSOR ; ITS CASTLE
AND TERRACE ; PORTRAIT OF OUR SAVIOUR ; ETON ; ITS
SCHOOL ; GRAY THE POET ; HERSCHEL ; BEACONSFIELD ;
EDMUND BURKE ; WAILER ; ST. GILES CHALFONT ; MIL-
TON ; UXBRIDGE ; HARROW ON THE HILL ; PADDINGTON ;
TYBURN ; ISLINGTON.

DEAR SIR,

LEAVING Bath in the afternoon, the evening came on so gently, characterised by its stillness, that I amused myself by fixing my eye on the firmament, till it was in a glow from one end to the other with the brightest of the constellations ! Orion with his belt shone with its usual splendor. How magnificent are the works of nature ! How worthy of our serious contemplation !

When the bright orb of ruddy eve is sunk,
And the slow day-beam takes its last farewell,
Retiring leisurely—how sweet to mark
The watery scintillation of the star
That first dares penetrate its flimsy skirt,
And, as the subtle medium steals away,

Refin'd to nothing, brighter and brighter glows !
 How cheerful to behold the host of night
 Encourag'd by example, fast revive—
 And splendid constellations, long extinct,
 In quick succession kindle !

HURDIS.

We passed through *Calne*, *Marlborough*, and *Newbury*, to *Reading*, but each of these places must receive a description.

Calne is a town of antiquity, and sends two members to parliament. It has near 3000 inhabitants, and manufactories of broad cloth, serges, &c. In the year 977, a grand council was held here, relating to the celibacy of the clergy ; a subject which had excited, between the monks and the priests, a violent controversy. In the midst of the dispute the floor of the chamber gave way, by which accident many were killed ! Dunstan, who presided and espoused the cause of the monks, was the only person who escaped unhurt. This omen was, of course, construed in favour of celibacy. It is said, indeed, that so *sagacious* an indication on behalf of the monks, terminated the controversy.

In the vicinity of *Calne* the Marquis of Landsdown has a seat, where Dr. Priestly presided for seven years, in the capacity of librarian to his late lordship, and during which period he made several of those discoveries in natural philosophy which have rendered his name famous throughout the world.

Marlborough is a large town, consisting of one broad street. The shops being supported

in front by columns, forming piazzas, make a singular appearance. It is governed by a mayor, twelve aldermen, &c. Anciently the freemen, on their admission, presented the mayor two grey-hounds, two white capons, and a white bull, to which the arms of the corporation bear an allusion. Here is little trade and few manufactories; but its market is supplied with corn and cheese of an excellent quality. In 1689, Lord John Churchill was advanced, by King William, to the dignity of Earl of Marlborough, and by Queen Anne, to that of Duke of Marlborough: this was the warrior for whom Blenheim-house, near Oxford, was built by government; thus rewarding the services which he had performed to his country.

The *Marlborough Downs* stretch themselves for many a mile, (not unlike to Salisbury-Plain,) remarkable only for their extent and dreariness.—The solitary shepherd is seen here and there watching his beloved flock, while mounds of earth tell the tale of former times, where the warrior reclines, dead to the rage of contest, and insensible to the shout of victory! It is melancholy to reflect, that in traversing this island, so many spots should be celebrated for their battles in the page of history. In one of *Speed's* maps of England these parts are marked by the representation of the *embattled hosts*; an impressive illustration of the history of our country:

In Britain where the hills and fertile plains,
Like her historic page, are overspread

With vestiges of war—the shepherd boy
Climbs the green hillock to survey his flock,
Then sweetly sleeps upon his favourite hill,
Not conscious that his bed's a warrior's tomb !

N. BLOOMFIELD.

Newbury, the next town we came to, is large and populous ; it rose out of the ruins of the village of Speen ; hence part of it still has the name of *Speenham Land*. It was once noticed for its woollen manufactory, which is now removed to the western parts of the kingdom. This town was the scene of two battles, fought in the civil wars of Charles the First, at no great distance of time from each other. Here perished the virtuous and accomplished *Falkland*, whose loss was a serious injury to the royal cause. He had done every thing in his power to prevent hostilities between the King and the Parliament. Even after the rupture we are told, that when there was an overture of peace, he was very solicitous to promote it ; and sitting among his friends, he often, after a deep silence and frequent sighing, would, with a shrill and sad accent, repeat the word *peace ! peace !* passionately professing, that the agony of war, and the view of the calamities the nation did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would break his heart ! On the morning of the battle he seems to have had a presentiment of his death ; for calling for a *clean shirt*, and being asked the reason of it, he replied, “ that if he was slain in the battle, they should not find his

body in foul linen." And being dissuaded also by his friends from going into the fight, as he was no military officer, he said, "He was weary of the times, foresaw much misery to his own country, and did believe he should be out of it before night!" He fell in the thirty-fourth year of his age; having, says his biographer, "so much dispatched the true business of life, that the *eldest* rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the *youngest* enter not into the world with more innocency."

Reading was in repute under the Saxon kings, and is, at present, a place of extent and population. The streets are wide, and the houses handsome. The river Kennet runs through it in five separate streams, and fall into the Thames about a mile below it. The country by which it is surrounded is diversified by gentlemen's seats, woody hills, and land in high cultivation. The town is divided into three parishes, each having its church; there are, likewise, meeting-houses for the dissenters, and one for the quakers. Malt is its article of trade, and is chiefly sent to London. The town was besieged in the time of Charles the First, by the parliament, to whom, at last, the royal garrison yielded, marching out with the honours of war! Reading abbey was long an ornament to the town; parliaments have been held in it, and in the reign of Henry the VIIIth, some laws were enacted beneath its roof.

The gate-house is still a picturesque ruin, its walls have run to decay ever since its dissolution.

Reading gave birth to *Archbishop Laud*, who, though a patron of learning, was a bigot ; his exultation in the sufferings of the Puritans, through means of the star-chamber, cannot easily be reconciled with religion or humanity.

Some say that the patriotic *Judge Holt* was a native of this town ; he flourished during the reign of King William, and was distinguished for his distribution of justice. His uprightness in his judicial capacity is panegyrised under the noble character of *Verus the Magistrate*, in the fourteenth number of the *Tatler*, which cannot be read without admiration.

Dr. Richard Valpy who lives here, and presides over *Reading School*, is well known for his classical productions. The theological pieces, particularly his Sermons, which have proceeded from his pen, also are marked by the liberal and manly spirit of christianity. This gentleman has published the *Poems* which have been spoken on different occasions at *Reading School*, and they are highly creditable to his seminary. His own introductory poem, entitled the *Progress of Science*, has some beautiful lines in it ; the *Address to Science*, with which it closes, is admirable :—

O bid ambition cease to lust for pow'r,
 Bid frowning vengeance thirst for blood no more !
 Bid hostile rage, and civil discord cease,
 Restore the blessings and the arts of peace !
 So while along the stream of life mankind
 Through doubtful ways their various course shalt wind,
 Like a fair flow'r thou on the banks shalt blow,
 Dispensing fragrance on the wave below !

His *Poetical Chronology*, combining the principal facts, is a most useful book for schools, and I have used it for years past with considerable advantage in my own seminary.

At a little distance from Reading, to the west, is a rising ground, called *Cat's-Grove Hill*, which is composed of oyster-shells, on a bed of green sand, with a chalky bottom! When these oysters are taken out of the heap, they are said to have the appearance of reality, the opposite valves being closed, and possessing the usual form. Indeed some have insinuated that when opened the animal appears perfect, and the shell not in the least petrified, though, upon being exposed to the air, it crumbles into atoms! This phænomenon has been deemed a vestige of the universal deluge: the hill is forty miles from any part of the ocean.

Maidenhead, a middling town, was the next place at which we arrived; it has some good inns, being a thoroughfare to the metropolis. Near it stands the village of *Bray*, famous for the incumbent belonging to its church in the sixteenth century. The story is thus related—At the time Henry the Eighth shook off the papal supremacy, the *Vicar of Bray* preached in favour of the church of Rome. In the reign of Edward the Sixth, when Protestantism was established by act of parliament, the vicar renounced his former principles, and became a strenuous advocate for the Reformation. On the accession of Queen Mary, he again vindicated the church

of Rome, and became a zealous Papist, inveighing with acrimony against all those who abhorred the Romish religion. He enjoyed his benefice till the reformed religion was established in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, when he once more changed with the times, and enjoyed his vicarage till his death ! Hence his conduct gave rise to a proverbial expression that has been ever since preserved ; that when any *time-serving* person complies for the sake of emolument, he is compared to the VICAR of BRAY ! Such characters reflect no honour on human nature ; but, alas ! they are not unfrequent among mankind ;

Religion thus removed, the sacred yoke
And bond of all society is broke ;
For what would man have left on earth to fear,
If none above did witness what they swear !

WALLER.

After leaving Maidenhead, on the right, the stately towers of *Windsor* rise to view, the residence of his present Majesty. The town itself has little to attract notice ; but the castle has been occasionally, for 700 years past, the abode of the kings of England ! It was built by William the Conqueror, and is situated on a hill, whence there is a delightful prospect ; the Thames, and its meadows, together with the fields and forest, all conspiring to fill the mind of the beholder with admiration ! From the summit of the round tower can be seen the following counties :—Middlesex, Essex, Hertford, Bucks,

Oxford, Wilts, Surry, Sussex, and Bedford. St. George's Hall is reckoned the grandest in Europe, and is embellished with elegant paintings. The chapel of St. George is a piece of Gothic architecture, and, perhaps, the best finished in the world. It was built by Edward III. in honour of his new order of the garter, and dedicated to St. George, the titular guardian of England. The houses of the *Poor Knights of Windsor* are called the Royal Foundation. The intention of Edward III. was only to provide for such as were weak in body and in low circumstances, not having a sufficiency to live as became a military profession. When the King is here, the flag waves from the Round Tower; and on the terrace his Majesty and his numerous family often walk, and converse with familiarity. Long may this august group continue to enjoy these recreations!

I could not help remarking, that in surveying this palace, and also those gentlemen's seats which are decorated with paintings, our SAVIOUR's portrait generally presents itself to view! and that between *most* of them, though executed by different hands, there may be observed a similarity. How far they may be pronounced representations of the original, it is impossible to say, nor can I ascertain whence the artist derives his ideas on the subject. I indeed lately met with the following passage in an old author of the last century, which deserves transcription:—" *Len-tilus*, the pro-consul, in that epistle written to the Roman senate, which goes under his name, who

residing at Jerusalem at the time of the death of our Saviour, gives this description of him. At that time there was one JESUS, who was called of the nations the *Prophet of Truth*.—A man goodly to behold, having a revered countenance, his stature somewhat tall, his hair after the colour of the ripe hazel-nut, from his ears somewhat crisped, parting itself in the midst of his head, and waving with the wind, after the manner of the Nazarites; his face without wrinkle, mixed with moderate red; his beard somewhat copious, tender, and divided at the chin; his eyes grey, various, and clear. He was in rebuke severe, in instruction wonderful—cheerful with gravity. He sometimes wept, but was never seen to laugh; in talk full of understanding, sparing and modest.” Such is the description given by Mr. Thomas Grantham, in his book entitled the *Ancient Christian Religion*. But it is to be regretted, that this author does not inform us where this epistle is to be found, and whether we may rely on its authenticity. Dr. Lardner is silent on the subject. Certain it is, however, that the usual portraits of our blessed Saviour exhibit features expressive of solemn thought, in conjunction with consummate meekness and humanity!

In approaching Windsor, you perceive, to the right, the town of *Eton*, whose college or school is not exceeded by any in the kingdom. It was founded and endowed by Henry VI. in the year 1441, as a nursery for King’s College, Cam-

bridge, and it has produced some of the greatest men that ever did honour to their country. Here *Gray*, the poet, was educated, and those lines from his *Ode to Eton College* suggested themselves to my mind :

Ye distant spires ! ye antique tow'rs !
 That crown the watery glade,
 Where grateful science still adores
 Her HENRY'S holy shade ;
 And ye, that from the stately brow
 Of WINDSOR'S heights, th' expanse below,
 Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey ;
 Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among,
 Wanders the hoary THAMES along,
 His silver-winding way !
 Ah ! hapless hills—ah ! pleasing shade,
 Ah ! fields belov'd in vain ;
 Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
 A stranger yet to pain !
 I feel the gales that from ye blow,
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing
 My weary soul they seem to sooth,
 And, redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe—a second spring !

From Eton the spire of *Stoke* is discernible at the distance of about four miles. “ This place, (says the author of *Picturesque Views* on the river Thames,) is not unworthy notice, from having been the residence of Gray, the poet, where, in the mansion-house of Lady Cobham, it is well authenticated, he wrote his beautiful Elegy in a Country Church-yard. But, alas ! poor Gray meets the fate that is often attendant on men of extraordinary talents, and though he lies buried

here, not even the day of his exit is recorded on the grave-stone which covers the family vault in this church-yard." He, however, died July 1771, suddenly of the gout, at Cambridge. The Rev. Mr. Mason, by the edition of his *Poems with Memoirs*, in 1775, paid a token of respect to his memory.

Re-crossing the Thames, and returning to the London road, you observe, to the left, the TELESCOPE of HERSCHEL, with its large and magnificent apparatus. It stands in the open air, elevated, and is encircled with a complicated scaffolding, by which its steadiness is secured. The concave face of its speculum is *forty-eight inches* of polished surface in a diameter, and weighs near *two thousand one hundred and eighteen pounds!* With proper eye-glasses it magnifies above *six thousand times*, and is the largest instrument, and has the greatest magnifying power of any that has been made. By its aid Dr. Herschel has been able to observe the lightning in the atmosphere of the moon, and has found out celestial bodies, unknown to preceding astronomers. The whole was finished on August the 28th, 1789, on which day the *sixth* satellite of Saturn was discovered. The observer, suspended at the end of the instrument, with his back towards the object he views, looks down the tube, and sees the image reflected from the mirror; whilst a man below turns round the instrument to accord with the apparent rotatory motion of the heavens, thus preserving the image of the object on the mirror

with stability ! I have mentioned, my young friend, these particulars respecting this TELESCOPE, because to *you* they will be acceptable. In the course of your studies you have shewn a predilection for astronomical investigation, and have expressed your pleasure in contemplating both the planets and fixed stars, which are scattered through the immensity of creation ! Such researches give an expansion to the mind, and raise within us profound conceptions of the Deity.

On my way to town I rested for a few hours very agreeably beneath the roof of a respected friend, since deceased, near Hounslow, who, together with his lady and numerous family, were here secluded from the noise and bustle of the adjacent metropolis !

'Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjur'd ear.

COWPER.

His three sons, amiable young men, are artists of considerable taste, and their merit will secure to them the patronage of the more enlightened portion of the fashionable world.

Crossing the country from hence to *Beaconsfield*, was pleased with the appearance of nature, though nothing occurred which attracted my attention. BEACONSFIELD is a small town, with

a neat church, and several houses of respectability. In its vicinity is the seat of the late Edmund Burke, Esq. an extraordinary character, considered either in a literary or political point of view. He was a man of exquisite genius, and his writings abound with the finest specimens of oratory. His work on the *Beautiful and Sublime*, thought indeed to be more ingenious than solid, must be pronounced a very entertaining piece of composition. Of his political productions readers will judge differently, according to the parties which they have joined; but even those who lament the complection of his later writings, confess that his mind displayed to the last, marks of a vigorous imagination, and of an unimpoverished fertility! He died at Beaconsfield, July 1797, as they were carrying him from his chair to his bed. It was supposed that the death of a favourite son accelerated his dissolution. But a few months before his disease he writes concerning this event in language indicative of that grief which he felt on the occasion;—"The storm, (says he,) has gone over me, and I lie like one of those old oaks which the late hurricane has scattered about me. I am stripped of all my honours! I am torn up by the roots, and lie prostrated on the earth!" Gazing upon the spot where he lies interred, and impressed with the silence which reigned around, these lines occurred to me :—

Great man of LANGUAGE! whence this mighty change—
This dumb despair and drooping of the head?

Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
 And sly insinuation's softer arts,
 In ambush lay upon thy flowing tongue—
 Alas, how fallen ! Thick mists and silence
 Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast.

GRAVE.

A neat monument, with a plain inscription, is erected to his memory.

In the church-yard is to be seen, encircled with iron rails, the tomb of *Waller*, the poet, and also the politician, whose versatile history at once amuses and instructs posterity. He died at Beaconsfield of a dropsy, October 1687. The preface to his poems says, that "he was the parent of English verse, and the first who shewed us our tongue had beauty and numbers in it. Our language owes more to him than the French does to Cardinal Richlieu and the whole academy. The tongue came into his hands like a rough diamond ; he polished it first, and to that degree, that all artists, since him have admired the workmanship, without pretending to mend it." Akenside gives a characteristic description of Waller's poetry, which will be recognised by all who are familiar with his writings :—

————— Waller longs
 All on the margin of some flow'ry stream
 To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
 Of plantane shades, and to the list'ning deer
 The tale of slighted vows, and love's disdain,
 Resound soft warbling all the live-long day ;
 Consenting zephyr sighs, the weeping rill
 Joins in his plaint melodious—mute the groves ;
 And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn !

In passing through the retired village of St. Giles Chalfont, I could not help visiting the house whither the GREAT MILTON retired from the plague, then raging in the metropolis. The Rev. Mr. P. accompanied me to the house, which is small, and is at present in a ruinous condition. It is inhabited by a poor family, who shewed me a closet which they called Milton's study; where he, probably, wrote *Paradise Regained*! Elwood, the quaker, suggested the idea of such a work just before he came to Chalfont, and the poet presented him with it on his return to London. Over the entrance of the house *arms* are affixed; from this circumstance, and some others mentioned to me, it is believed that it was, at the time of Milton's residence, one of the neatest houses in the village. Elwood indeed calls it a *pretty box*; and even now it has the appearance of having once possessed respectability.* In the church lie the remains of two public characters, *Dr. Hare*, bishop of Chichester, whose pamphlet on *Studying the Scriptures* reflects honour on his memory; and *Sir Hugh Palliser*, whose squabble with Admiral Keppel adds no lustre to the page of British history.

We next reached *Uxbridge*, a town full of inns, being the first post-stage from London to Oxford. It is situated on the river Colne, and well in-

* See also the *Life of Milton*, prefixed to my Edition of the *Paradise Lost*, accompanied by an abridgement of Bishop Newton's Notes, with Engravings and Illustrations, for the improvement of the rising generation.

habited. Here Charles the First entered into a treaty with a Committee of the Parliament, 1644, known by the name of the *Uxbridge Treaty*. In the vicinity of the town are the remains of a camp supposed to have been raised by the Britons when the Romans invaded this island.

Harrow on the Hill is seen on the left of the road to London. The spire of the church excites notice from almost every part of the country. Its school has been celebrated, having sent forth excellent scholars; and among the rest *Sir William Jones*, who is the ornament and glory of our country. At this place it was (according to Lord Teignmouth) that "he invented a political play, in which Dr. William Bennet, Bishop of Cloyne, and the celebrated Dr. Parr were his principal associates. They divided the fields in the neighbourhood of Harrow according to a map of Greece, into states and kingdoms; each fixed upon one as his dominions, and assumed an ancient name. Some of their school-fellows consented to be styled *barbarians*, who were to invade their territories and attack their hillocks, which were denominated fortresses. The chiefs vigorously defended their respective domains against the incursions of the enemy: and in these imitative wars the young statesmen held councils, made vehement harangues, and composed memorials; all, doubtless, were boyish, but calculated to fill their minds with ideas of legislation and civil government."

The large village of *Peddington*, distinguished

by so many new buildings, announces our approach to the metropolis. The canal, lately opened between this place and Uxbridge, will be found to have many advantages. Its passage-boat fully laden, excites a smile ; the representation of it, in a late Exhibition, reminded me of Noah's ark, within whose sides were stowed animals of every description !

Passing through *Tyburn Turnpike*, near which hundreds have been immolated to the avenging justice of their country, we entered Oxford-street, and soon arrived at the place of our destination.

Upon reaching *Islington*, after so circuitous a journey, it was impossible for me not to feel grateful for the preservation which I had experienced in my six weeks' absence from my family. Nor could I help experiencing an attachment to my country, where the beauties arising from nature and art had, for some time past, met my eye in constant succession.

Britain possesses an unbounded variety of surface ; land and water conspire to embellish the scene. A more beautiful spot, taken altogether, cannot be found throughout the world.

This *Excursion* was performed in the closing year of the last century. Thus are we rapidly borne along to the termination of our mortal career ! Under the sensations, however, which the lapse of time excites, how pleasing the reflection, that the progress of events involves the

melioration of our species ; how animating is the prospect of that period, when, agreeable to the word of ancient prophecy, happiness shall embrace the creation of God !

Hail, RADIANT AGES ! hail, and haste along ;
To *reasoning* Man your splendid years belong ;
Unclose your leaves of true unfaded gold,
That hidden lie in Fate's rich volume roll'd !
Not fancy—FAITH the muse this vision gave ;
Of *real* scenes her sober raptures rave ;
Prophetic fury, what she sings inspires,
TRUTH's living coal hath lent her lips its fires ;
Of MORAL SCIENCE, lamp to love and peace,
The lucid crescent shines, whose bright increase
Shall lose its horns in plenitude of light,
And reach a GLORIOUS FULL that ne'er shall wane to night !

FAWCETT.

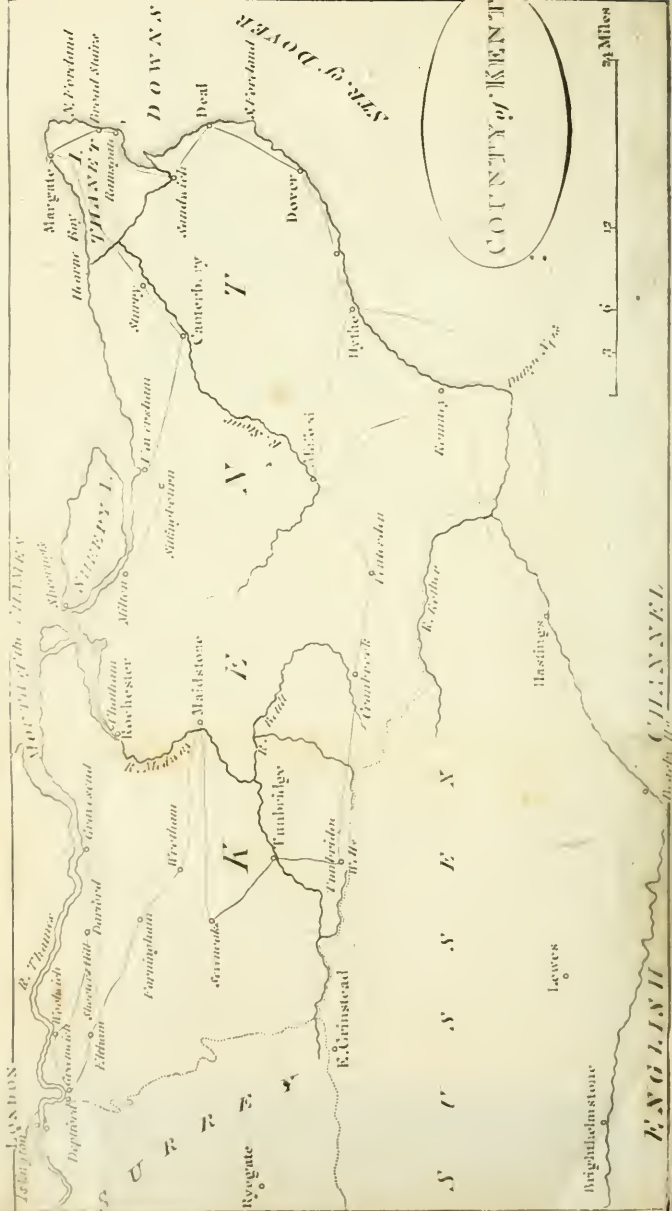
I am, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

LONDON

NOTES of the

TRAMWAY



24 Miles

12

6

3

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9

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27

30

AN EXCURSION
THROUGH
THE COUNTY OF KENT.

LETTER I.

INTRODUCTION; ORIGIN OF THE NAME OF KENT; DEPTFORD GREENLAND DOCK; TRINITY HOUSE; DR. GALE; GREENWICH; THE HOSPITAL; FLAMSTEAD HOUSE; BLACKHEATH; WOOLWICH; ROYAL ACADEMY; THE CONVICTS; LEE CHURCH; MANSION OF SIR GREGORY PAGE; DERMODY; PROSPECT FROM SHUTER'S HILL; LADY JAMES'S FOLLY; TELEGRAPH; ORIGIN OF THE NAME SHOOTER'S HILL; HISTORY OF THE BOW; BY ITS USE, BRITAIN ONCE DISTINGUISHED.

MY WORTHY YOUNG FRIEND,

THE amusement which you profess to have received from the perusal of my former Tours through England and Wales, encourages me to address you on the present occasion. It will afford me pleasure to know that this sketch of a neighbouring county is equally acceptable to you; topics of entertainment and instruction offer themselves to our attention, and it becomes us to appropriate every incident to our improvement. I pretend not to detail what has escaped the notice of other travellers; but it shall be my province to collect interesting particulars, which, aided by my own observations, may gratify curiosity.

The celebrated Julius Cæsar, in his Commentaries, makes mention of KENT, it being the theatre of his renowned actions in Britain. He be-

stows on it the name of *Cantium*, so that the revolution of eighteen hundred years has produced no other change than the giving it a more English sound. Camden thinks, with probability, that Kent is so called from Britain here extending into a *large corner* eastward, and might therefore be derived from the word *Canton* or *Cant*, which signifies a corner. In this sense the term is still used in the science of heraldry. The length of this county, from east to west, is sixty-three miles, its average breadth thirty-five miles ; its circumference includes nearly one hundred and seventy miles. Yorkshire, Devonshire, Lincolnshire, Hampshire, and Northumberland, are the only larger counties in Great Britain. Nor must we forget that this county is proverbial for its fertility ;

O famous KENT !
 What county hath this isle that can compare with thee ?
 That hath within thyself as much as thou canst wish ;
 Nor any thing doth want that any where is good.

DRAYTON.

Leaving London for Canterbury, we passed through the Borough, and soon reached *Deptford*. This is the first place we met with on the road, and is entitled to attention. Standing on the river Ravensbourne, it is supposed at this part to have had a *deep ford*, which would have easily passed into its present name of Deptford. It first began to assume an importance in the reign of Henry VIII. who erected a store-house

here for the royal navy. In the dock-yard belonging to government, about 1000 men are employed. Near this spot is the house where Peter the Great, Czar of Muscovy, lived, here he learnt the art of ship-building which he carried with him to Russia, and by the cultivation of which, the prosperity of that vast empire was advanced :—

Immortal Peter ! first of monarchs he,
Who greatly spurn'd the slothful pomp of courts,
And roaming ev'ry land, in every port,
His sceptre laid aside—with glorious hand
Unweary'd plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the seeds of trade, of useful arts,
Of civil wisdom, and of martial skill.

THOMSON.

Nor was it far from hence that the remains of the *Pelican* were deposited, in which Sir Francis Drake circumnavigated the globe. Out of its relics a chair was made and presented to the university of Oxford. This circumstance gave rise to these lines of Cowley :—

To this great ship which round the world has ran,
And match'd in race the chariot of the sun !
This Pythagorean ship (for it may claim
Without presumption so deserv'd a name)
By knowledge once and transformation now
In her new shape this sacred port allow.
Drake and his ship could not have wish'd from fate
An happier station or more bless'd estate,
For lo ! a seat of endless rest is given
To her in Oxford—and to him in heaven !

Besides the royal dock-yard, are extensive yards in the vicinity of Deptford, particularly

those of Messrs. Samuel & Daniel Brents, at Greenland dock, well known to the mercantile world. In Greenland dock, ships laden with blubber, find a retreat, and the oil extracted here is considerable. However useful this may be to mankind, the process of its operation is offensive, for it is impossible to say one word on its fragraney.

The Trinity-house at Deptford is a society of utility. It was incorporated by Henry VIII. and its privileges in successive reigns have received enlargement. Its province is to take cognizance of sea-marks and erect light-houses, cleanse the Thames, grant licences to poor seamen not free of the city to row on the river, examine the mathematical children at Christ's hospital, appoint pilots, and assist in other matters connected with the maritime departments of the country. This corporation is governed by a master, four wardens, eight assistants, and eighteen elder brethren. The Duke of Marlborough, Earl Howe, and Lord Bridport, are among the honorary members. Every year this company relieves about 2000 poor seamen, widows, and orphans. On Trinity Monday they have a procession from their house on Tower-hill to the hall at Deptford, when they choose a master for the ensuing year. Such an institution must prove of essential service to society.

Formerly Deptford had only one church, that of St. Nicholas, a saint whom our Saxon forefathers thought propitious to mariners, merchants,

and fishermen. In the year 1730, the new church of St. Paul's was consecrated, one edifice being found insufficient to contain the inhabitants of this district. It is an elegant structure, and the ground adjoining to it is filled with head-stones, those affectionate memorials of mortality ! Close to it stands an old General-baptist place of worship, which has been repaired at a considerable expence by some worthy individuals belonging to it. It is encircled by a burying-ground, where lie the remains of persons of respectability. It contains a neat tomb belonging to the family of T. Hollis, Esq. a name well known in the literary world. This religious society, has the honour of producing the Rev. Dr. John Gale. He contended ably for baptism by immersion administered to adults alone, against Dr. Wall, a learned minister of the church of England. Notwithstanding these differences of opinion, he was in habits of intimacy with several prelates, and with persons of high stations in society. In the year 1721, and in the 41st of his age, he was suddenly carried off by a fever. His memory will be revered for the solidity of his talents, the soundness of his learning, and the extent of his liberality. There is also at Deptford a neat independent meeting, and other places of worship for the dissenters.

A little below Deptford stands GREENWICH, formerly distinguished for its royal palace, and now known for its hospital throughout the world. In the reign of Henry V. it was a fishing-town.

At present it covers a considerable portion of ground, and boasts of a large population. It contains one church of an elegant appearance, built in the course of the last century. In the old palace bloody Mary and prosperous Elizabeth were born ; and here the pious Edward VI. breathed his last, to the regret of true protestants. When the royal family resided on this spot, the opposite peninsula, now called the Isle of Dogs, took its name from the circumstance that the animals were kept there, with which they took the diversion of hunting.—The *West-India Docks*, now formed on this piece of ground, shews the enterprising spirit of the mercantile world.

But the hospital for decayed seamen, at Greenwich, is a noble institution. It raises its majestic front close to the river, and to the passing voyager exhibits traits of sublimity. Charles II. began the superb structure, and George the II^d. finished it. Its chapel is elegant : on the sides are galleries for the officers and their families, whilst beneath are seats for the pensioners, nurses, and boys. Above the altar is a representation of the Shipwreck of Paul, by West, who has exercised his pencil with success on scriptural subjects. The hall is decorated by some fine paintings, undertaken by Sir James Thornhill in 1708, but not finished till about twenty years after this period. Portraits of the royal founders meet the eye, though the Four Seasons are the best calculated to produce an impression. The old man shivering with cold and stretching out

his hands towards a scanty pittance of fire, is admirably delineated. I recollect the sensations with which it inspired me: for the moment I felt that chillness which the dreariness of winter occasions, when

“It reigns tremendous o’er the conquer’d year!”

Nor must we forget to mention a series of small pictures in the anti-chamber to the council-room: they represent the loss of the *Luxembourg* galley, commanded by Captain William Kellaway, burnt on her passage in 1727, from Jamaica to London, together with the distresses of part of her crew who escaped in the long boat, and were at sea twelve days without any victuals, or a single drop of liquor: twenty-three were in this boat—six only survived! Mr. William Boys, one of the six, who was afterwards lieutenant-governor of this hospital, had on his *Arms* this expressive motto, alluding to the melancholy business, &c.—*From Fire, Water, and Famine, preserved by Providence!* It is impossible for a feeling heart not to be interested in the representation of such a series of calamities: the destruction of a ship at sea by fire is the consummation of human misery. This Mr. Boys, is lately deceased.

As to the management of this hospital, a few particulars shall be mentioned. Two thousand disabled seamen are provided for in this royal asylum. Every mariner has a weekly allowance of seven loaves sixteen ounces each, three pounds of beef, two of mutton, a pint of peas, a pound

and a quarter of cheese, two ounces of butter, and fourteen quarts of beer, and one shilling a week tobacco-money. Besides these allowances every common pensioner, receives once in two years a suit of blue clothes, a hat, three pair of stockings, two pair of shoes, five neckcloths, three shirts, and two night-caps. Towards the support of this hospital, every seaman, whether in the royal navy or in the merchant's service, pays sixpence per month, stopped out of their wages, and paid to the treasurer of the sixpenny-office on Tower-Hill. There are estates belonging to the hospital, and it has received large benefactions. Such an institution is the boast and glory of our country.

In Greenwich Park is held the famous *Fair* at Easter and Whitsuntide, when the lower classes indulge in every species of diversion.

The *Park*, connected with this hospital, is a delightful spot of ground, and on its summit stands the *Royal Observatory*. The following account, with which I have been favoured by a gentleman of talents and respectability, is entitled to particular attention* :—

“THE ROYAL OBSERVATORY was built by King Charles the Second, at the solicitation of

* Mr. T. Evans, one of the teachers of mathematics at the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, and Fellow of the Linnean Society, who during the year 1796, 1797, and 1798, lived at the Royal Observatory. With respect to the account here given, therefore, we may rely on its general accuracy.

Sir Jonas Moore, then surveyor-general of the ordnance.—The first stone of it was laid by the *Rev. John Flamsteed*, the first astronomer-royal, on the 10th of August, 1675, from whom it has received the name of Flamstead-house. It is situated on the highest eminence in Greenwich Park, 160 feet above low-water mark in the river Thames opposite it, and commands one of the noblest prospects in this kingdom, for richness and variety. The various tints of green presented to the eye by the foliage of the different trees which form the avenues of the park, and the deer grazing in the lawns below ; the ranger's mansion ; the hospital for disabled seamen, one of the most finished pieces of architecture in Europe ; the towns of *Deptford*, *Greenwich*, and *Blackwall*, with their neighbouring villages, and gentlemens' seats in Kent and Essex—form, altogether, a scene on which the eye of the beholder must dwell with peculiar delight. Extending his view still farther, he beholds LONDON, with its numerous churches, spires, and pinnacles, elevated far above the rest of the buildings, and reaching from the north to the north-west points of the horizon. Above, and farther still, are to be seen the hills of Hampstead and Highgate, and others beyond, on each side of them, as far as the eye can reach. The *Observatory* is composed principally of two separate buildings, one of which is the Observatory properly so called, where only the assistant lives, and makes all the observations ; the other is the dwelling-house,

in which the astronomer-royal himself resides. The former being the most essential, we shall describe it first. It consists of three rooms on the ground floor, the middle one of which is the assistants' sitting and calculating room, furnished with a small library of such books only as are necessary for his computations, and a clock made by the celebrated Graham, which once served our immortal Halley as a transit clock. The face, which resembles one described by Ferguson, is the only curious part of it.

"Immediately over this is the assistant's bedroom, with an alarum to awake him to make his observations at the proper time. Nothing can exceed the tediousness and *ennui* of the life the assistant leads in this place, excluded from all society, except, perhaps, that of a poor mouse which may occasionally sally forth from a hole in the wall, to seek after crumbs of bread dropt by his lonely companion at his last meal! This, of course, must tend very much to impede his acquiring astronomical information, and damp his ardour for those researches which conversation with scientific men never fails to inspire. Here forlorn, he spends days, weeks, and months, in the same long wearisome computations, without a friend to shorten the tedious hours, or a soul with whom he can converse. He is also frequently up three or four times in the night, (an hour or two each time,) and always once week in the month when the moon souths in the night time, with the owls perched on the

fir-trees in the park below, screaming by way of answer to him when he opens the sliding shutters, in the roof of the building, to make his observations. A zealous wish on *his* part to promote so divine a science as that of astronomy, joined to an awful contemplation of the wonderful works of the Almighty, are the sole objects that afford him pleasure in this solitary hermitage.

“The room on the eastern side of this, is called the *Transit* room, in which is an eight-foot transit instrument, with an axis of three feet, resting on two pieces of stone, made originally by Bird, but successively improved by Messrs. Dollond, Troughton, and other eminent instrument-makers; near it is the transit clock, made originally by Graham, but much improved by Mr. Earnshaw, who so simplified the train as to exclude two or three wheels; he also added cross-braces to the rods of the grid-iron pendulum, which regulates the motion of expansion, so as to prevent the clock from making those sudden starts which it formerly did of a second per day in its daily rate. Here is also a chair to observe with, the back of which lets down to any degree of inclination that convenience may require. On the western side is the *Quadrant Room*, with a stone pier in the middle, running north and south, having on its eastern face a mural quadrant, of eight feet radius, made by Bird in 1749, by which observations are made on the southern quarter of the meridian, through an opening in the roof, of

three feet wide, produced by means of two sliding shutters. On the western face is another mural quadrant, of eight feet also, the frame of which is of iron, and the arch of brass, made originally by Graham, in 1725, but with another set of divisions laid on by Bird in 1753, which is used but very seldom ; it is now applied to the north quarter of the meridian. In the same room is the famous zenith sector, twelve feet in length, with which Dr. Bradley made, at Wanstead and Kew, those observations which led to the discovery of the aberration and nutation. Here are also Dr. Hooke's reflecting quadrant, and three time-keepers made by Harrison, one of which was for his Majesty King George the Second. On the south side of this room is erected a small wooden building for the purpose of observing eclipses of Jupiter's satellites, occultations of stars by the moon, and whatever else requires merely the use of a telescope and the time. It is furnished with sliding shutters on the roof and sides, to view any part of the hemisphere from the prime verticle down to the southern horizon, and contains a forty-inch achromatic, made by John Dollond, the inventor of them, with a triple object glass, and is certainly the most perfect instrument of the kind ever yet produced ; there is also a five-feet achromatic, made by Messrs. John and Peter Dollond, of St. Paul's Church-yard, sons of the former ; a two-feet reflecting telescope, the metals of which were ground by

the Rev. Mr. Edwards, and a six-feet reflector by Dr. Herschell.

There is extant an exact plan of the Observatory, made about the year 1720, to which is annexed a section of the celebrated well, 100 feet in depth, with a winding staircase of stone down to the bottom, made to observe the earth's annual parallax, and for seeing the stars in the day time; but it has long been rendered unnecessary for that purpose by the improvements in telescopes. It has consequently been arched over, and is lost, but might easily be found again; for this plan gives its exact situation, and shews it to be near the south-east corner of the garden behind the Observatory.

“ We now proceeded to the house, the lower part of which serves merely for a habitation, but above it is a large *octagonal room*; which being now but seldom wanted for astronomical purposes, is made the repository for such instruments as are too large to be used in the places we have before described; or for old instruments which later improvements have rendered obsolete. Among the former may be reckoned a most excellent ten-feet achromatic, made by the present Mr. Dollond; and a six-feet reflector made by Short: on the south-side is a clock to be used with them when occasion requires; the latter class includes many curious and original articles, deposited in boxes and cupboards in various parts of the room; among them is, probably the first transit instrument ever made, with the

telescope near one end of the axis: two long telescopes, with square wooden-tubes of very ancient date. In this room is also a library, where are preserved many scarce and curious old astronomical works; also the original observations of Dr. Halley, in his own hand-writing, and Captain Cook's journals, with remarkably neat charts, drawn on India paper, by the late Mr. Wm. Wales, of Christ's hospital, who sailed with him round the world.

“The busts of Flamstead and of the illustrious Sir Isaac Newton, which are on pedestals in this room, were presented to the Observatory, by a Mr. Belchier, and are deemed excellent. By a narrow dark staircase in one corner, you ascend to the top of this room, which is leaded, and where the beholder, coming out of so confined a place, is astonished when he opens upon the most extensive and delightful prospect the imagination can conceive: to render the pleasure still more complete, there is in the western turret on this place a Camera Obscura, whose superior excellence has stood unrivalled, where all the surrounding objects, both moveable and immoveable, are beautifully pictured in their own natural colours, on a concave table of plaister of Paris of about three feet diameter. Few places in the world can be better adapted for a Camera Obscura than this, and it is impossible to leave this little room after being so amused, but with the greatest regret, even after taking a second or third view of it. Mrs. Bryan, the author of the

astronomy, has one also, on the top of her house at Blackheath, of singular goodness, made by Mr. Huggins, nephew of the present Mr. Dollond, of St. Paul's Church-yard, but the view from her house bears no comparison to that from the Royal Observatory. On the north side of the Observatory are situated two small buildings, covered with hemispherical sliding domes, in each of which is an equatorial sector, made by Sisson, and a clock, by Arnold, with a three-barred pendulum, which are seldom used but for observing comets, by taking the difference of right ascension and declination between them and some neighbouring star, whose place is exactly known. These are the principal objects worthy of attention in this venerable building.

“ We shall just say a few words respecting its former inhabitants; men whose talents, industry, and discoveries have raised the astronomical glory of the English nation far above that of any other in the world.

“ The *Rev. John Flamsteed*, born the 19th of August, 1646, was the first astronomer royal who took possession of the Observatory in 1676. Most of the instruments which this indefatigable man used were made by himself, and his ingenious assistant, Mr. Abraham Sharp, the principal of which were the great sextant and mural quadrant, which, after his death in 1719, were delivered to his heirs. Engravings, and an account of them and other apparatus, together with a

head of the author, may be seen in that great monument of his zeal and industry, the *Historia Cælestis*. He died 19th December, 1719, aged 73, and lies buried in the church-yard of Burstow, near East Grinstead, in Surry, the living of which was presented to him about the year 1684. After very diligent search and enquiry no remains of any tomb or monument to his memory can be found: nor does any one in the place know in what part of the church-yard he was buried.

“ At his death, *Dr. Halley*, born in London, 8th of November, 1656, obtained this place, and applied himself principally to the moon's motions. In 1722, although then 65 years of age, he commenced his *Saros*, a period of observations to continue for nineteen years, with the transit instrument and the iron mural quadrant, made by Graham: these observations were published down to the year 1738, the remainder are in the Observatory in MS. He died the 14th of January, 1742, Old Style, in his eighty-sixth year, and was buried in Lee church-yard, about two miles south-east of the Royal Observatory, where his tomb is now in a very decayed state.

“ *Dr. Bradley* succeeded *Dr. Halley*, and rendered a lasting service to the Observatory, by procuring the eight-feet brass mural quadrant, which has been in constant use down to the present time. Astronomers acknowledge with gratitude and pleasure the obligations they owe to this great man for his discoveries. His Majesty,

King George the Second, allowed him, in addition to his regular salary, a pension of 250*l.* per annum, in consideration of his great merit, and it has been continued to his successors. His observations were published by Dr. Hornsby, in 1798, in two volumes folio. Dr. Bradley died the 13th of July, 1762, in his seventieth year, and was buried at Minchinhampton, in Gloucestershire.

“At the death of Dr. Bradley, succeeded his friend *Dr. Bliss*, Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge, but he died in 1764, and enjoyed it too short a period to give any remarkable proof of his zeal for the science.

“To him succeeded, in 1765, *Dr. Nevil Maskelyne*, who still retains the situation, and whose name is well known in the astronomical world.”

From Greenwich Park we ascended to *Blackheath*, mentioned in the annals of our history. When foreigners of distinction, even monarchs, visited this island, they were met here by our kings. More particularly Maurice, Emperor of Constantinople, was, in 1411, splendidly received on this plain by Henry IV. and in 1416, Henry V. met the Emperor Sigismund here, and conducted him with magnificence to London. To the west of Greenwich Park lies the mansion of the celebrated Earl of Chesterfield, whose letters, though they contain several topics of instruction, are injurious to the morals of the rising generation.

In the year 1780 was discovered, on the side

of the ascent to Blackheath, in the public road, a cavern consisting of many rooms. The sides and roofs are of chalk, the bottom fine dry sand. It is a matter of conjecture, among the curious, to what purposes such a recess could have been appropriated. From the point on Blackheath there is a fine view of the metropolis, with its environs. Round this ridge the nobility and gentry take a morning ride, by which their spirits are exhilarated, and a keener relish is obtained for the amusements of the day.

On the north lies WOOLWICH, distinguished for its connections with government. The town is lately much enlarged. The Barracks and Academy in the Warren are to be removed to the *Common*, near Shooter's Hill, where buildings are now erecting in the Gothic style, chosen by the *King*, for that express purpose, and which will be soon ready for their reception. The Royal Military Academy is an institution of merit. It is now under the care of eminent masters, Messrs. Hutton and Bonnycastle, together with the Rev. Lewis Evans and Son; the latter of whom had, for some time, (as has already been mentioned,) the superintendence, under Dr. Maskelyne, of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich. Under such tutors we may expect a proportionate degree of improvement. Nor must we forget that at Woolwich the bombs, mortars, &c. are rendered fit for the purposes of destruction. The explosions are felt miles around, and are presages of those tremendous effects that they are intended to

produce on the enemy ! Here also are the hulks, &c. of old ships, thronged with convicts, who are expiating their crimes by a laborious degradation. How far such discipline tends to reformation may bear discussion. In the opinion of some it is a school for vice, and inures the mind to a still greater degree of hardness. It is a pity that some punishment cannot be devised better calculated to effect the amendment of the unhappy criminals. Many of these persons might be reformed, and become valuable members of the community. Not long ago I had an opportunity of conversing with one of them ; he was the picture of wretchedness. Alas ! he might have held a respectable station in society ; but idleness led to vice, and vice terminated in his present misery. He, however, expressed contrition for his offences, and avowed purposes of reformation.

The convicts come on shore every day, and are employed in manual labour ; they return on board to their meals, and clambering up the side of their vessels, the clanking of their irons resounds from afar, and wounds the ear of sensibility ! Chained together, and subjected to the strictest regulations, their situation must be mortifying to their feelings. Vice is, in every stage of its progress, the source of misery. Far better, however, is it thus to try the effects of discipline upon them, than for every little crime to consign them over to the hands of the executioner. Our laws are sanguinary ; public executions are

perpetually occurring ; hence a number of poor wretches covered with crimes are precipitated into eternity, whilst the frequency of these spectacles brutalizes the lower classes of mankind. In the province of Pennsylvania, capital punishments are abolished, nor has their abolition been found to injure society. Solitary imprisonment, recommended by the benevolent Howard, answers valuable purposes—few criminals are so depraved as not to feel its efficacy.

On the south side of Blackheath stands Lee church, an ancient structure, in a secluded situation. Here lie buried, among many other celebrated characters, Halley the astronomer, (which has been already noticed ;) and Parsons the comedian. The latter was well known in the gay world for his powers of wit and mimicry ; the former will be revered for his discoveries in science, particularly in astronomy and navigation :

Immortal Halley ! thy unwearied soul,
On wisdom's pinion flew from pole to pole,
Th' uncertain compass to its task restor'd ;
Each ocean fathom'd, and each wind explor'd ;
Commanded trade with every breeze to fly,
And gave to Britain half the Zemblian sky !

CAWTHORNE.

The church-yard is also decorated by a monument to the memory of Lord Dacre, which the late Lady Dacre used to visit daily with devotion. Such circumstances show the power which the association of ideas holds over the mind. To an

instance of a similar kind, Akenside refers in the following lines :—

— — — — — Ask the faithful youth,
Why the cold urn of her whom long he lov'd
So often fills his arm, so often draws
His lonely footsteps at the silent hour,
To pay the mournful tribute of his tears ?
Oh ! he will tell thee that the wealth of worlds
Should ne'er seduce his bosom to forego
That sacred hour, when stealing from the noise
Of care and envy, sweet remembrance sooths
With virtue's kindest looks his aching breast,
And turns his tears to rapture !

A little higher up, on the same side of the heath, we perceived Morden College, founded by Sir John Morden, a Turkey merchant, who died in 1708 ; it is designed to be the residence of decayed merchants, of which thirty-five are now cherished beneath its roof. Such institutions “rock the cradle of declining age,” and their founders leave behind them lasting proofs of their kindness and generosity.

Near the college was buried, in 1752, pursuant to his will, a very eccentric character, *Thomas Cooke, Esq.*—His corpse was placed upright in the ground, covered only with a winding sheet ; the coffin, in which it was conveyed to the place of interment, being left for the first pensioner it would fit ! His funeral was attended by twelve poor men, members of a club at Stoke Newington, where he died. To each of these he bequeathed a guinea and a suit of clothes, on

condition of keeping themselves sober ; otherwise the legacy was lost, and only 2s. 6d. given him for the day's work. This gentleman had once resided at Constantinople, as merchant, when he contributed greatly to the relief of Charles the XIIth King of Sweden, then a prisoner in Turkey, and raised a large sum towards his liberation, by a scheme of exporting copper from Sweden. In February preceding his death he sent a note of 1000*l.* to the governors of the Bank, requesting that it might be distributed among the clerks the in proportion of a *guinea* for every year that each person had been in their service ! His name is mentioned here on account of his singular interment near Morden College, and these traits will serve to illustrate that eccentricity by which the human character is not unfrequently distinguished*.

Not far from this spot, the mansion of the late Sir George Page used to rear its head, and attract general admiration. It was begun and finished in twelve months ! For this expedition various reasons were assigned ; but Sir George died in 1775, and in 1787 the materials were sold—so that no traces are left of its former glory ! Should the report be true, that this princely seat originated in the success of the South Sea Company, 1720, it may be said to bear a resemblance to that institution in its evanescent nature ; they—

* See Lyson's *Environs of London*, article, *Stoke Newington*.

both glittered like a meteor, and then disappeared, to the astonishment of mankind !

From the edge of the Heath looking towards the Surry hills, there is a pretty view of a valley, in which *Lewisham Church* raises its tower, and heightens the beauty of the prospect. Here lies buried that unfortunate young man *Dermody* ; the Irish poe ; he was kindly patronised by Earl Moira, and other distinguished personages, but his indiscretions rendered every assistance to make him comfortable, vain and nugatory :—

Here pity with a beaming eye,
Forget if faults have laid thee low ;
O'er thy cold grave shall deeply sigh,
And mourn thy pilgrimage of woe !

Still—red-breast ! o'er the tuneful dead,
Thy sweetly-soothing dirge prolong ;
Know *his* who owns that earthy bed,
His was as sweet, as sad a song !

COUTIER.

Having thus glanced at Blackheath and its environs, we proceeded along the Canterbury road up to the summit of *Shooter's-hill*, whence we enjoy an extensive horizon. The cities of London and Westminster rise full before you, generally enveloped in smoke, but always exhibiting marks of grandeur and sublimity. The sight also penetrates into Essex, Surry, and even Sussex. But the landscape is enriched by the meanderings of the Thames---the pride and ornament of Britain; originating in a spring not broader than the palm of your hand, it gradually

widens by the accession of lesser streams, till it bears upon its bosom the stately vessels of commerce, and then pouring itself into the ocean, flings its waters round the globe !

————— See the silver maze
Of stately Thames ever chequer'd o'er
With deeply laden barges gliding smooth ;
And, constant as his stream, in growing pomp,
By Neptune still attended, slow he rolls
To great Augusta's mart, where lofty trade,
Amid a thousand golden spires enthron'd,
Gives audience to the world !

— DYER.

On the brow of the hill, near the seventh milestone, is a triangular brick building, raised by his lady, to the memory of Sir William James, Bart. (who died, December, 1763) and is beheld in every direction around London, on account of the height of its situation, being 482 feet above the sea ! He had the command of the company's marine forces in the East-Indies, where he distinguished himself by the capture of Severndroog castle, on the coast of Malabar, April 2, 1755. This singular tower has three floors, and the entrance is decorated with trophies taken from the enemy. I once inspected it, with pleasure, along with my worthy friend the Rev. L. Evans, who obligingly accompanied me thither from his own house at Woolwich : the day, though fine, was hazy, and of course our view, from the summit of the building, afforded little gratification. But the interior is neat ; not only are there pictorial representations of the taking

of Severndroog, but the motto *victa*, inscribed on the furniture, indicates the purpose for which the tower is raised and embellished. The late Gen. Ray made it a point in determining the relative situations of the observatories of Greenwich and Paris. Not far from the tower is one of the telegraphs which communicate between London and Deal : we looked through the respective glasses, both eastward and westward, but the haziness of the day almost prevented the sight of the other telegraphs which these glasses were intended to recognise. It, however, in every respect, appears to have been a well chosen situation.

With respect to the road over the hill, attempts have been made to render it more easy. It continued, however, to be narrow till 1739, when the road was widened, and the declivity of the hill diminished. A few years since, it seems, a plan was formed for the erection of a town on the top of this hill ; a few houses were erected, but the scheme was abandoned, nor will it be revived.

Shooter's-Hill is so called, either because here thieves from the adjoining woods have shot at travellers, and plundered them ; or, more probably, because the archers frequented this spot to exercise themselves in their favourite diversion. It is, indeed, a fact, that King Henry the Eighth and his queen, Catharine, came hither from Greenwich on May-day, and were received by two hundred archers, clad in green, one of them personating Robin Hood as their captain,

and all of them shewing his majesty feats of activity.

The *Bow* was a principal instrument of war among the nations of antiquity ; its use may be traced to the earliest times, and followed in the history of almost every country. In England it was carried to a degree of perfection that is even yet unrivalled ! The battles of Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt, were gained by the English in consequence of the skilful use of the bow. It is remarkable, that the founder of Harrow school, has, in a manner, insisted on parents furnishing their children with *bow-strings, shafts, and breasters, to exercise shooting* ; and till within these few years a silver arrow used to be shot for by the gentlemen of Harrow school ! The principal societies of the kind now existing, are the Royal Company of Archers in Scotland, the Archers' division of the Artillery Company, the Toxophilites, and the Kentish Bowmen. I recollect having seen an engraving, from a masterly design, by my respected friend, the late J. Slater, Esq. of Hounslow, which must afford gratification to all the lovers of an art by which Britain was once distinguished.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

 LETTER II.

ERITH; DARTFORD; ITS MILL; SWAINSCOMBE; GRAVESEND;
 TILBURY FORT; TUNNEL; ORM; GADSHILL; FALSTAFF;
 ROCHESTER; BRIDGE; CATHEDRAL AND CASTLE; TOWN-
 HALL; SIR CLOUDESLEY SHOVEL; SINGULAR INSTITUTION;
 CHATHAM; DOCK-YARD; THE TOWN; THE CHURCH; THE
 HOSPITAL; BROMPTON; SHEERNESS; MUTINY, 1798;
 SOUTHEND; LUMINOUS APPEARANCE IN THE SALT WA-
 TER; CHAIRING OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH AT THE GENERAL
 ELECTION.

DEAR FRIEND,

WE now descended on the other side of the hill, and soon passed by the little town of *Erith*, where the East India ships unburthen themselves of part of their cargo, that they may proceed up to London with safety. Pushing on through Crayford, we quickly reached the town of Dartford, situated on a river whence it derives its name, and remarkable for the transparency of its waters :—

Lo ! the still Darent, in whose waters clear
 Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream.

SPENCER.

DARTFORD boasts of nothing remarkable to recommend it to the notice of the traveller ; it has a market for corn and other articles, and the

church possesses some degree of antiquity. Upon the river are no less than five mills, one for sawing, the other for grinding corn, one for making paper, and another for manufacturing gun-powder. A paper-mill standing not far from the town, southwards, is supposed to have been the first of the kind in the kingdom. It was erected by John Spilman, a person of German extraction, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, who granted him a licence for the sole gathering of all rags, &c. during ten years, necessary for the making of writing-paper. That this, however, was the first mill in England has been questioned, since it is said that paper used in a book, printed so far back as the year 1494, was made by John Tate, jun. of Hertford. Be this as it may, the commodity is of unquestionable utility—being one of the grand means by which the blessings of knowledge are diffused among mankind. In one of the cemeteries belonging to the town is an epitaph on a child of three years old :—

When the archangles' trumpets blow,
And souls to bodies join,
What crowds will wish their stay below
Had been as short as mine !

How fine a contrast do these lines form to the trash by which places of interment are generally disgraced.

Seven miles further bring us to *Gravesend* ; and on the way thither no place deserves particular mention, except Swainscombe, where William the Conqueror met the men of Kent covered

with boughs, and appearing to him like a moving wood! Alarmed at the sight, it is said, he granted them the privileges which they demanded, amongst which was that of the Gavelkind, by which the landed property of the father is divided equally amongst all the sons of the family :—

Swainscombe does point to where the village swain,
Scar'd from her calm abode and native plain,
Chill'd with unusual horror, heard from far
The mingled clamour of the distant war ;
What time, with honest indignation fir'd,
And rage, which sense of outrage had inspir'd,
'Gainst Norman host the sons of Kent were led ;
Kent, known for conquest, has for freedom bled ;
Freedom, invaluable prize ! in freedom's cause
They spurn'd th' invader's arbitrary laws ;
With honest scorn, too spirited to brook
The vile dishonours of a slavish yoke ;
William, who saw them nigh, aloud did cry,
Kent's privilege I'll grant—I'll not deny,
From *this day* forth, it is my firm decree,
That oak shall be the emblem they are free !

ANON.

Gravesend is the first port on the river Thames, and twenty-one miles distant from London. Here outward-bound ships are obliged to cast anchor, nor are suffered to proceed farther till examined. Hence a fine row of shipping is often seen riding before the town, and produces on the eye of the stranger a pleasing impression. The parishes of Gravesend and Milton are incorporated, and governed by a mayor, twelve jurates, and twenty-four common-council men.

The town is small, but neat, the streets being both paved and lighted. Mr. Pocock, the bookseller at this place, has published its history, worth attention. The road to Rochester having been lately made to pass through the town, is an improvement. Opposite to Gravesend, on the Essex side, stands Tilbury Fort, where Queen Elizabeth met her forces, and harranged them, when the Spanish Armada, in the year 1588, threatened a formidable invasion. It is kept in tolerable repair, and commands the entrance to the river. I saw the centinel pacing slowly on the platform, but the lateness of the evening prevented my crossing thither. The subterraneous tunnel under the bed of the Thames, by which the shores of Kent and Essex were to be connected, has been abandoned. Not long ago, however, I was amused by a representation of this tunnel at the exhibition in Somerset-house : it appeared in its finished state—lamps were seen burning on each side, and the mail passing through with rapidity !

Another tunnel under the Thames has been attempted at Rotherhithe, but its completion is a matter of uncertainty.

Not far from Gravesend may be seen the seat of Charles Lefebure, Esq. vulgarly styled the *Orm* ; but Ormus is its proper appellation, from Ormus at the entrance of the Persian gulph. Tradition, indeed, does not preserve the name of the individual who first built it ; but it is said, that the gentleman having been saved amidst the

horrors of shipwreck, declared that where he should land on his return home, he would built a house, and that it should be called *Ormus*, in commemoration of his deliverance upon this island.

About half way between Gravesend and Rochester we met with *Gadshill*, where tradition says Henry, Prince of Wales (son of King Henry IV.) and his dissolute associates robbed the Sandwich carriers and the auditors who were carrying money to his father's exchequer. Few of Shakespeare's plays are more read than the first part of Henry the IV. and the tourist must feel pleasure in the recollection that here the dialogue took place between the prince and Falstaff, which excites our risibility. Imagination with her magic wand consecrates such spots of earth, and we approach them with emotion. A public-house in this neighbourhood has a sign with Falstaff on the one side and Henry on the other ; this is a memorial of the fact already noticed.

With respect to this hill, it has been well remarked, that, "to persons of imagination, the figure of the humourous knight, Falstaff, must present itself. They will be apt to think they hear him facetiously complaining of the cruel treatment of the stony-hearted villains, his companions, in removing his horse, and constraining a man of his bulk to rob on foot, to whom eight yards of uneven ground was threescore and ten miles ! And when they recollect Hal's request

to Jack, to lay his ear to the ground, to listen whether he could distinguish the tread of travellers, they must, with pleasure, recal to mind the knight's droll, but apposite question—*Have you any levers to lift me up again?* They will, in idea, be spectators of the thieves robbing the true men, and of the retaliation made upon the thieves by two of their own gang, in forcibly taking from them their rich booty : and they will again enjoy the conceit of Falstaff with his cups of limed sack, telling incomprehensible lies, in order to cover his cowardice—his long encounter with the two rogues, in buckram suits, growing up into eleven, all of whom he peppered and payed, till three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, (“for it was so dark, Hal, thou couldst not see thy hand,”) came at his back and let drive at him. Thus, on the stage, in the closet, and upon the road, Falstaff's adventure at Gad's-hill is likely to be according to the prediction of the poet, not only an argument for a week, laughter for a month, but a *good jest* for ever !”

Before we enter Rochester we passed through Stroud, a place of antiquity, and then over the bridge which crosses the Medway, a river which takes its rise in Surry ; after its meanderings by Tunbridge, Maidstone, Rochester and Sheerness, it empties itself into the ocean.

The city of *Rochester* is known in the earlier records of our history, and many are the stories told of it which cannot be here detailed. Its

castle, and cathedral, both antique in their appearance, are objects of curiosity. The castle, in the time of the Romans, Saxons, Danes and Normans, underwent several revolutions. The cathedral also has suffered many changes, and abounds with monuments of respectability. The bridge here flung over the Medway is large and handsome, being 560 feet in length, with eleven arches, of which the greatest is forty feet in width. It has been recently improved, and does credit to the venerable city of Rochester. The inconvenience arising from passing rivers must have been great in the early stages of society. Bridges, are structures of inconceivable utility. In Ireland, it is said, a custom prevailed, that persons in passing an ancient bridge pulled off their hats, and prayed for the builder's soul! This, indeed, savours of superstition. But it is proper that the authors of all public works should be held in grateful remembrance by posterity. The town-hall is a handsome brick structure, built in 1687; here are many good portraits by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and within the walls, not only do the mayor, recorder, and aldermen transact their public business, but the judges have held the assizes for the county.—Farther on, in the same street, we met with the clock-house, built in 1686, by Sir Cloudesley Shovel; his arms are over the dial. I never contemplate the name of this admiral without emotions of sorrow. He had risen, by his merit, from a mean situation to a distinguished degree of favor both

with his king and with his country. His heroic acts, during the reigns of William and Anne, resounded through the British dominions. But, alas ! returning home with his fleet in the year 1705, they struck on the Scilly Isles, when he, and multitudes of his brave men perished ! The next day some fishermen picked him up, and having stolen a valuable emerald ring from off his finger, stripped and buried him. The ring having led to the discovery of the body, which was shockingly mutilated, it was conveyed to Portsmouth, and thence transferred to Westminster Abbey, where a monument was raised to his memory :—

“ Ah ! human life, how transient and how vain !
 How thy wide sorrow circumscribes thy joy :
 A sunny island in a stormy main :
 A speck of azure in a cloudy sky ! ”

There is a structure in the principal street of this city, remarkable for the following inscription :—

Richard Watts, Esq.
 by his will, dated 22d of August, 1579,
 founded this charity
 for sick poor travellers,
 who not being rogues or proctors,
 may receive gratis, for one night only,
 lodging, entertainment,
 and four pence each.
 In testimony of his munificence,
 in honour of his memory,
 and as an inducement to his example,

Nathaniel Wood, Esq. the present Mayor,
has caused this stone
gratefully to be renewed
and inscribed,
A. D. 1771.

The putting of *proctors* or *lawyers*, with rogues, has been the subject of conversation. Some persons, favourable to the gentlemen of the law, deem it an insult, but others are of opinion, that their *exorbitant charges* entitle them to a place in such company. It has also been conjectured, that Mr. Watts had suffered by their chicanery, and had taken this mode of gratifying his resentment. Justice, however, requires it to be observed, that the term *proctor* is not exclusively applicable to lawyers—for it appears, from a passage in Strype's Annals, that in the time of Queen Elizabeth, there were a set of men called by the name of *proctors*, who, by begging briefs, collected money, and were a kind of vagrants. This rescues the profession from the imputation of roguery, though the common reader of the inscription will be inclined to cherish this degrading sentiment.

A long row of buildings, on a gentle eminence, called the Bank, connects Chatham with Rochester. Here from the house of a friend, (by whom I was kindly entertained during my stay), opens a beautiful prospect of the river Medway, with its shipping. On the left rises the hoary spire of Rochester cathedral, and the castle, with its battered fragments ; whilst to the right

Chatham appears in a kind of amphitheatre, presenting to the eye his majesty's dock-yard, with its immense store-houses, containing articles of every kind, both for the naval and military departments. Above them a fort lifts its head, and crowns the top of the hill, bidding defiance to the surrounding country. To this eminence I one evening took a walk, in company with my friend, and was delighted with the prospect which offered itself to the eye from every part of the horizon. Here I saw a regiment of the Guards just encamped—all fine looking young men; their tents were neat: at the sound of the bugle-horn they appeared in their respective ranks. They were stationed on this spot not merely for the purpose of repelling the enemy in case of invasion, but that they might at a moment's notice, embark for any part of the world.

The dock-yard here is both spacious and convenient; the Commissioners and other officers have elegant habitations. Though an immense quantity of stores are deposited in magazines, yet they are so arranged, that on any emergency they may be obtained without confusion. In this yard, during the late war, upwards of 2000 men found employment.

The town of CHATHAM itself is narrow and dirty, though since the late terrible fire about two years ago, some parts of it are improved.—The chest of Chatham was instituted in 1558, when the seamen in Queen Elizabeth's time

agreed to allow a certain part of their pay towards those who had been wounded in destroying the Spanish Armada. Being the *depot* for recruits, it is said that some thousands of pounds were expended annually here, which must have proved a source of emolument to the trading part of the inhabitants. Their late removal to the Isle of Wight was occasioned by their desertion at this place, often secreting themselves on the river Medway, and often escaping to London, where they were soon lost in the immensity of its population. Chatham church, on the side of the hill near the barracks, was rebuilt with brick in 1788; it contains monuments, raised to the memory of officers who died in the service of their country. In December, 1772, as the grave-digger was opening a grave near the Communion Table he found a *hand* entire, (except the fore finger) the flesh, sinews, nails, and veins, like those of a living person, and grasping the handle of a dagger, which, it is thought, preserved it.—The village of Brompton rises behind the church. To the right hand, on an ascent, when passing through the town of Chatham, stands the General Baptist meeting, a neat place of worship, recently built, and in the ground close to it are deposited the remains of some respectable families, on one of whose tombs is the following inscription :

In a vault under this tomb
lies interred the body of Joseph Longley, Esq ;

He was born June, 1705,
in Chatham.—

He died there July 20, 1785,
after a long and innocent life
in which he had assisted many,
offended few,
and by the blessing of Providence
on his honest industry
had raised the fortune of the family.
his son, John Longley, Esq. of Satis,
grateful for that fortune,
but more
for a liberal and excellent education,
obeyed his injunctions
by erecting this monument.

Here is an hospital for poor mariners and shipwrights, founded by Sir John Hawkins, 1592. He was a seafaring man in the early part of life, and the riches he amassed were thus appropriated to the purposes of charity. He was the first Englishman that engaged in the horrid traffic of human flesh, now happily abolished. It is also said of him, that having procured the *first* potatoes for ship provisions from the inhabitants of Santa Fe, in New Spain, South America, he introduced that *useful root* into Ireland, whence it has been propagated through every other part of the world.

From the summit of the hill above *Brompton*, SHEERNESS may be discerned at the distance of eighteen miles; it was built to defend the Medway, after the Dutch had, in the reign of Charles the Second, burnt our shipping in the Medway. It is a flourishing place, and has a deep well, whence water is drawn up after a curious man-

ner. The Nore, immediately opposite the fort of Sheerness, generally exhibits a vast quantity of shipping. This was the scene of the unhappy mutiny in 1797, which agitated the nation, but which terminated in the execution of Richard Parker, and several of the insurgents. Since that period maritime affairs at this place have gone on with their accustomed regularity.

The view of *South End*, on the Essex side, directly north, increases the beauty of the prospect. This little sea-beathing place begins to be much frequented; it seems rather in a low situation, but lying at the mouth of the Thames, a succession of ships are seen passing to and from every part of the world!

On my return by water from Sheerness to Chatham, after sunset, we were amused with *luminous appearances* in the wake of the vessel, which struck the eye with a vivid sensation of beauty! Upon enquiry I found the seafaring men well acquainted with the phenomenon; and flinging out a rope into the water, according to their direction, a similar light was produced. The sailors attempted not its solution; but chymists have exercised their ingenuity in its explication. They suppose it to arise from *phosphoric* matter, emitted either from small insects, or from the substance of animals in a state of putridity. Thus it is that the water exhibits a luminous appearance immediately on its agitation. See a curious *Dissertation* on the subject, read before the Natural History Society of

Edinburgh, December 1796, in Skrimshire's *Essays on Chemistry*.

During my stay at Rochester, being the time of the general election, I had the pleasure of seeing SIR SIDNEY SMITH, the *Hero of Acre*, who had been that day chosen member for Rochester, chaired amidst the acclamations of the multitude! Harrased by the fatigues he had undergone on this occasion, and covered with dust, he exhibited none of those traits of the dauntless warrior, ever ready for the defence of his country. Little would a stranger have thought that this individual, of so *unmartial* an appearance, had repelled successfully the Emperor of France in his progress towards the conquest of the world! I followed him to the inn; the concluding words of his address to the populace still vibrated in my ears, and are worthy of remembrance,—“Britons *united*—may defy every foe; your Constitution is, of all constitutions, the most favourable to *practical* liberty—be only *true* to your COUNTRY!”

Sir Sidney having recently conducted the King of Portugal to the Brazils, his Majesty made him a present of an estate, when he nobly liberated the *slaves* upon it! This is a fresh proof that humanity is the concomitant of true bravery.

I am, Sir,

Your's, &c.

LETTER III.

CHATHAM-HILL ; GILLINGHAM ; RAINHAM ; MILTON OYSTERS ; THEIR HISTORY ; SITTINGBOURN ; CURIOUS ADVERTISEMENT ; THEOBALD, EDITOR OF SHAKSPEARE ; FAVERSHAM ; ITS POWDER MILLS ; INVENTION OF GUNPOWDER ; ITS POWERS, AND EFFECTS ; EXTRACTS CONCERNING ITS ORIGIN, FROM MILTON, ARIOSTO, AND SPENCER ; ARREST OF JAMES THE SECOND ; ILLUSTRIOUS VISITORS ; FAVERSHAM ABBEY ; BOUGHTON-HILL ; HARBLEDOWN ; BECKET'S SLIPPER ; SIR THOMAS MORE'S SKULL ; CANTERBURY.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

ASCENDING the hill from Chatham, on the road to Canterbury, we enjoy a view of the country. On every side objects present themselves to our attention. Hills and dales, orchards and gardens, churches and farm-houses, with the meanderings of the Medway, crowd upon the eye, and delight the imagination. We now discern this beautiful river winding down with its serpentine evolutions to Sheerness, where it is soon lost in the German ocean :---

Then fair *Medway*, that, with wanton pride,
Forms silver mazes with her crooked tide !

BLACKMORE.

Ships of the first rate are built on its banks,

and gliding along its bosom, present a scene of grandeur and majesty.

Not far from this part of the road, and near the Medway, stands the village of *Gillingham*, in whose church are monuments of eminent persons. Over the west porch is a niche, in which once stood the image of the famous Lady of *Gillingham*. The archbishop of Canterbury had a palace here, and in its chapel some bishops appear to have been consecrated. We soon passed through the little village of *Rainham*; its church is remarkable for some ancient monuments, particularly an elegant marble statue of *Nicholas Tufton*, Earl of *Thanet*. Under one of the chapels is a vault belonging to that family.

A few miles onward we reached *Milton* and *Sittingbourn*; the former on the left, and the latter in the road, but both entitled to a distinct mention.

Milton is a place of antiquity, situated at the head of a creek that runs into the *Swale*, which separates the *Isle of Sheppy* from the German ocean. The church is neat; and the town is governed by a port-reeve, chosen on *St. James's-day*. Here is an *Oyster-fishery*; and its productions are much esteemed in *London*. As the oyster is a curious and nutritive kind of fish, a few particulars may be detailed respecting it. This delicious sea-fish, it has been remarked, occupies in the scale of nature, a degree the most remote from perfection; destitute of defensive weapons, and progressive motion, without

art or industry, it is reduced to mere vegetation in perpetual imprisonment, though it every day appears to enjoy the element necessary to its preservation. To use the words of a natural historian—"Oysters usually cast their spawn, or *spat*, in May, which at first appears like a drop of candle-grease, and sticks to any substance it falls upon. It is covered with a shell in two or three days time, and in three years are large enough to be brought to the market. These oysters they term *natives*, and they are incapable of moving from the places where they first fall, for which reason the dredgers make use of nets, which are fastened to a strong broad iron hook with a sharp edge, which they drag along the bottom of the sea, and so force the oysters into the nets. When they are thus taken, they are carried into different places, where they are laid in beds, or rills, of salt water, in order to salt them. When the spawn happens to stick to the rocks, they grow to a very large size, and are called *rock oysters*. Between the tropics there are millions of them to be seen, sticking at the roots of a sort of trees called Mangroves, at low-water."

Sittingbourn is a post-town, consisting of one long street, with excellent inns. Being the great road from London to Dover, the landlords are not wanting of employ. A singular mode of advertising the *Red Lion Inn*, in one of the provincial papers, was had recourse to some years ago; I was favoured with a copy of it, by my

friend, Mr. C. at Rochester, who had kept it by him as a curiosity :—

“ Red Lion Inn, Sittingbourn.

“ William Whitaker having taken the above house, most respectfully solicits the custom and support of the nobility, gentry, &c.

“ The antiquity of the above Inn, and respectable character which it has in history, are recorded as under :—

“ SITTINGBOURN, in Kent, is a considerable thoroughfare on the Dover road, where there are several good inns, particularly the RED LION; which is remarkable for an entertainment made by Mr. John Norwood, for KING HENRY the Fifth, as he returned from the battle of Agincourt in France, in the year 1415, the whole amounting to no more than *nine shillings and nine-pence*; wine being, at that time, only ONE PENNY a pint, and all other things proportionably cheap!

“ P. S. The *same character*, in a like proportionate degree, W. WHITAKER hopes to obtain, by his *moderate* charges at the present time.”

Sittingbourn gave birth to Lewis Theobald, the son of an attorney. He is remembered for his edition of Shakspeare, and his contest with Pope, from whom he received sarcastic treatment. In the year 1720 he brought out a tragedy; called the *Double Falsehood*, parts of which he ascribed to the pen of Shakspeare. This circumstance, however, was disputed. It was af-

terwards proved, by Dr. Farmer, that the immortal bard had no concern with this production.

Quitting Sittingbourn, and travelling onwards seven miles, we perceived the town of *Faversham* on the left hand, a little way from the road; it consists of four longstreets, and has about 2,000 inhabitants. It is of antiquity; several Roman urns and medals having been dug up in its vicinity. The church is neat, and its steeple forms an embellishment in the landscape of the surrounding country. The town stands on an arm of the Swale, and in its neighbourhood are many powder-mills belonging to government. In 1767, in 1781, and in 1793, some of these mills blew up, with tremendous explosions. Numerous lives were lost; and many buildings were damaged. One would imagine that few would engage in such a hazardous mode of livelihood; but light labour, and constant pay, are found to be sufficient inducements. With respect to the composition of *gunpowder*, if we suppose it to be divided into a hundred parts—seventy-five parts consist of nitre, fifteen of charcoal, and ten of sulphur. These ingredients are blended together, by long pounding in wooden mortars, with wooden pestles, and a small quantity of water. The mixture is then formed into a stiff paste, which being forced through wire sieves, is broken into small grains, or becomes *granulated*. These grains being then shaken, or rolled in a barrel with some powder black lead, are rounded by the friction, and are glazed by the powder of the lead.

Its force and explosion, when set on fire, are occasioned by the expansion of the elastic aerial matter which it contains. Gunpowder is said to have been accidentally found out by Schwartz, a German monk, at Mentz, in the year 1330—pounding the materials in a mortar, a spark of fire fell into it—an explosion took place, and the mortar was thrown to some distance. Hence some kind of cannon are still called *mortars* ; probably with a reference to its original invention. The discovery of gunpowder has changed the military system of nations; and, though awfully destructive, yet it appears to have diminished the slaughter in war, by repressing, in some degree, the rancour which actuates combatants fighting hand to hand ! A singular paragraph respecting the *powers* of gunpowder occurs in the *Essay on War*, by Mr. N. Bloomfield.

It is however remarkable, that the poets ascribe the discovery of *gunpowder* to the Devil, who is thought to be the first author of such an invention ! Speaking of its materials, Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, makes one of the Infernals to exclaim—

*These in their dark nativity the deep,
Shall yield us pregnant with infernal flame,
Which into hollow engines long and round,
Thick ramn'd ; at th' other bore with touch of fire,
Dilated and infuriate, shall send forth
From far with thundering noise among our foes,
Such implements of mischief, as shall dash
To pieces and o'erwhelm whatever stands
Adverse ; that, they shall fear we have disarm'd
The thunderer of his only dreaded bolt !*

ARIOSTO, in his *Orlando Furioso*, has these lines of similar import—

All clos'd save a little hole behind,
Whereat no sooner taken is the flame,
The bullet flies with such a furious wind,
As tho' from clouds a bolt of thunder came ;
And whatever in the way it find,
It burns, it breaks, it tears, and spoils the same !
No doubt some fiend of hell or dev'lish wight,
Devised it to do mankind a spite !

Permit me just to add a stanza from Spencer's *Fairy Queen*, to the same purpose; the coincidence between these three Poets is impressive :

As when that devilish engine wrought
In deepest hell, and fram'd by furies' skill,
With winded nitre and quick sulphur fraught
And ramm'd with bullet round, ordain'd to kill !

That such an article should be attributed to such an origin, cannot be matter of astonishment to a mind tinctured with humanity. It is a shocking reflection that creatures ordained by the dictates of reason, and enjoined by the precepts of Revelation to live together in amity, should study each other's destruction. The pages of history are stained with blood. War is at once both the curse and disgrace of mankind !

An event happened at Faversham, December 1688, of a singular kind. This was the detention of the unfortunate James the Second, who had embarked here for France ! It is mentioned in all the Histories of England. But a curious ac-

count of the event shall be here given, drawn up by Captain Richard Marsh, of this town, an eye witness of the transaction :—" The nation was already in a ferment, and every one upon his guard to secure suspicious persons, especially strangers ; at which time the Faversham sailors observing a vessel, about thirty tons burthen, lying at Shellness, to take in ballast, resolved to go on board of her ; accordingly they went in the evening with three smacks, and about forty men, and three files of musketeers, and in the cabin of it they seized *three* persons of quality, of whom they knew only Sir Edward Hales. From them they took *three hundred* guineas, and two gold medals, and brought them all three on shore, beyond Ore, on Wednesday, December 12, 1688, about ten o'clock in the morning, where they were met by a coach and about twenty gentlemen of the town on horseback, and brought to the Queen's Arms at Faversham. Here Captain Marsh, seeing the King coming out of the coach, and knowing his person, told them to their no small surprise, that they had taken the king prisoner—upon which the gentlemen owned him for their sovereign. Then the King ordered the money taken from him to be distributed among them that took him, and wrote a letter to Lord Winchelsea to come to him, who arrived from Canterbury that night ; at which the King was greatly rejoiced, as having one with him who knew how to respect his person, and awe the rabble and the sailors, who had

carried themselves very brutish and indecently towards him. He desired, very much, the gentlemen to convey him away at night, in the custom-house boat, and pressed it on their conscience; for if the Prince of Orange should take away his life, his blood would be required at their hands. But they would by no means admit of this, saying they must be accountable for him to the prince, and it would be the means of laying the nation in blood. After this he was carried to the mayor's house; he continued under a strong guard of soldiers and sailors until Saturday morning ten o'clock. The King having during that time, sent to the lords of the council, acquainting them that the mob had possessed themselves of his money and necessaries, and desiring them to supply him with more, upon which the Earls of Faversham, Hilsborough, Middleton and Yarmouth, with about 120 horse-guards, beside some sumpter horses, &c. and coaches, were sent him. They were ordered, if possible, to persuade the King to return to Whitehall, but not to put any restraint upon his person, if he chose to go beyond the sea. The lords came to Sittingbourn on Friday evening, but were met by Sir Basil Dixwell, who commanded the horse-guards in town, under the Earl of Winchelsea, with some other persons of quality, and persuaded the lords to leave the guards at Sittingbourn, and they would conduct his Majesty there the next morning, which was done, with much order and satisfaction both to

the King and the people. The King lay that night at Rochester, and went the next day to Whitehall. Sir Edward Hales, and the rest of the Popish prisoners, were kept in the court-hall, only Sir Edward Hales was removed to Maidstone goal within a few hours after the King's departure. There were about ten Popish priests and others, and three Protestants, who remained prisoners at Faversham, under a strong guard, until December 30, when some were conducted to the Tower, others to Newgate, and some were released."

It is only necessary to add, that this infatuated monarch, some little time afterwards, came back to Rochester, where, after having lingered a few days he embarked on board of a frigate, which landed him safe at Ambletense, in Picardy. This quitting of the kingdom is usually termed the *abdication* of James; the throne being thus vacant, William and Mary were appointed to fill it up, a circumstance truly glorious; for the rights and liberties of the inhabitants of Britain were now placed on a permanent foundation. May they be perpetuated with every requisite improvement to latest posterity!

Nor should we forget to mention, that Faversham has been in early times, distinguished by the presence of august visitors. Mary, widow of Lewis the Twelfth, king of France, and sister to Henry the Eighth, rested here 1515, on her return from the continent—King Henry the Eighth, in 1522, passed through with the Emperor and a

numerous train of nobles ; and in 1545 he rested here on his journey to the siege of Bulleîn.—King Philip and Queen Mary passed through in 1557.—Queen Elizabeth slept two nights in the town, 1573 ; and finally, Charles the Second visited it in 1660, and dined with the mayor on his restoration.

Faversham *Abbey* was once a famous building, waiving its blessings and curses far and wide, according to the characters of the individuals concerned with these sons of superstition and folly. A few walls now remain ; their examination may gratify the lover of antiquity.

Leaving Faversham, we soon ascended *Boughton-Hill*, from the summit of which the fertility of Kent is seen to advantage ! The isle of Sheppy, with the ships at the Nore, are beheld on one side, whilst the country through which you have journeyed in the way from Chatham, with the town of Faversham, and its white spire, lies extended before you :—

—————The spacious vale with flowers
O'erspread, and copious herbage pleases at once
The sight, and offers to the ready hand
Spontaneous beauty ripening in the Sun !

BRITANNIA.

Descending the hill we meet with the village of *Harbledown*, noted for the salubrity of its air, and the pleasantness of its situation. Here is an hospital, built and endowed by Archbishop Lanfranc, 1084, which once contained a precious relic, called St. Thomas Becket's *slipper*,

mentioned by Erasmus, as the upper leather of an old shoe, adorned with crystals set in copper ! The pilgrims, who were on their way to the shrine of St. Thomas, at Canterbury, used to stop here, and kiss this bauble, deeming it a preparation for their solemn approach to the tomb. Nor is this the only *old shoe* which has been held in veneration. Boswell, speaking of the escape of the Pretender, in 1746, after the battle of Culloden, tells us the following anecdote :—"The wanderer's shoe being very bad, Kingsburg (a friend) provided him with a new pair, and taking up the old ones, said, I will faithfully keep them till you are settled *at St. James's*. I will then introduce myself by shaking them at you, to put you in mind of your night's entertainment and protection under my roof: he smiled, and said, *Be as good as your word* ! Kingsburg kept the shoes as long as he lived, and after his death a jacobite gentleman gave *twenty* guineas for them." These shoes ought to have been laid up along with the slipper of Becket ; as a valuable bequest to mankind !

We were now so far advanced toward the end of our journey, that we had, in full view, the *cathedral* church of Canterbury rearing aloft its towers with archiepiscopal dignity ! Indeed, having passed the church of St. Dunstan, we soon alighted in the ancient and metropolitan city of Canterbury.

I shall close this letter with remarking, that a *scull* used to be preserved in St. Dunstan's church,

said to be that of *Sir Thomas More*, who was beheaded on Tower-Hill, July 5th, 1545. It was kept in a niche of the wall, inclosed by an iron gate; though it is reported that his favourite daughter, Mrs. Margaret Roper, was, according to her desire, buried with it in her arms! SIR THOMAS, who had been Lord High Chancellor of England, was a singular character: and Addison well observes, respecting the magnanimity with which he behaved on the scaffold, "that what was only philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be phrensy in one who does not resemble him, as well in the cheerfulness of his temper as in the sanctity of his life!"

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

LETTER IV.

CANTERBURY; STORY OF ST. DUNSTAN; ANTIQUITY OF THE CITY; CHECQUER INN; TWO BANKS; DUNGELL; CATHEDRAL; SHRINE OF ST. THOMAS A BECKET; CANTERBURY TALES; MONUMENT OF THE CATHEDRAL; ITS FONT; TILLOTSON; EXTENT OF THE DIOCESE OF CANTERBURY; ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH; RUINS OF AUGUSTINE ABBEY; HOPS; THEIR HISTORY AND CULTIVATION; BANTON MILLS; STURRY; ITS RURAL SITUATION; ENGRAVINGS FROM TITIAN; SOCIAL; VISIT TO HEARNE BAY.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

CANTERBURY is situated on the river Stour; and being spread over a considerable portion of ground, contains a great number of inhabitants. Some pretend to insinuate that the place existed 900 years before Christ. Its antiquity, indeed, is so great, that we cannot ascertain the precise period of its commencement. In *Canterbury* there are *fourteen* parish churches, beside the cathedral, which adds greatly to the appearance of the city. The parish of St. Dunstan is called after *Dunstan* the famous Saint, and archbishop of Canterbury, who died A. D. 988, and concerning whom the monks gravely tell the following story:—*Dunstan* losing favour with the king, retired to a little cell, built against the church wall of Glastonbury. Here he amused himself

with forging useful things in brass and iron. One evening, working very busily at his forge, the *Devil*, in the appearance of a man, thrust his head in at the window of his cell, and asked him to make something or other for him. Dunstan, intent on his work, made no answer, on which the *Devil* beginning to swear, betrayed the lurking fiend. The holy blacksmith putting up an ejaculation, pulled his tongues, which were red-hot, out of the fire, seized the *Devil* by the nose, and squeezing him, made his infernal Majesty roar at such a rate, that he awakened the people for many miles round !

Canterbury is mentioned in the earliest account of our island. Its walls, its gates, and several of its churches mark its age ; and afford materials for the gratification of curiosity. It has two markets weekly, on Wednesday and Saturday, the latter being best attended. The principal street is large and handsome ; the *Chequer Inn*, which once occupied a considerable portion of ground, may be seen from it, and is rendered famous for having been the house where pilgrims, (according to Chaucer,) took up their abode during their visit to this city. Two banks were opened in Canterbury in 1781, and 1791, the one under the firm of Gipps, &c. the other under that of Baker, (now one of the members for the city) Denne, Kingsford, Halford, and Kingsford. From the favourable situation of the city, with respect to the adjacent country, it is pro-

bable that it must always enjoy no small share of prosperity.

The corporation of Canterbury consists of a mayor, recorder, twelve aldermen, a sheriff, and twenty-four common council-men. The city is distributed into four streets, disposed in the form of a cross, is divided into six wards, about three miles in circumference, and sends two members to parliament. Upon the revocation of the Edict of Nantz, by Louis the 14th, thousands of French protestants fled to this country, many of whom employed in the silk manufacture, took up their abode at Canterbury. The dissenters here are numerous, having several places of worship. The meeting of the *General Baptists* standing in the Black Friars, used to be agreeably encircled by trees, but they have lately been cut down, which is far from being an improvement. The remains of a castle are to be seen at the extremity of the city, and there is an artificial mount, called the *Dungell*, or Dane Johnhill, and by others, *Donjon*, or Dungeon, a high tower in old fortifications. It is supposed to have been raised by the Danes when they, in Ethelbert's time, besieged the city. From the summit there is a view of Canterbury and the surrounding country. In 1790 this spot was embellished by the late James Simmons, Esq. one of the aldermen, who rendered it a place for recreation to the citizens. Of late years Canterbury has experienced many improvements. Nor must we forget to mention the *Hospital*, a neat spacious building, erected

within these few years, and supported with equal zeal by churchmen and dissenters : indeed it is deserving of every countenance, because institutions of this kind mitigate the pains of suffering humanity. We shall also just add, that there are two handsome booksellers' shops, with good circulating libraries, in this city, where the London papers may be seen daily. There are three papers published here twice a week, which have an extensive circulation throughout the county.

The *Cathedral* is a vast pile of building, and exhibits marks of hoary antiquity. It rears its towers with elegance, and its interior is decorated by monuments well worth examination. The choir is thought to be the most spacious in the kingdom ; the stalls for the Dean and Prebendaries are of wainscot, divided by neat fluted pillars, with capitals of the Corinthian order supporting the insignia of ecclesiastical authority. It is remarkable, that this structure has been more than once burnt to the ground. The agonising distraction shewn by some of the poor monks, on one of those occasions, in preserving the dead bodies of the saints from the flames, forms a striking picture of the superstition of those times. Some of the bodies were scorched, others half consumed ; but all were, at the hazard of their lives, snatched from the devouring element, and borne away with triumph—so precious were these miserable relics of their devotion.

Behind the altar in this cathedral used to stand

the shrine of St. Thomas Becket, which old Stow thus describes :—"This shrine was built about a man's height all of stone, then upwards of timber, plain, upon which was a chest of iron, containing the bones of Thomas Becket, scull and all, with the wound of his death, and the piece cut out of his scull, laid in the same wound. The timber work of this shrine on the outside was covered with plates of gold damasked with gold wire, which ground of gold was again covered with jewels of gold, as rings, ten or twelve cramped with gold wire, into the said ground of gold, many of these rings having stones in them, broches, images, angels, precious stones, and great pearls, the spoil of which shrine in gold and precious stones filled two great chests, one of which six or seven strong men could do no more than convey it out of the church at once, all of which was taken to the king's use, and the bones of St. Thomas, by command of the Lord Cromwell, were then and there burnt to ashes, in Sept. 1538, the 30th year of Henry the VIIIth." I transcribe this description of the shrine, because it was frequented previous to the reformation by thousands of pilgrims from every part of the kingdom ! This Thomas Becket was archbishop of Canterbury, in the reign of Henry the Second, and by his insolent behaviour to that monarch, precipitated his own destruction. He was, after various broils and intrigues, seized in the cathedral, and tumbled head-long from an eminence, so that his brains were dashed out on the pave-

ment! They show you the fatal spot; and an old man, pointing to the identical part where he fell, assured me that there was a *stain* which time had not obliterated.

The numbers of *pilgrims* that formerly visited the tombs of Becket, and other saints, at Canterbury, are incredible. They included individuals of every description. Hence Chaucer, in his *Canterbury Tales*, draws the respective characters of these pilgrims in so masterly a manner, that he satyrizes every vice, and exposes every folly, by which his times were distinguished. Dryden remarks, that "Chaucer must have been a man of a wonderfully comprehensive nature, because he has taken into the compass of his *Tales* the various manners and humours of the whole English nation. Not a single character has escaped him. Even the grave and serious characters among the pilgrims are distinguished by their several sorts of gravity."

An Engraving is now in hand, of a beautiful Painting, by Stoddard, of *Chaucer's Pilgrims*, I saw it during its exhibition, at Mr. R. H. Cromek's, who has purchased it, and means, after having obtained an adequate number of Subscribers, to give it to the world.

There are in this metropolitan church some elegant monuments, particularly those of Henry the Fourth and his Queen—Edward the Black Prince—Cardinals Chartillon and Pole—Archbishops Courtenay, Chichely, Bourchier, &c. Viewing such a variety of tombs, I was impressed

with a passage from Addison :---“ When I look upon the tombs of the great, every emotion of envy dies within me. When I read the epitaphs of the beautiful, every inordinate desire goes out. When I meet with the grief of parents upon a tomb-stone, my breast melts with compassion. When I see the tombs of parents themselves, I consider the vanity of grieving for those whom we must quickly follow. When I see kings lying by those who deposed them—when I consider rival wits placed side by side, or the holy men, that divided the world with their contests and disputes, I reflect with sorrow and astonishment on the little competitions and debates of mankind. When I read the several dates of the tombs, of some that died yesterday, and some six hundred years ago, I consider that GREAT DAY when we shall *all* of us be *contemporaries*, and make our appearance together !”

I had almost forgotten to notice the fine font in this cathedral, given by Dr. Warner, bishop of Rochester, 1636, and now standing in a small octagon building. It was, in the time of Oliver Cromwell, pulled down by the soldiers, but Mr. Somner bought and reserved the pieces till the restoration : then presenting it to the archbishop he replaced it, and first baptised in it the daughter of the very person who had been the means of its preservation.

I feel myself much obliged to an intelligent gentleman belonging to *the Society of Friends*, for accompanying me through the several parts

of the cathedral: and this is not an improper place to confess myself indebted for information to the *Companion of the Canterbury Cathedral*, and to the Rev. W. Gosling's *Walk in and about the City of Canterbury*.

Fixing my eyes on the archiepiscopal chair, I was reminded of the intelligent and amiable John Tillotson, who died 1692, universally lamented.—He was the first prelate who was elevated to the Primacy after the revolution, and of course was exposed to the resentment of those persons who were attached to the cause of the abdicated monarch. His conduct, however, was that of the Saviour, *when he was reviled, he reviled not again*. After his death was found a bundle of anonymous letters that had been sent him, full of abuse and calumny; the only notice he had taken of them, was, tying them together and writing upon them—*Father forgive them, they know not what they do!* His sermons are held in just estimation. King William, upon his decease, was pleased to say, and it was a noble tribute of respect to his memory—“*I never knew an honester man, and I never had a better friend!*”

The diocese of Canterbury contains 257 parishes, besides chapels, in Kent, and 100 more in other dioceses. These latter are called *peculiars*, because wherever the archbishop has manors or advowsons, those places are deemed in the diocese of Canterbury. The see is supposed to produce about 10,000*l.* per annum. The archbishop

is primate of all England, and the first peer of the realm, having precedence of all Dukes not of the blood-royal, and all the officers of state. He is styled his *Grace*, and writes himself *Divina Providentia*, by Divine Providence, whereas other bishops style themselves *Divina Permissione*, by Divine Permission. At coronations he places the crown on the king's head, and wherever the court may be held, their *Majesties* are the proper domestic parishioners of the archbishop of Canterbury. The see has yielded eighteen saints to the church of Rome, and nine cardinals—to the civil state of England, twelve lord chancellors, four lord treasurers, and one lord chief justice, besides nine chancellors to the university of Oxford! The present metropolitan, Dr. Sutton, was raised to this station a few months ago, and will, no doubt, conduct himself with moderation. In every department of life *the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit* forms the loveliest decoration of christianity.

We must not close the description of Canterbury without noticing two curiosities, St. Martin's church, and the ruins of St. Augustine's abbey. *St. Martin's church* is thought to be the most antique piece of architecture in the kingdom; for some suppose that it was built about the year 200, that is about the middle space of time when the Christians, both Britons and Romans, lived in this island free from all persecution. In the centre of this little church, which I inspected with a more than ordinary degree of ve-

neration, may be seen a very ancient cylindrical font, enriched by means of sculptured ornaments. It is meant for the *immersion of the body*, which was the mode of administering baptism at the promulgation of christianity.

The ruins of *St. Augustine's Abbey* are impressive. A detail of its history cannot be here expected. It must have been a structure of uncommon magnificence! When Henry the Eighth seized the religious houses, the gates of this abbey were shut against him, till two pieces of cannon, placed on an adjoining hill, made the affrighted monks give up their keys. Enough, however, remained entire to receive the unfortunate Charles the First at his wedding, where it was kept with every degree of festivity. How little know we of *the good and evil* which lies before us! His queen, according to some historians, brought on his melancholy destination. Here, also, Charles the Second, on his way from Dover was entertained with pomp at his restoration.

With respect to Canterbury, I shall only add, that it is encompassed with *Hop-grounds*; for the cultivation of this plant, indeed, Kent has been famed.

The flow'ry hop, whose tendrils climbing round
The tall aspiring pole, bear their light heads
Aloft in pendent clusters—which in the malt's
Fermenting tuns infus'd, to mellow age
Preserves the potent draught!

These poles, in the winter, are circularly placed in the fields, and have a singular appearance; they called up to my mind the huts of the South-Sea islanders; those dreary abodes of uncivilized humanity. But when encircled by the luxuriant hop, in its proper season, they are beautiful; few objects in nature can be said to produce more agreeable sensations. In this plant we admire the gracefulness of its clusters, and the superabundance of its fertility!

The rapid growth of this plant, is made use of by the poet to indicate the improvement which the fond parent perceives in its offspring:—

The parent deem'd he could perceive the growth
Of goodness, and of learning, shooting up,
Like the young offspring of the shelter'd hop,
Unusual progress in a summer's night!

HURDIS.

Leaving the city of Canterbury, and pursuing the road to Margate, we observe on the left, *Barton Mills*, at a pleasant distance from the road, the residence of W——m K——d, Esq. and on the right we are surprised by a range of barracks, where a number of troops are stationed. The road to Margate passes through *Sturry*, two miles distant from Canterbury; and the new piece of road cut in a more direct line to this village, is an improvement. Here, under *the roof* of a much respected Friend, the Rev. S——n K——d, surrounded by a numerous and pleasing family, I took up my abode. The river Stour

running close by the house, has thrown over it a neat bridge of three arches. Opposite the mansion, and across the public road, is a small garden, neatly laid out, with a water-fall, which, while it gratifies the sight, with its silvery appearance, soothes the ear with the gentlest sensations. Close by stands a lofty and handsome water-mill for the grinding of corn, which, by the noisy circulation of its wheels, reminds the passing traveller, bent on pleasure, not to forget the benefits resulting from the operations of industry. Not long after its erection, it was burnt down, in the spring of 1808, owing, it is supposed, to excessive friction, an almost necessary attendant on such large complicated machinery. The fire burst forth, about six in the evening, "sudden as the spark from smitten steel," and in a few hours the whole building, involved in flames, became one unsightly mass of ruins! My worthy friend, the proprietor, bore this most unexpected visitation of providence, with fortitude and composure; numbers kindly flew from every part to his assistance; and sympathised with him on the occasion. Happily no lives were lost, and the structure has been again raised, with increased convenience and beauty.

Just beyond this spot, at the distance of a few yards, the *parish church* lifts its tapering spire, having its interior decorated with "many a holy text," and the structure is encircled by a cemetery, where

Each, in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep !

The Mill, the Church, the Bridge, and the transparent stream, seen from the parlour window of my friend, form an interesting picture, and add to the beauty of the scenery !

Close to the church, is a *venerable Mansion-House*, inhabited by a respectable and industrious Farmer, *G. Pembroke, Esq.* It was once of considerable extent, formerly belonging to the *Strangford* family, now to *R. Foot, Esq.* Charlton-place. It used to have a large chapel at the top of it, where the Roman Catholic service was performed, with its accustomed solemnities. No remains of it are to be found at the present day. Thus is it, that *Sic transit gloria Mundi* is verified in the private as well as the public history of mankind.

At the habitation of my friend I met with *four* engravings taken from *TITIAN*, which, on account of the nature of their subjects, and the elegance of their execution, attracted my attention. They were entitled the *Triumph of Time*, the *Triumph of Christianity*, the *Triumph of Fame*, and the *Triumph of Death* ! Each was accompanied by an explication. In such paintings the power of the pencil is impressive ! Not only were the groups of the figures, but even the separate countenances replete with expression. The *Fine Arts* shed a fascinating influence when we perceive them thus consecrated to our improvement.

It was during my visit at Sturry that we, one

afternoon, made an excursion of about six miles to *Hearne Bay*. This little place, (at which vessels are laden with corn, flour, &c. for the metropolis and other parts of the kingdom,) is frequented by those who wish to unite the charms of retirement with the healthful practice of sea-bathing! Taking a boat, we put off from land, so that we just caught a view of the *Reculvers*, at the termination of the semicircular cliffs;—a church, formerly of considerable magnificence, and even now its two spires, (called the Sisters,) are useful to mariners navigating the tempestuous ocean! Upon our return to land, we obtained refreshment, and soon jogged homewards, pleased with our journey. Passing *Hearne church*, I thought of its former rector, *Duncombe*, the translator of Horace, a man of genius and piety. He married the daughter of J. Highmore, Esq. the celebrated painter, who still survives him. He had a talent for poetry, and having, in this excursion, experienced the pleasures arising from social intercourse, some lines which he had written occurred to my mind:—

Seek not to draw me from this calm retreat,
 In loftier sphere unfit—untaught to move ;
 Content with *plain domestic life*, where meet
 The sweets of friendship and the smiles of love !

And, indeed, what wise and good man would exchange the pleasures of *private life* for the turbulence of the world? He must be mistaken, as to the nature of happiness, who imagines that such a choice can be made with advantage. The

wants of the body are easily relieved ; the desires of a well-regulated mind may be easily gratified. The wisdom and goodness of Providence are displayed in the constitution of man ; we are formed for temperance---we are designed for the cultivation of virtue---we are destined by the sober use of our present comforts, which religion enjoins, to the superior blessings of immortality. For these *old-fashioned* reflections, in favour of domestic happiness, I offer no apology, but subscribe myself,

Your's, &c.

LETTER V.

FORDWICH; SINGULAR TROUT; SARR; ISLE OF THANET;
 ENTRANCE OF ARTS, SCIENCE, AND OF THE CHRISTIAN
 RELIGION INTO THIS ISLAND; MARGATE; THE HOYS;
 DANDELION; SPA-BATHING; THE PIER; SINGULAR SITU-
 ATION OF MARGATE; KING'S-GATE; NORTH FORELAND
 LIGHT-HOUSE; BROADSTAIRS; GOODWIN SANDS; RAMS-
 GATE; ITS PIER; SANDWICH; DEAL; DOWNS; TELE-
 GRAPH; WALMER CASTLE; INVASION OF JULIUS CÆSAR;
 WALDESHARE SEAT OF LORD NORTH; FREDVILLE;
 BARSON; INSTANCES OF LONGEVITY; BUCKLAND; DOVER.

MY WORTHY YOUNG FRIEND,

BIDDING adieu to Sturry, we leave, on the right, the ancient town of *Fordwich*, a member of the port and town of Sandwich, enjoying the privileges of a cinque port, and giving the title of *Viscount* to the family of Cowper. It is incorporated by the name of the mayor, jurats, and commonalty of Fordwich. The trout caught at this place are worthy of notice. Walton, in his *Complete Angler*, mentions them; a work published so far back as Charles the First. "There is also in Kent, (says he,) near to Canterbury, a trout, called there, a *Fordidge* trout, a trout that bears the name of the town where it is usually caught, that is accounted the rarest of fish; many of them near the bigness of a salmon, but

known by their different colour, and in their best season they cut very white." It is curious to see the opinion of an eminent Angler, respecting them in those days. I have eaten of them at the house of my friend, who amuses himself often by catching them with a net, and have found them delicious. What they live upon in fresh water is still a mystery. I have been present at the opening of them, but, upon inspecting the stomach, no vestige of food could be discerned!

The river flows down from Sturry to Fordwich, with great gentleness and transparency. I and my friend glided along its bosom one summer's evening—it was like the stream of human life—we were insensibly borne along and surprised at its unexpected termination. Yet, how pleasing thus to trace a resemblance between natural and moral subjects; it conduces to improvement.

At Sarr, (a poor village) another member of the port of Sandwich, we enter the *Isle of Thanet*, containing 41 square miles, and 27,000 acres of land. It produces a great quantity of corn, and is in a high state of cultivation. The name *Thanet*, signifying *fire*, was given it by the Saxons, because it formerly abounded with beacons, for the purpose of watching the enemy. It is said that the blessings of arts, of science, and of divine knowledge, first visited this part of our island! The state of the natives, before this period, must have been wretched, for what

is life without the comforts of civilization? And what the comforts of civilization without the amiable spirit, just precepts, and the exalted hopes of the CHRISTIAN RELIGION?

But see! what sudden glories from the sky
To my *benighted* soul appear,
And all the gloomy prospect cheer?
What awful form approaches nigh?
Awful, yet mild, as is the southern wind,
That gently bids the forest nod:
Hark! thunder breaks the air, and angels speak:
Behold the SAVIOUR of the world! Behold the LAMB of
God!

Ye sons of men, behold his aspect meek,
The tear of pity on his cheek!
See! in his train appear
Humility and *Patience* sweet;
Repentance, prostrate at his sacred feet,
Bedews with tears, and wipes them with his flowing hair!
No more repine, my coward soul,
The sorrows of mankind to share,
Which HE who could the world controul,
Did not disdain—to bear!
Check not the flow of *sweet fraternal* love,
By HEAV'N's high King in bounty giv'n,
Thy stubborn heart to soften and improve,
Thy earth-clad spirit to refine,
And gradual raise to *love divine*,
And wing its soaring flight to HEAV'N!

CARTER.

MARGATE, at the northern extremity of the Isle of Thanet, and sixteen miles from Canterbury, is subject to the mayor of Dover, of which port it is a member. Its proper name is said to be *Meregate*, derived from an opening or gate, through which there was a small *mere*, or stream,

running into the sea. It used to be of little importance till the year 1724, when an act of parliament was obtained to rebuild the pier with stone ; and the town itself underwent improvement. Of late years it has been frequented by the citizens of London, who flock hither in the summer season. Packets convey these visitors to Margate in a few hours, though sometimes the voyage lasts for two or three days. Into these vehicles they crowd persons of all descriptions ; and Dr. Walcot, (under the assumed name of Peter Pindar,) has thus played off his wit upon their peculiarities with his usual freedom :—

Go beauteous Hoy, in safety every inch—
That storms should wreck thee, gracious heav'n forbid !
Whether commanded by brave Captain Finch,
Or equally tremendous Captain Kid !
Go with thy cargo !—Margate town amuse,
And God preserve thy Christians and thy Jews !
Soon as thou gett'st within the pier,
All Margate will be out I trow—
And people rush from far and near,
As if thou hadst wild beasts to show !

The citizens, however, are entitled to a large portion of recreation after their application to business in the close and heated recesses of an overgrown metropolis. Entertainments of various kinds are here provided for their gratification, particularly a theatre, a library, an assembly-room, &c. The bathing here is excellent, the shore being level, and covered with sand. The number of subscribers often amount to *one thou-*

sanâ, in a season. Diligences run every day to Canterbury to meet the coaches which come from London, and return with passengers to Margate the same evening.

Dandelion, in the vicinity of this place, (called after a family of that name,) is a famous tea-house, with small gardens, which are much frequented. The gathering up of shells, pebbles, sea-weeds, &c. along the shore, often amuses the company. Dr. Lettsom, in 1792, laid the foundation of an useful institution, here under the name of a General Sea-bathing Infirmary.

Cecil-square, *Hawley-square*, and *Union Crescent*, are modern piles of building, which recommend themselves to visitants by the elegance of their structure and the airiness of their situation.

The good effects of *sea-bathing*, in certain cases, have been well ascertained; it is also an agreeable exercise to those who have a partiality for the water, especially in the summer season :—

Oh ! recreation exquisite to feel,
The wholesome waters trickle from the head
Oft as its saturated locks emerge !
To feel them lick the hand, and lave the foot !
And when the playful and luxuriant limb
Is satiate with pastime, and the man
Rises refresh'd from the voluptuous flood,
How rich the pleasure to let zephyr chill,
And steal the dew drops from his panting sides !

HURDIS!

There are many pleasant walks around Margate; but the pier, where the packets are, in

the season, almost continually landing their motley contents, is a favourite promenade with the company. Morning and evening it is crowded with beauty and fashion. The *York East India-man*, driven by a violent storm against the back of this pier, some years ago, landed its crew and passengers in safety. A small stone is erected on the spot by way of grateful commemoration.

This pier, with the Lathing-houses and a good part of High-street, suffered prodigiously in the winter of 1807, from a storm which threatened the destruction of the place. It threw the inhabitants into a general consternation. The pier is still in a very dilapidated condition, and some thousands must be expended to restore it to its former neatness and stability.

Mr. Hasted, in his *History of Kent*, remarks, that, "the town and harbour of Margate are situated so directly open to the Northern ocean, that a vessel taking her departure thence, and steering her course north half east, would hit no land till she came on the coast of Greenland, in the latitude of 75 deg. north, after having run 1380 miles!" Certain it is, that its situation is exposed to the ocean; and, on a fair day, the ships passing along with a gentle breeze, some at the utmost verge of the horizon, entertain the eye and gratify the imagination!

Kingsgate, on this coast, being a pleasant ride from Margate, derives its name from the landing of *Charles the Second* here, in his way from Dover to London. Here was the seat of the late Lord

Holland, resembling an Italian villa; particularly that of Cicero's, near the bay of Baiaë, in the Augustan age, when the polite arts were in their glory.

The building, alas! is partly taken down, and is to be converted into a range of lodging-houses. The arch, under which there is a very sudden descent to the shore has an awful appearance; indeed this, and other imitations of antiquity, give the spot a melancholy air; you seem withdrawn from the world into the deepest retirement. One of the towers has an inscription upon it,—I waded to it thro' a field of ripe corn, ---it records a bloody battle fought there between certain invaders and our ancestors, in the earliest period of our history.

Still keeping along the coast, we reach the *North Foreland*, which is almost the extreme east point of England. It projects far into the sea, after the form of a bastion, on which a *lighthouse* exalts its head; whence patent lamps, with reflecting lenses impart a strong and brilliant light, for the guidance of ships traversing this part of the ocean! The light, attended by two men who watch in turns, may be seen, in clear weather, more than ten leagues off; the whole building being white-washed, is seen farther in the day, and becomes more illuminated throughout the night. Every British ship going round the *Foreland*, pays two-pence, and every foreign one four-pence per ton, for the support of this structure, raised to ensure their safety. It is

under the regulation of the Trinity House, Deptford.

I ascended this tower which is kept uncommonly neat, and the inspection of the lamps gratified my curiosity. The prospect is fine and highly variegated, it does very well in the summer season, but in the winter it is oftentimes dreadful. Sea and land then conspire by their rugged aspect, to terrify the imagination and agitate the heart.

Proceeding in the way to Ramsgate, on the left we perceived *Broadstairs*, a small neat place, in a retired situation. Its libraries are pleasant in a high degree, and the parade before them has an extensive view of the ocean. Here a number of vessels are fitted out for the North Sea, and Iceland cod-fishery. A whale came on shore here in 1762, of prodigious dimensions. But the throat was so narrow as scarcely to admit of a man's arm. Let it, however, be remembered, that it was not a *whale*, but a *large fish*, that swallowed Jonah; therefore infidelity loses one objection to Revelation. Broadstairs has been lately visited by the more genteel classes of company, who wish to be withdrawn from the bustle in which Margate and Ramsgate are generally involved. The parish church is St. Peter's, and here is a dissenting place of worship of the General Baptist persuasion. Its minister is not a man of education, but his good sense, his modesty, and his simplicity gain him many friends. His hearers bear willing testi-

mony to his benevolence and piety. Opposite to this place, about two leagues from the shore, and about ten miles in length, the *Goodwin Sands* stretch themselves—always the terror, and not unfrequently the destruction of mariners! Here, in the great storm, 1703, the *Stirling Castle*, *Restoration*, *Northumberland*, and *Mary*, with vice-admiral Beaumont, and 1,100 seamen perished! More recent losses have been experienced, which are fresh in our memory.

RAMSGATE is situated about five miles from Margate, in the cove of a chalky cliff—formerly an obscure town, built for the convenience of the fishery. The old town, built in the form of a cross, has many good houses. It has been of late raised in its importance, by its trade to Russia and the East country. Noble families have for years past honoured it with their residence during the summer season. Chapel Row, Prospect Row, Sion Hill, and Albion Place, are extremely pleasant. It has good inns, a toy warehouse, and two large libraries. The bathing-place is on the east side of the harbour, under the cliffs—the bottom being chalk covered with sand. The piers, forming the new harbour, are objects worthy of attention; and the prospect hence, of the Downs, the French coast, South Foreland, &c. is delightful. The eastern one extends itself near 800 feet into the ocean, built of white Purbeck stone! The western one is partly wood and partly stone; the bason is commodious; and the harbour forms a refuge for ships exposed to the

utmost danger in the Downs. The expence of building it was immense; but it is an object of national utility. From 1790 to 1791, upwards of 600 sail entered it for safety, of which more than 300 were bound to and from London. Mr. Smeaton, the famous engineer, observes, in his Report of Ramsgate Harbour, published by order of the Trustees, 1791, "that if every thing be duly and attentively performed, I doubt not but to see the time when it will be said, (notwithstanding its misfortunes, and the obliquy that has been occasionally cast upon it,) to be a work worthy the expence it has incurred."

Jacob's Ladder by which you ascend from the harbour to the cliff, is a curiosity. Frequent embarkations take place here; for almost every part of the world.

SANDWICH, the next town, near a mile and a half from the sea, is a place of antiquity. It contains three parish churches, a grammar-school, three hospitals, and a town-hall, over which is a council-chamber. It is incorporated by the name of the mayor, jurats, and commonalty. Mr. Lysons, in his *Entirons of London*, says, that gardens, for raising vegetables for sale, were first cultivated about Sandwich. The soil about this part is good, and, of course, the seeds raised in it are in repute. The town is, for the most part, watered by a narrow stream called the Delph, which runs through it. An elegant assembly-room has been lately built, and there are many wealthy inhabitants. The late William Boys,

Esq. in the year 1792, published an account of Sandwich, embellished with several engravings.

Quitting Sandwich, we soon came in view of DEAL, extending itself along the sea-coast. Its inhabitants, therefore, must be in the habit of hearing—

The billows break upon the sounding strand,
And roll the rising tide impure with sand !

DRYDEN.

Deal, in the time of Leland, was a fighting-town, but since that period it has been improved. It now consists of three narrow irregular streets ; and its inhabitants are either in the sea-faring line, or employed in offices under government. St. George's chapel of ease is elegant and spacious—the cemetery, also adjoining, is ornamented by tombs belonging to sea-faring gentlemen ; whose epitaphs tell you, that after having visited every clime, and braved the tempest on almost every ocean, they are here at last sheltered from the storms of life in the dark and silent grave ! The trade of the place arises from its connection with the Downs, which lie opposite the town, where ships of war and merchandize ride, previous to their departure for distant regions of the world ! To behold so many stately vessels at anchor forms an interesting spectacle ; the mind is thrown into a variety of pleasing speculations upon the maritime importance of our country :—

Mark the surrounding sea's o'ershaded with our fleets ;
Behold yon ships that glide before the rising gale,

With streamers glittering in the noon-beam day ;
See ! on their painted legs series what gay gold
Is spread, what symmetry and strength appear
In each high frame,—tough spacious, yet adorn'd
With all that elegance bestows !

BRITANNIA.

Close to the town stands a *Telegraph*, the first of the twelve that connect the Downs with the Admiralty-office, Westminster, the distance being seventy-two miles. The period of communication up to London, at an average, is *ten minutes*; but the atmosphere being at one time very clear, the men employed there, assured us, that a message was sent up, and an answer returned in *fifteen minutes* ! The telegraph is by no means a modern invention. Something of this kind is supposed to have been in use even so far back as the Trojan war ; for a Greek play begins with a scene, in which a watchman descending from the top of a tower in Greece, gives the information that Troy was taken—"I have been looking out these ten years, (says he,) to see when that would happen, and this night it is done !" Under different forms it certainly existed among the ancients. The Marquis of Worcester also mentions it in 1663, in his *Century of Inventions*; but it was never much used till the French revolution, when being revived, it has undergone several alterations, and has been brought to great perfection. We next meet with *Deal Castle*, of a singular form, having walls of enormous thickness, with the naval hospital, the military hos-

pital, and the royal barracks, each of which boasts of an healthy situation.

The high road from Deal to Dover passes through the village of Walmer, whose castle was the occasional residence of the late Right Honourable William Pitt, then warden of the Cinque Ports. His father, the late *Earl of Chatham*, was at once the ornament and boast of his country.

But this spot is remarkable for being the place where Julius Cæsar is supposed to have landed, fifty years before the commencement of the Christian Æra, and by which circumstance the Romans obtained their first footing in this country. The account which Cæsar *himself* gives of it in his *Commentaries*, is interesting, and shall be transcribed from Duncan's translation :—

“The *Barbarians*, (that is, the English,) perceiving our design, sent their cavalry and chariots before, which they frequently made use of in battle, and followed with the rest of their forces, endeavoured to oppose our landing. And, indeed, we found the difficulty very great on many accounts, for our ships being large required a great depth of water, and the soldiers were wholly unacquainted with the places, and had their hands embarrassed ; and loaded with the weight of armour, were at the same time to leap from the ships, stand breast-high, amidst the waves, and encounter the enemy ; while they, fighting upon dry ground, or advancing only a little way into the water, having the free use of their limbs, and in places which they perfectly knew, could

boldly cast the darts, and spur on their horses, well inured to that kind of service. All these circumstances serving to spread a terror among our men, who were wholly strangers to this way of fighting, they pushed not the enemy with the same vigour and spirit as was usual for them in combats on dry ground. CÆSAR observing this, ordered some gallies, a kind of shipping less common with the barbarians, and more easily governed and put in motion, to advance a little from the transports towards the shore, in order to set upon the enemy in flank, and by means of their engines, slings, and arrows, drive them to some distance. This proved of considerable service to our men, for what with the surprise occasioned by the make of our gallies, the motion of the oars, and the playing of the engines, the enemy were forced to halt, and in a little time began to give back. But our men still demurring to leap into the sea, chiefly because of the depth of the water in those parts, the standard-bearer of the tenth legion, having first *invoked the gods* for success, cried out aloud,---“ Follow me, fellow-soldiers, unless you betray the *Roman eagle* into the hands of the enemy ; for my part, I am resolved to discharge *my duty* to Cæsar and the commonwealth ” Upon this he jumped into the sea, and advanced with the eagle against the enemy, whereat our men, exhorting one another, to prevent so signal a disgrace, all that were in the ship followed him, which being perceived by those in the nearest vessels, they also did the

like, and boldly approached the enemy. The battle was obstinate on both sides ; but our men, as being neither able to keep their ranks, nor yet firm footing, nor follow their respective standards, because, leaping promiscuously from their ships, every one joined the first ensign he met, were thereby thrown into great confusion. The enemy, on the other hand, being well acquainted with the shallows, when they saw our men advancing singly from the ships, spurred on their horses, and attacked them in that perplexity. In one place great numbers would gather round an handful of Romans, others fall upon them in flank, and galled them mightily with their darts. Which Cæsar observing, he ordered some boats to be manned, and ply about with recruits. By this means the foremost ranks of our men having got *firm footing*, were followed by all the rest, when falling on the enemy briskly, they were soon put to the rout. But, as the cavalry were not yet arrived, we could not pursue our advantage far in the island, which was the only thing wanting to render the victory complete."

Such is the account of JULIUS CÆSAR'S first landing in Britain ; according to his own acknowledgment, the natives opposed him with bravery :

They fought, but not as prodigal of blood,
Or thinking death itself was simply good ;
But in their COUNTRY'S weal they plac'd their pride,
And as *that* bade they either LIV'D or DIED !

Nor can the above extract be uninteresting to you, my young friend, who are anxious, at all times, to acquaint yourself with the history of your country.

In company with a kind friend, the Rev. B. M—n, who attended me to Deal, I passed through *Waldershare* grounds, and saw the seat of the late Lord North, who stands distinguished for his attempt to subjugate the American colonies. The house is large and spacious; and the park full of picturesque views. Close to a beautiful spot called the *Wilderness*, is a monument of considerable height, from the top of which is a charming prospect of the country. Statues of heathen deities were interspersed at various avenues, whilst the hare and the rabbit springing from their retreats, bounded along with rapidity! A Chinese temple, placed in a secluded situation, though verging to decay, attracted my attention. The mind might here resign itself to the charms of reflection :—

————— Be it thine to walk
 With reason, and enjoy th' harmonious voice
 Of conscious rectitude, whose soothing strain
 Can lift the soul beyond what vulgar thought
 Can distantly imagine!

DOWNMAN.

Not far from *Waldershare* is *Fredville* the seat of *John Plumtree, Esq*;—in the park belonging to which are *oak trees*, the most extraordinary for height and size in the kingdom. They are

distinguished by appropriate names, but the most remarkable of them are those called *Majesty*, *Stately*, and *Beauty*.---*Beauty* is sixty-three feet from the ground, whilst the uniformity of its branches and the regularity of its bark are beautiful beyond conception. The circumference of this tree, five feet from the ground, is fifteen feet nine inches--its solid contents, bark not included, twelve ton twenty-five feet !---*Stately* at four feet from the ground, measures in circumference eighteen feet—and its solid contents twelve ton thirty-three feet one inch, bark not included ! But *Majesty*, the most wonderful of all these trees, has, eight feet from the ground, a circumference of twenty-eight feet four inches---and at twenty-eight feet from the ground fifteen feet six inches. It has one arm which contains sixty-eight feet eleven inches—another sixty-four feet two inches---a third, sixty feet nine inches, and several others of nearly equal dimensions. The total contents of this huge bulk of timber are thirty-six tons twenty-eight feet four inches, bark not included !

Fredville is neat and spacious---it has, together with the house, within these few years been not only enlarged but improved with taste and judgment. The Mansion, standing on a rising ground, has a handsome brick front, supported by six columns of the corinthian order---the drawing-room is truly elegant, and the library contains several thousand volumes, selected from the most

approved ancient and modern authors. From the front of the house to the south, Barson mills wave their swifts above the plantations, and on the north-west Nunnington mills form a correspondent prospect. The swing suspended from the high branch of a towering oak--the rabbits skipping from hole to hole, formed among the fibres of the trees, and a rising family of hearty children seen amidst their innocent gambols constitute at once a piece of rural and delightful scenery. At the south-west end of the Mansion the Green-house has a pretty effect, displaying the skill of the Botanist whilst the industrious bees are observed conveying their plundered stores into glasses fixed within the windows of their abode, which in its turn is plundered to enrich the owner's table! The gardens behind the house are encircled with a shrubbery, along which a green walk, defended by a light post and rail, presents us with a view of the surrounding country. The woods on the south--the distant telegraph on the west, and the Isle of Thanet with Ramsgate harbour, &c. on the north-east, tend to enrich and diversify the prospect. The Bowling Green also hid among the trees--the laurelled-covered Ice-house, the sweet briar hedge and the weeping ash trees enhance the sensations of delight arising from the contemplation of this spot. In a word, should any thing be thought wanting, a stream of water would complete the situation.

John Plumtree Esq. the present proprietor,

was an only son--having one sister, now the lady of Sir Richard Carr Glynn. The principal family estate lies in Nottinghamshire. Mr. Plumptree's father and grandfather represented the town of Nottingham in parliament for upwards of 50 years; and amidst the various changes of Administration during that period they maintained those glorious principles of civil and religious liberty which placed the present illustrious House of Brunswick on the throne of these realms. Mr. Plumptree is a domestic gentleman, and his partiality for *Fredville* has led him to pass the greatest part of the year at this delightful retreat. His attention is occupied in the improvement of his estate: and he is never happier than when he is surrounded by his family, whilst the poor of the surrounding neighbourhood partake of his hospitality.

We soon reached *Barson*, the habitation of my friend, the Rev. B. M——n, (who obligingly furnished me with the account just given of *Fredville*) a neat farm-house, the abode of peace and plenty. Just opposite the parlour window may be seen a rabbit warren, where it is truly rural to perceive these little animals, either basking in the sun, or starting hither and thither at every breath of air that crosses the atmosphere! These timid creatures seem to be endowed by nature with a more than ordinary degree of sprightliness. The parish church is a curious piece of Anglo-Saxon architecture. The outside

is adorned by carved-work stone, with circular arches and windows. The interior is plain and of small extent : it has, however, two or three old monuments—a brass plate on one of them contained a Latin inscription which pleased me. The closing lines were finely expressive of that unavailing regret which we cannot help indulging at the decease of beloved relatives, and of that soothing hope of meeting them in a better world, with which we are inspired by Christianity. A number of Roman *tumuli*, or barrows, in the southern boundary of the parish, shew that the spot was formerly a scene of contention. *Long life* seems to have been enjoyed by many of its inhabitants. In 1700, the minister resident in this parish was buried at the age of 96, the minister preaching the funeral sermon 82, the reader of the service 87, the parish clerk 87, but then absent; the sexton 86, and his wife about 80; and several of the neighbouring parish of Coldred, who attended the funeral, were above 100 years old. In the year 1722 also, there were in this small parish, which consisted only of 58 souls, *nine* persons, whose ages made 636 years. These are unusual instances of longevity. But let it be ever remembered, that *honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or that which is measured by number of years. Wisdom is the grey hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age!*

From this healthy retired spot, after a few miles' ride, we reach the romantic village of Buckland, distinguished only by its corn and paper

mills, and then enter DOVER, which has been termed the grand *Key*, or entrance from the Continent into the island of Great Britain! But it is time that I hasten to subscribe myself,

Dear Sir,

Your's, &c.



LETTER VI.

ACCOUNT OF DOVER ; ITS ROMANTIC SITUATION AND EXTENT ; ITS CHURCHES ; ITS PIER AND HARBOUR ; EARL OF HARDWICKE ; CASTLE OF DOVER ; BLANCHARD AND JEFFERYS ; ITS BEACH ; LANDING OF CHARLES THE SECOND ; FATHER OF SIR SIDNEY SMITH ; CHURCHILL ; SHAKSPEARE'S CLIFF ; PASSAGE FROM DOVER TO CALAIS ; FOLKSTONE ; HYTHE ; HUMAN BONES ; CINQUE PORTS ; THEIR ANTIQUITY AND USEFULNESS ; FAREWELL TO THE SEA.

MY WORTHY YOUNG FRIEND,

HAVING in my last letter conducted you into the ancient town of Dover—an account of this place now calls for our attention. Its situation, extent and history, offer many particulars to the inquisitive mind. We cannot fail of being gratified by enquiries relative to a spot so frequently mentioned in the annals of our country.

DOVER, at the distance of 72 miles from London, enjoys a romantic situation. Entering it from Canterbury you pass through a valley of some length, in which (as has been already mentioned) stands the village of Buckland. The hills, on each side, have an interesting aspect—and being market-day, I met the good country folks jogging along encircled by the fruits of their industry. The entrance into the town has an antique appearance. The castle, on the left, frowns

from on high, and the opposite hill boldly facing the ocean, has the town stretched at its base, in an envied security. Thus circumstanced, my emotions were of a singular kind. Nor was my love of novelty the less gratified by the recollection that I was now approaching one of the principal extremities of the Island of Great Britain.

Mr. Hasted is of opinion, that this was the place where Julius Cæsar first intended to have landed in Britain. This he infers from a passage in his Commentaries, where Cæsar declares, that seeing the cliffs covered with Britons in arms, and observing that the sea being narrow and pent in by the hills, the Britons could easily throw their darts from thence on the shore beneath, he sailed eight miles farther, and came upon a plain and open shore! This spot, in the account of Deal, has been already noticed.

The town, about a mile in length, is large, but scattered, containing 14,000 inhabitants. Snar-gate-street is so confined by hills that it has a terrific appearance; but length of ages has shewn that the inhabitants are in safety. Dover has a market on Wednesday and Saturday, together with a fair in November, which has three market-days. The town has the privilege of trying all offences committed within its liberties and jurisdiction. St. Mary the Virgin, and St. James the Apostle, are the two parishes—the former being by far of the greatest extent. The church of St. Mary is a handsome structure, consisting of three aisles, and enriched with monu-

ments. The organ is reckoned a capital instrument; and in the tower is a good peal of eight bells. The Rev. John Lyon is the present incumbent, to whose ingenious account of Dover, this narrative stands indebted. The last time, (July 1808) I visited Dover, I attended the morning worship at St. Mary's, an excellent sermon was delivered by the curate, and the whole service conducted with great seriousness and propriety. The Rev. Wm. Tournay, the incumbent of St. James's, is also a gentleman of learning and piety.

The election both of Mayor and of the two Members of Parliament is held in St. Mary's church, to the violation of decency. Surely this impropriety ought to find a remedy. There were formerly more churches in Dover; the remains of one, indeed, at this day, constitute a dwelling-house inhabited by Mr. William Ashdown, who has published several pieces for the elucidation of the Holy Scriptures. The Dissenters in this town are numerous and respectable. The places of worship belonging to the General Baptists and to the Calvinists, stand near each other; but difference of opinion, among persons who worship so close together, is not suffered to interrupt the harmony of their devotion. *To love one another*, is the first and purest precept of christianity. The General Baptist Society had for its pastor, about a century ago, *Mr. Samuel Taver-*
ner, who had been governor of Deal castle. But relinquishing the pursuit of worldly honours, he avowed the profession of his religion, suffered

nobly for conscience sake, and to the last discharged the duties of the ministerial office with fidelity.

The pier and harbour of Dover are capacious, and have, at different times, proved expensive. Ships of four or five hundred tons enter with safety. The advantages of the harbour have been felt by vessels in distress passing through the channel. The Dover seamen deserve praise for their humanity on these occasions. Of the public buildings in Dover, the following require mention—the *Victualling-office* was anciently the hospital of the *Maison Dieu*. It is the only place of the kind between Portsmouth and Sheerness; hence all ships belonging to the navy, and lying in the Downs, receive their provisions. The appellation, *Maison Dieu*, is literally the *House of God*, being formerly devoted to purposes of devotion. The *Town Hall* stands in the market-place; rather antique in its appearance; here are some good portraits, together with a fine print, representing the embarkation of King Henry the Eighth at Dover, May 31, 1520, preparatory to his interview with Francis the First, of famous memory. The *Theatre*, in Snargate-street, answers also the purpose of assembly-rooms. The *Apollo*, and the *Albion Libraries*, both contain an ample collection of books, and the London papers are taken in for the use of subscribers.

This town gave birth to the Lord Chancellor, Philip York, Earl of Hardwicke, whose an-

cestors had been settled here for generations. The Earl died, universally regretted, in 1764: of him it was justly said, at his decease, that, "convinced of the great principles of religion, and steady in the practice of its duties, he maintained a reputation of virtue, which added dignity to the station he filled, and authority to the law he administered. His attachment also to the national church was accompanied with a full conviction, that a tender regard to *the rights of conscience*, and a temper of lenity and moderation, are not only right in themselves, but most conducive in their consequences to the honour and interest of the church. The strongest recommendation of the clergy to him for the bestowment of preferments was their fitness to discharge the duties of their profession."

The *Castle of Dorer*, supposed to have been built by Julius Cæsar, but probably raised by the Romans at a subsequent period, merits attention. It has a venerable appearance, and seated on the summit of a lofty cliff, looks down with grandeur upon the surrounding country. A great part of a morning, accompanied by some obliging friends, passed away in its examination. Ascending the side of a steep hill, we enter the *Castle* through a lofty gate-way, where a person in waiting conducts strangers to every object worthy of attention. But as it takes up near thirty-five acres of ground, I shall only touch on those objects which are interesting to the traveller. Passing several buildings, appropriated to

a variety of purposes, we reach an open lawn, where we meet with the brass cannon, peculiarly wrought, twenty-four feet long, called Queen Elizabeth's *pocket pistol* ! It was a present from the States of Holland to that queen—will carry a twelve pounder seven miles—and has upon it this inscription, in old Dutch—

O'er hill and dale I throw my ball,
Breaker my name of mound and wall !

The principal part of the fortifications consists in a large circular work, where stands the old church, supposed to have been built by Lucius, the first christian king of the Britons. In its original state it must have been a noble structure ; for even in its present dilapidated condition, there are vestiges of its ancient sublimity. It is impossible to contemplate such a heap of ruins, without mourning over the decay to which human magnificence is destined. Large portions have fallen to the ground : thus

————— The pilgrim oft
At dead of night, 'mid his oraisons, hears
Aghast the voice of TIME, disparting towers
Tumbling, all precipitate down dash'd,
Rattling around, loud thundering to the moon !

DYER.

Close to the remains of the church we perceived a burying-ground for soldiers who die in the castle ; some of the inscriptions tell us, in homely phrase, that the individual lying beneath had been faithful in the service of his country.

Proceeding along the ramparts, we beheld the improvements which have been introduced here of late—but on which immense sums of money must have been expended. The rock, on which the castle is built, has been perforated and in these subterranean caverns are a number of soldiers—who do not seem pleased with their habitations. Passing through these excavations, we at last, all at once, came to a kind of gallery, cut in the side of the cliff, where we looked down on the ocean with tremendous sensations ! Pursuing our route around the castle, cannons, mortars, and other horrible instruments of destruction met the eye and impressed the heart. We at last came round to the spot whence we first set out, wearied by the circuitous journey. The square building in the centre reminded me of the White Tower in the Tower of London—the well near the entrance is of an immense depth, the water being drawn up by horses ; and over the gateway by which we entered, are elegant apartments for the Warden of the Cinque Ports, when he chuses to visit them. Here we were shewn the venerable old keys which are put into the Lord Warden's hand, upon his initiation into the office. Nor must we forget to mention the brass horn, with which they say the men were called to work when the castle was first erected ! The rooms are decorated with portraits, charts, and arms, fancifully arranged. The prospect of the town of Dover, and of the adjacent country, from the windows, is delightful. The sea appears to

advantage, and the constant passage of the vessels contribute in no small degree to heighten the scenery. The Castle contains a prison for debtors, having only two rooms : no allowance is made them for subsistence : they are subjected also to other hardships, which ought to be removed, for the honour of humanity.

Before we quit this spot, it may be proper to remark, that it was hence M. Blanchard, a Frenchman, and Dr. Jefferies, an American, were launched, suspended to a balloon, January 7, 1785, and reached the coast of France in little more than two hours, travelling at the rate of fifteen miles per hour ! Being about half way over, they descended rapidly near the surface of the water, to the terror of the spectators ; when all at once they were elevated by the casting out of ballast, and borne aloft, they soon alighted near Calais, amidst the acclamations of their countrymen ! Balloons were first suggested by the ascent of smoke and clouds in the atmosphere.

The invention is ingenious, and surprising feats have been performed by them. But great dangers are incurred, and it is questioned whether they can be converted to purposes of utility :—

Journeying on high *the silken castle* glides,
Bright as a meteor through the azure tides ;
O'er towns, and towers, and temples, winds its way,
Or mounts sublime, and gilds the vault of day.
Silent, with up-turn'd eyes, unbreathing crowds
Pursue the floating wonder to the clouds ;
And, flash'd with transport, or benumb'd with fear,
Watch, as it rises, the diminish'd sphere !

Now less and less—and now a speck is seen !
And now the fleeting rack intrudes between !
The calm philosopher in æther sails,
Views broader stars, and breathes in purer gales ;
Sees, like a map, in many a waving line,
Round earth's blue plains her lucid waters shine ;
Sees at his feet the forked lightnings glow,
And hears the harmless thunders roar below !

DARWIN.

Leaving the Castle, we descended into Dover, where the beach caught my attention ; the wooden houses, raised for the convenience of bathers who frequent this place in the summer season, are pleasantly situated. In the neat one belonging to Igglesden, and Marsh, I frequently lounged ; admiring the majestic ocean in its interesting variety.

Upon the Pier King Charles the Second landed, on Saturday the 26th of May, 1660, about one o'clock in the afternoon, attended by the Dukes of York and Gloucester, beside many of the nobility and gentry. He was conducted by the mayor and corporation to a canopy raised upon the Beach, and there presented with a *large Bible*, having gold clasps, by Mr. John Reading, a minister, who made a suitable address on the occasion. We are not made acquainted with his Majesty's reply ; but the manners of Charles, after his restoration, did not accord with the pure precepts of Christianity. Some conditions ought to have been entered into, for the security of the *civil and religious liberties* of this Island.

The King, however, in the same year, made

the corporation a present of a mace, now used by them, having this inscription—*Carolus hic posuit vestigia prima Secundus*, 1660 ; alluding to his landing here on this memorable occasion.

The engraving, representing the arrival of Charles on this Beach, is impressive. The Fine Arts cannot be better employed than in illustrating the history of our country.

Christian the Seventh, king of Denmark, also landed here in 1768, and on his return embarked here for his own country.

Under the cliff, near the castle, we were amused by contemplating the cottage belonging to *the Father of Sir Sidney Smith*, and situated close to the waves of the ocean. The cottage has a singular appearance, having apparently for its roof the inverted hulk of a vessel ! Passing by it, the venerable old gentleman (now no more) politely permitted us to inspect a part of it, appropriated to the use of his son—he seemed justly proud of the *Hero of Acre* !

Nor must I forget to mention, my young friend, that I gazed at the spot which contains the remains of the poet *Churchill*—he had been to visit his friend, John Wilkes, Esq. at Boulogne, and died there Nov. 5, 1764. It is supposed, that having made too free with the French wines his intemperance hastened his dissolution. He was brought over and buried in an old church-yard belonging to the town of Dover, where a small head stone is seen with this laconic inscription taken from his own works :—

Life to the last enjoyed,
Here CHURCHILL lies !

CANDIDATE.

In Saint Mary's church, a small tablet has been placed to his memory, by his friend, Mr. Underwood, with these lines, which I copied on the spot :—

“ In memory of that celebrated poet Mr. CHARLES CHURCHILL, who died at Boulogne, in France, aged 32 years, and was buried in this town, November, 1764.

“ The rich and great no sooner gone,
But, lo ! a monumental stone,
Inscribed with panegyric lays,
Such fulsome undeserved praise !
The living blush—the conscious dead
Themselves appall'd, that truth is fled !
And can it be, that worth like thine,
Thou great high-priest of all the nine !
Should moulder—undistinguish'd sleep ?
At every thought the muses weep ;
Forbid it gratitude and love !
O ! for a flow like *his* to prove
How much regretted—honest bard !
Accept this shadow of regard !

“ Thomas Underwood, the Impartialist, erected
June, 1769.”

Pray who is this *Impartialist*, for nothing is known either of his name or his history ?

The works of Churchill have been published in two volumes, with illustrative notes—they display a lofty independence of mind, under the inspiration of poetry. In one of his pieces, acknowledg-

ing his irregularities, and declaiming against the measures of the court, he burst forth in these lines :—

Enough of this—let private sorrows rest ;
 As to the public I dare stand the test—
 Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
 The good of ENGLAND, and my country's love ,
 Stranger to party-rage, by reason's voice
 Unerring guide, directed in my choice.
 Not all the tyrant pow'rs of earth combin'd,
 No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind ;
 What ! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
 Men, who, with servile zeal, are forging chains
 For freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand
 To spread destruction o'er my native land !
 What ! shall I not e'en to my latest breath
 In the full face of danger and of death,
 Exert that little strength which nature gave,
 And boldly stem, or perish in the wave !

But whilst we pay this tribute of respect to the talents of the poet, the moral character of the man meets not with our approbation. To use the words of the amiable Dr. Kippis, speaking of Churchill—"He has unhappily added another name to the catalogue, already too numerous in the literary history, of those men of genius, who would have arisen to a much greater excellence in writing, and to a far more illustrious reputation, had their intellectual talents been accompanied with the uniform practice of virtue!" It may not be improper to add, that Churchill was originally a clergyman ; but, upon the success of his poetry, he flung aside the gown, and

plunged into dissipation. Such characters are entitled to our commiseration. They hold out to youth this lesson, that brilliant talents are of little avail, either to our peace or to our reputation, without the essential requisites of virtue and piety !

When last at Dover, I viewed the town and its environs from the summit of the City of London Tavern, whence it appears with advantage. I afterwards, in company with Mr. J. P—t, went over the heights, having been conducted thither by an officer of Wm. King, Esq. the Mayor, who very obligingly befriended us on the occasion. On these heights are buildings of considerable extent, the ground being laid out into encampments, and every thing adjusted agreeable to the art of war. Grievous is it to think that nations so singularly blessed as *Britain* and *France*, cannot live at peace with each other. Their distance is so small that the opposite coasts seem to court an union—but

Lands intersected by a narrow frith
Abhor each other—who had else
Like kindred drops been mingled into one !

COWPER.

I shall close this sketch of Dover with mentioning, that two kind friends accompanied me one morning, before breakfast, up to *Shakspeare's Cliff*—the ascent was steep, but the prospect on every side, from this eminence, was charming. To the right, the coast stretched itself along by Hythe, towards Sussex ; to the left appeared the town of Dover, with its tremendous castle ;

whilst before you lay the expanded ocean, with many a stately vessel gliding along hither and thither, reminding the spectator of the blessings of navigation ! But the height of the cliff above the sea is truly terrific---and looking over the precipice, my friend caught me by the coat, through mere apprehension of the danger which might be incurred in so perilous a situation. Well did the immortal Shakspeare exclaim---

There is a cliff, whose high and bending head
Looks fearfully on the confined deep—
How dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low !
The crows and coughs that wing the midway air,
Seem scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one that gathers samphire : dreadful trade !
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice, and yon tall anchoring bark
Diminish'd to her cock : her cock a buoy,
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge
That on the unnumber'd pebbles chases,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,
Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
Topple down headlong !

In times of PEACE, the passing and repassing of individuals in such numbers, to and from the continent, forms a matter of astonishment. The distance from Dover to Calais is only twenty-one miles ; the vessels employed before the last war were thirty, exclusive of the packets ; fitted up elegantly, for the accommodation of passengers. In a fair day, when the atmosphere is clear, the coast of France may be seen very distinctly---from some of the eminences, even the town of

Calais may be discerned, together with the cultivated spots of the adjacent country ! It is supposed, by antiquaries, that Great Britain was at this part once united to the continent of Europe, but has been torn from it by some violent convulsion. History, indeed, is silent on the subject. But the similarity and nearness of the opposite shores may be urged to support the hypothesis with plausibility. Be this as it may, it ought to be the wish of every real patriot---

————— That these contending kingdoms,
 England and France, whose very shores look pale
 With envy of each other's happiness,
 May lose their hatred !

SHAKSPEARE.

You'll pardon me, my young friend, for detaining you so long with a description of DOVER and its vicinity. The survey of so romantic a spot was gratifying to my curiosity.

With regret I now bade adieu to my kind friends at this place, particularly to the family at whose house I was entertained, (the head of which, Mr. S. P——e, is, alas ! no more,)---their character has been long marked by hospitality. The eldest son kindly accompanied me to *St. Radigund's Abbey*, in the vicinity of Dover, ---it was a pleasant morning's ride. The ruins of this antique place are venerable ; the original structure must have been magnificent, and its name frequently occurs in the earlier periods of our history.

Passing through *Folkstone*, an inconsiderable town on the sea coast, whose inhabitants are oc-

cupied by their fishery, we reach *Hythe*, another Cinque Port, entitled to attention. The town stands on an ascent ; and the church is delightfully situated. The corporation consists of a mayor, twelve jurats, and twenty-four common-council men. There are two good inns. Where the old town of Hythe is supposed to have stood, are parallel streets, the houses of which are pleasant---the principal one has been the seat of the *Dedes* for generations.

At Hythe is a *collection of human bones* heaped up under the middle chancel of the church. The pile is twenty feet in length and eight feet in height and breadth ! They are supposed, with probability, to be the remains of the Britons slain in a bloody battle fought about the year 456, near this place with the Saxons. Their whiteness arises from their having been bleached, by laying on the shore ! Several skulls are deeply cut---probably with the weapon of the enemy. Alas for human nature ! that it should ever have been stained by such deeds of ferocity :---But

————— What is this world ?

What, but a spacious burial field unwall'd
Strew'd with death's spoils—the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones !

BLAIR.

Before I quit the sea-coast, it may be proper, my young friend, to say a few words on the *Cinque Ports*. The *five* (*cinque* being the French term for *five*) havens of *Hastings*, *Sandwich*, *Dover*,

Romney, and *Hythe*, lying contiguous to France were thus denominated, on account of the importance of their situation. Their inhabitants being always on the watch to prevent invasions, were rewarded by the bestowment of privileges, and had granted to them a form of government. Except Dover, these havens are degenerated--but in ancient times, the *Cinque Ports* possessed celebrity. Almost the whole of the sea-coast from the north side of Thanet to Hastings is within their jurisdiction.

Here I took my leave of the SEA, and not without regret ;—to *me*, it is, at all times, an interesting object of contemplation. The MIGHTY OCEAN, by its calms and by its storms, exhibits alternate scenes of beauty and sublimity !

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

LETTER VII.

LORD ROKEBY; ASHFORD; TENTERDEN; BEACON; DR. FRANKLIN; CRANBROOK; ITS CHURCH; MR. NOYES; GREY-COATS OF KENT; VISIT OF QUEEN ELIZABETH; PENSHURST; SIR PHILIP SYDNEY; ALGERNON SYDNEY; TUNBRIDGE WELLS; TUNBRIDGE TOWN; DR. VICESINUS KNOX; SEVEN OAKS; HOADLEY; WOLFE; LORD STANHOPE; CHEPSTEAD PLACE; POLHILL FAMILY; LORD LE DESPENCER; MAIDSTONE.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

CROSSING the country from Hythe towards Ashford, we are at no great distance from the seat of the late eccentric *Lord Rokeby*; a man esteemed by the more discerning part of society. His long beard—his frequent immersions—and his hoarding up money in specie, form, indeed, traits in his character which excite our risibility. But forgetting these singularities, let it be remembered, that he was a friend to the *liberties of his Country*.

Having travelled about twelve miles, we enter the town of *Ashford*—it is rendered lively by being a thoroughfare from several parts of Kent. The houses are modern, and well-built. The market-place stands in the centre of the town, and the church, on the south side of it, has a beautiful tower. Barracks have been built here,

which will contain a great many soldiers. Several genteel families reside in Ashford and its vicinity.

Tenterden, the next town we reached, has many genteel houses, and stands in a pleasing situation. Its appearance, however, is scattered. Great part of it is built on each side of the high road leading from the western parts of Kent. It has a market on Friday, though not much frequented. The church is a large structure, with a lofty steeple—on the top of which hung, till within these few years, a beacon. It was a sort of iron kettle, containing about a gallon, with a ring or hoop of the same metal near the upper part of it, to hold still more coals, rosin, &c. suspended at the end of a piece of timber about eight feet; it made a singular appearance, but aided the mariner in his perilous navigation.

There is a noted saying, that—*Tenterden steeple was the cause of the Goodwin Sands*. It arose from the circumstance that the owner of the rectory of Tenterden engaged in building the steeple, neglected the repair of a wall on the sea-coast, so that the ocean breaking in covered the land with a light sand—now called the *Goodwin Sands*—on which many a vessel has been consigned to destruction.

At Tenterden there are several Dissenters, particularly a respectable society belonging to the Presbyterian persnas on.

Dr. Benjamin Franklin, the American philosopher, used to visit Tenterden, during his stay

in this country. To his discoveries in electricity we are indebted for a mode of preserving our habitations amidst the rage of contending elements—

With a spark that he caught from the skies,
 He display'd an unparall'd wonder !
 For he saw with delight and surprise,
 That his rod could protect us from—THUNDER ! .

Dr. Franklin had a happy mode of illustrating almost every truth, and few had a better knowledge of mankind. The following anecdote is told of him—the circumstance happened a few years previous to his death :—a young person, in company with Dr. Franklin, mentioned his surprise that the possession of *great riches* should ever be attended with anxiety and solicitude, and instanced a merchant, who, he said, though in possession of unbounded wealth, yet was as busy, and more anxious than the most assiduous clerk in his counting-house. The Doctor took an apple from a fruit-basket, and presented it to a child who could just *totter* about the room. The child could scarce grasp it in his hand. He then gave it another, which occupied the other hand. Then choosing a *third*, remarkable for its size and beauty, he presented that also. The child, after many ineffectual attempts to hold the *three*, dropped the last on the carpet, and burst into tears.” “See there,” said the philosopher, “there is a *little man* with more riches than he can enjoy !”

His *Life*, written by himself, is entertaining,

and his maxims, also, entitled *Poor Richard*, constitute a fund of economical instruction to the rising generation. He died at Philadelphia, April 17, 1790. His style, formed on that best of models, *Addison*, is marked by an impressive brevity.

Travelling onward eight miles, we arrive at the town of CRANBROOK, situated in the centre of the Weald of Kent. It is in the road leading from Maidstone, by Stylebridge, into Sussex. It consists chiefly of one long street—and many of the houses having trees before them, this rural decoration produces, on the mind of the stranger, a pleasing impression. The church, near the centre of the town, is large and handsome, consisting of three aisles and three chancels. The east window is full of stained glass—and the figures are embellished with drapery. In this church is a curiosity—a large *dipping-place* is to be seen, in which persons, agreeable to the primitive mode, were immersed on the profession of christianity. The common prayer-book enjoins immersion, provided the subject can bear it—but this injunction is neglected. The church-yard contains the grave of Mr. *Robert Noyes*, a singular character, though little known to the world. He was a dissenting minister of talents, but, by imprudences, reduced himself to poverty. He published a poem, entitled *Distress*, possessing merit—besides pieces in prose of considerable ingenuity. The *Distress* closes with these lines—

Once more, ye sublunary scenes, farewell,
 I'm warn'd to quit you at each solemn knell !
 Dull world, and sage ! of *thee* I take my leave,
 Form'd to distress, disquiet, and bereave :
 Let others fawn, and pay their court to thee ;
 'Thou hast no friendship—thou no charms for me !
 Gay world to some—to *me* sad world adieu !
 Till the LAST DAY shall break with GLORIES new !

At Cranbrook there are three dissenting places of worship,—one for the *Independents*---another for the *Calvinists*—and a third for the *General Baptists*, who are numerous in this part of the country. The house of this latter denomination, is just rebuilt, with considerable neatness. Indeed, a more pleasing place of worship is not to be found in the county of Kent. I opened it in conjunction with my worthy brother-in-law, the Rev. S. Kingsford, on the 23d of May, 1808 ; the place was crowded, and the services were marked by an appropriate solemnity.* To friends in this place I feel indebted for their kind hospitality.

* The Morning Sermon which I preached was from Galat. 4. 4. *when the fullness of the time was come, God sent forth his Son,* and was by particular request published. This, however, would not have been here mentioned, had not this discourse been made by Providence instrumental for the conversion of a Jew. See an Address delivered at Worship-street, Oct. 2, 1808, on the Baptism, by immersion, of Mr. Isaac Littleter, one of the Israelitish nation, on his profession of Christianity, to which is prefixed an *Account of his Conversion*, by J. Evans. Second edition, corrected, with an account of a Roman Coin struck on the taking of Jerusalem, and of the *Triumphal Arch* of Titus, at Rome !

Cranbrook is noted for having been the spot where the cloathing business was originally concentrated. Here the Flemings settled in the reign of Edward the Third. To this manufacture the ancestors of many families owe their elevation. Mr. Hasted says they were usually called, from their dress, *the grey coats of Kent*, and were so large a body, that at county elections, whoever had their interest, was almost certain of being elected. Such, however, is the instability to which all human things are exposed, that this manufacture has removed itself almost entirely to distant parts of Britain.

Nor must we forget to mention, that there is an endowed grammar-school here, founded by Queen Elizabeth, when she came down to visit the cloth manufactory; and that, having laid the first stone, she walked down to Cow's-Hall, more than a mile from town—the way thither being covered with *broad cloth*! The resident at Cow's-Hall was a wealthy clothier, who entertained the Queen and her retinue on the occasion.

Sissinghurst Castle, in the parish of Cranbrook, was an ancient seat belonging to the Baker family:—in the seven years' war upwards of three thousand French prisoners were confined within its walls! It is now falling into ruin, and a few years more will level it with the ground.

Glastonbury also, in the vicinity of Cranbrook, is well worth the inspection of the traveller---and

several characters have flourished there, distinguished for their virtue and piety.

From Cranbrook we pass over to *Tunbridge Wells*—on the way we meet with *Penshurst Park and Palace*, marked by its antiquity. The palace is memorable, for having been the seat of the *Sydneys*. Sir Philip, the author of the *Arcadia*, was born there 1554, and died 1596, of a wound in Holland. His last expressions, addressed to his brother, were—"Love my memory—cherish my friends—but, above all, govern your will and affections by the will and words of your Creator!" Camden calls him the glory of his family, the hope of mankind, and the darling of the learned world! His descendant, the famous Algernon Sydney, perished on the scaffold, in the reign of Charles the Second. His *Discourse on Government*, displays a profound knowledge of civil policy. In the park, the oak, said to be planted at Sir Philip Sydney's birth, measures upwards of twenty-two feet in circumference. It is celebrated by Waller, in these lines, dated from Penshurst—

Go, boy ! and carve this passion on the bark
Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred mark
Of noble Sydney's birth—when such benign,
Such more than mortal-making stars did shine,
That *there* they cannot, but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble love !

TUNBRIDGE WELLS lies in a romantic situation, between hills, whose barrenness constitutes the peculiarity of the scenery. The water was

accidentally found out in the reign of James the First, and ever since that period has been increasing in celebrity. The well itself is walled round, excepting the opening where we enter it. The shops on each side, in the valley, extend themselves in succession. They are filled with articles, particularly turnery ware, wrought with ingenuity. A library presents itself for the improvement of the subscribers. In the centre of these buildings is a small gallery, designed for an orchestra, where a band of music, at stated times, plays for the amusement of the company. Here is a chapel of ease, neat and spacious—also places of worship for the Dissenters. The adjacent hills are covered with lodging-houses—known by the names of Mount Sion, Mount Ephraim, &c. appellations taken from sacred history. Perhaps they were adopted merely for the sake of singularity. Not far from these wells are rocks, well worth inspection. The great and good Dr. Isaac Watts, who visited this place, struck with their appearance, preached a sermon on the occasion.

From the *Wells* to the town of Tunbridge the distance is about five miles, on a sandy road. They are confounded together, but are distinct, and therefore call for a separate description.

The town of *Tunbridge*, thirty miles from London, stands on the Medway, here dividing itself into five small streams, over which there are as many bridges, whence many suppose the name of *Town of Bridges* is derived. Upon a spacious

wharf lies a quantity of oak timber, brought from the Wealds of Kent and Sussex, till it can be conveyed down the river to Chatham for the use of the navy. The principal street is broad and airy—and persons of fortune have been induced to settle in so pleasant a situation. The castle, now in ruins, bears a venerable aspect—and formerly its walls inclosed six acres of ground. In the town is a free grammar-school, founded by Sir Andrew Judde, who was Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Edward the Fifth—it is under the management of the Skinners' Company, some of whose members occasionally visit it. Its present master is the ingenious Dr. Vicesimus Knox, author of *Essays, Winter Evenings, Treatise on Education*, &c. He politely accompanied me through the several departments of the seminary---which were neatly laid out, and his library enriched with beautiful editions of the classics, was decorated with the busts of Homer, Virgil, Cicero, and other characters of antiquity.

Pursuing the *direct* road to London, we should pass through the small town of *Seven Oaks*, in a healthy situation. Not far from the town are to be discerned *Chevening-house*, the seat of the scientific Earl Stanhope; and *Montreal*, the seat of the late Lord Amherst, whose heroic deeds are well-known in the western world. The country boasts a fertile soil, and is enriched by rural scenery.

Near Seven Oaks lies the parish of *Westerham*,

which gave birth to *Bishop Hoadley* and *General Wolfe*. Hoadley was the illustrious friend of Civil and Religious Liberty, which he defended for a series of years against a host of enemies, with uncommon ability. He was successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, where dying at an advanced age, in the year 1761, a plain monument is erected to his memory :---

While Fortune smiles, let Pride's vain minions claim
From Wilton's hand their scanty share of fame ;
From Parian statues let their names be sought—
How well the Patriot liv'd, or Hero fought :
No proud inscriptions HOADLEY's worth demands,
On firmer grounds its surer basis stands !
When fails the sculptur'd urn, the breathing bust
Sinks down to ruin, mouldering in the dust.
Thy *works*, illustrious HOADLEY, shall survive—
And *there*, embalm'd, thy honour'd name shall live !
The latest ages *there* shall wondering find,
How great thy learning, and how pure thy mind !

WOLFE was a young man of talents, and disclosed an early passion for military glory. Though our parlours be decorated with the representation of his death on the plains of Canada, yet few young persons are acquainted with the particulars of the event. In his *Siege of Quebec*, he overcame difficulties with an alertness which exceeds credibility. Being only in the *thirty-third* year of his age, he exhibited the courage of a veteran ; and having used every stratagem to induce the French to come forth from the city to battle, he succeeded. But there tears will

flow---there, when within the grasp of victory, he first received a ball through his wrist, which wrapping up he went on with alacrity, animating his troops ; but in a few minutes after a second ball through his body obliged him to be carried off to a small distance in the rear. When roused from fainting, in the last agonies, by the sound—*They run!* he eagerly asked—*Who run?* and being told *the French*, and that *they were defeated*, he said—*Then, I thank God, I die contented!* and instantly expired. His corpse was brought over to England, and buried with military honours in Westminster Abbey.

In the vicinity of Seven Oaks, also, is *Chipstead-place*, a venerable mansion, standing in the centre of a park, which, though not extensive, contains within its boundaries, an epitome of rural scenery. Throughout the grounds are scattered several inscriptions, according with the name by which the particular spot is distinguished, and commemorative of the interesting events of modern British history. A rivulet at the bottom of the park enlivens the scene, and heightens the beauty of this charming situation.

Chipstead-place was the seat of the late Charles Polhill, Esq. who was for some time senior magistrate in the county of Kent, having filled that respectable office for upwards of *fifty* years with ability and integrity. He was the son of *David Polhill*, Esq. whom Dr. Watts thus celebrates in his *Lyrical Poems*, as being one of the *five* famous English gentlemen who petitioned parliament

in the reign of King William, to hasten their supplies for the support of his majesty in his war with France—

Let useless souls to woods retreat,
POLHILL should leave a country seat,
When *Virtue* bids him dare be great ;
Nor Kent nor Sussex should have charms,
While LIBERTY with loud alarms,
Calls him to council, and to arms !

LYRIC POEMS.

But it is now time to bend my course towards *Maidstone*, at the distance of about fifteen miles from Tunbridge, and on my way thither we observed *Mereworth House*, the seat of Lord le Despencer. The interior is decorated with paintings, and the situation yields a fascinating variety.

My approach to Maidstone could not fail of giving rise to agreeable sensations. Here, amidst a circle of kind and intelligent friends, how many of my *vacations* have passed away ; and here, having left my little family, I was now about to return to them with renewed satisfaction.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's, &c.

 LETTER VIII.

MAIDSTONE; ITS ANTIQUITY AND POPULATION; ITS CHURCH, BRIDGE, AND PRISON; REFLECTIONS ON A GENERAL ELECTION; PAPER; ITS MANUFACTURE; POEM ON PAPER, BY DR. FRANKLIN, SOLDIER'S FUNERAL; INSURRECTION OF WYATT; ALLINGTON CASTLE; DEFEAT OF THE ROYAL ARMY; MOAT, SEAT OF LORD ROMNEY; VISIT OF HIS MAJESTY; COXHEATH; TOVIL; OTHAM; LOOSE; ADIEU TO MAIDSTONE; WROTHAM; FARNINGHAM; FOOT'S CRAY; ELTHAM; BISHOP HORNE; OLD BARN; DEPTFORD; LONDON; ISLINGTON; ITS HISTORY; ITS SITUATION, &c.; CONCLUSION.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

MAIDSTONE is rarely mentioned by antiquarians and historians without some kind of eulogium; in particular *Camden* calls it a large, fair, and sweet town. It derives its name from the river Medway, on which it stands, and *Maidstone* is in reality no other than a corruption of *Medway's Town*, or the town on the Medway. Hence the absurdity of its present arms, which represent two maids with *stones in their hands*, an idea calculated to excite our risibility. The town existed in the time of the Romans, and is thought to have been a place of note even at that period. Its situation may be reckoned the middle of the county, being near forty miles from London, and at about the same distance from Dover.

Mr. Halsted, in his history of Kent, gives the following account of a curious *Roman* instrument of diversion found near Maidstone. "On Offham Green there stands a *quintin*, a thing now rarely to be met with, being a machine much used in former times by youth, as well to try their own activity as the swiftness of their horses in running at it. At the top of a piece stuck into the earth is a cross piece, broad at one end, and pierced full of holes, and a bag of sand is hung at the other, and swings round on being moved with any blow. The pastime was for the youth on horseback to run at it as fast as possible, and hit the broad part in their career with much force. He that by chance hit it not at all, was treated with loud peals of derision ; and he who did hit it made the best use of his swiftness, lest he should have a sound *blow* on the neck from the other end of the *quintin*. The great design of this sport was to try the agility of both horse and man, and to break the board, which, whoever did, he was accounted chief of the day's sport. When Queen Elizabeth was at the Earl of Leicester's, at Kennelworth Castle, among other sports for her entertainment, the running at the *quintin* was exhibited in the castle-yard by the country lads and lasses assembled on that day to celebrate a rural wedding. Dr. Plot, in his Natural History of Oxfordshire, says, "This sport was used in his time at Deddington, in Oxfordshire ; and Dr. Kennet, in his Parochial Antiquities, says it was at Blackthorne. It is sup-

posed to be a *Roman exercise*, left in this island at their departure from it."

Leland gives the following account of Maidstone, in the reign of Henry VIII. :—"The ruler of the towne is cawled *port-ryve*. Ther is in the towne a fair colledge of prestes. The castel or palace, standeth about the myddle of the towne, being well maynteyned by the Archbishop of Canterbury. Ther is the commune gayle or prison of Kent, as in the shyre-towne. It is a market-towne of *one long street*, and full of ynnes." If this sketch be a true delineation of Maidstone, it must have undergone a considerable revolution. It now consists of four principal streets, which meet and intersect each other at right angles. It also spreads itself to a considerable extent every way, partly on a hill, and partly in a valley, containing about eight or ten thousand inhabitants. For the great difference of the town from the description of Leland, we cannot easily account. Places as well as persons are subject to strange fluctuations.

The castle or palace was given by William de Cornhill, to Stephen Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, in the seventh year of King John, or about the year 1207 ; but its manor was long before, even in the reign of Edward the Confessor, the property of the Archbishop of Canterbury, probably by the gift of one of the Saxon princes. Both the manor and palace, however, were granted by Henry VIII. to Sir Henry Wyat, one of his privy-council. This gentleman is

said, by a *jest*, to have raised the courage of the king to go through with his divorce, notwithstanding the opposition of the court of Rome—telling him that it was strange a man could not repent when he had done amiss, without asking the Pope's leave! *Archbishop Cranmer*, used to reside at the palace, and even to preach in the church. He was so partial to Maidstone, that he set it down in his note-book, as one of the considerable towns, where there ought to be placed learned men with sufficient stipends. Looking the other day on the front of the old palace, its appearance seemed to acquire a greater veneration in my eyes, because it was *once* the residence of *Archbishop Cranmer*. He was the friend and martyr of the reformation.

Maidstone was incorporated in the reign of Edward VI. with a view of rewarding the inhabitants on account of the zeal expressed by them for the advancement of the reformation. It is, indeed, to their honour that they hailed the period when religion, emerging from the absurdities and corruptions of the Romish church, began to shew herself to the understandings of men in her native simplicity!

Several protestant martyrs were burnt in this town with circumstances of barbarity. Pure Christianity holds these outrages of unhallowed passion in abhorrence. Its benevolent author calls upon us to *judge even of ourselves what is right*, and assures us that the homage of the heart alone can be acceptable to the Supreme Being.

This town used to be remarkable for four religious houses.

The church bears the name of St. Mary All Saints; it is a fair large building, said to be the most spacious parish church in the county, and has a good parochial library. Its pier was burnt by lightning, in the year 1730, and it has not been re-built. The re-erection of it would add to the beauty of the edifice, for the capacious body of the church seems to want something of a proportionable height towards its completion. The inside contains monuments of antiquity, but their inscriptions are scarcely legible.

The church-yard is crowded with graves. Here, my friend, I have sauntered and mused upon *mortality* and *immortality*! Is *this*, said I, *the end* of man? Are his powers, and his passions, and his prospects to be swallowed up by the grave? Is such an extinction of being consistent either with the wisdom or with the goodness of the Supreme Creator?

Shall we be left abandoned in the dust,
When fate, relenting, lets the flowers revive?
Shall Nature's voice, to man alone unjust,
Bid him, though doom'd to perish, hope to live?
Is it for *this* fair virtue oft must strive
With disappointment, penury, and pain?
No! Heaven's IMMORTAL SPRING shall yet arrive,
And man's majestic beauty bloom again
Bright thro' th' eternal year of love's triumphant reign!

BEATTIE.

There is also a building in Maidstone formerly known by the name of St. Faith's church. It

was for years used by the Dutch or Walloons, who, by the favour of Queen Elizabeth settled in this town. They fled from the Duke of Alva's persecution, bringing the linen manufacture along with them, as they did that of silk at Canterbury, and of flannel at Sandwich, in this county.

It is remarkable, that the manufactures introduced into Kent by these foreigners, are migrated to other parts of the kingdom. But there was lately a manufactory of cloth at Sandling, in the vicinity of Maidstone.

So great was the trade in this article formerly, that at Cranbrook several persons obtained their livelihood by card-making—the last of them was Mr. C. Titford, a worthy character, well known in that part of the county. In saying, therefore, in my *Tour to the West of England*, that Frome supplied the island with cards, Cranbrook, and other parts, ought to have been specified as having had a share in the distribution.

The dissenters of Maidstone are numerous, and of respectability. The *Presbyterians*, *Independents*, and *Baptists*, have each of them a place of worship. The meeting in Earl-street, belonging to the Presbyterians, is a neat building, and was erected in 1736; they have a charity-school, which educates and clothes twelve girls and twelve boys, an institution which does honour to their liberality. Its present master, Mr. R. Allehin, has drawn up and published a neat *Epitome of the Evidences of Christianity*.

Maidstone has a bridge over the Medway of

seven arches, built by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In this town, also, is the gaol for the county, large, strong, and of modern erection. A shocking scene took place within its walls, between thirty and forty years ago, by which the inhabitants were terrified. A set of villains, under sentence of death (the two most notorious being Italians) were passing from one part of the gaol to the other, to attend the clergyman who came to read prayers to them. Their way lay through the kitchen, where they seized some arms hanging there, stabbed the gaoler to the heart, and liberated the prisoners. They, however, kept possession of the prison for some hours, while soldiers were sent for to Chatham, and shot some of the inhabitants. The clergyman, (the Rev. Mr. Denn,) affrighted beyond measure, escaped through a hole in the wall, and in the evening the wretches themselves left the gaol, armed with implements of destruction. They got unmolested as far as a wood in the neighbourhood of Seven Oaks, where, some days after, they were taken; but the seizure was attended with a dreadful struggle, for the Italians, resolving not to be taken alive, had both their legs shot off, fought on their stumps, and after having repeatedly loaded their blunderbusses, even with their half-pence, fell lifeless to the ground! Those taken *alive* were executed.

A gentleman residing in the town obligingly introduced me to the late Mr. Watson, the kee-

per of the prison.—“Virtue,” says Dr. Johnson, “is undoubtedly most laudable in that state which makes it most difficult, and therefore the *humanity* of a GAOLER certainly deserves public attestation. The man, whose heart has not been hardened by such an employment, may be proposed as a pattern of benevolence.” By permission we went over the prison. On the debtor’s side we observed a court, where they are allowed to range, the sides of whose walls were chequered by the rough figures of a race-horse. They were drawn, we were told, by a blacksmith, who being confined here for twelve months, thus beguiled the hours of his imprisonment. He reminded me of the man in the Bastile, who either by picking up pins, which he had scattered over the floor, or in reckoning the nails with which the door of his cell was studded, backwards and forwards in every direction, found a never-failing source of amusement. The felon’s side was somewhat crowded, being on the eve of the assizes—a period to which the prisoners must have been looking forward with anxiety! There are two *dungeons*, one for the men, the other for the women, into which we descend by eleven steps :

Inclusi tenebris et carco carcere !

VIRG.

There are small dark rooms, with an iron ring in the centre, to which the poor wretches are fastened, when destined to fall a sacrifice to the

laws of their country. With what emotions of grief must the victim enter this abode ! With what agonizing sensations is he dragged forth, and consigned over, with every circumstance of ignominy, to the awful realities of eternity :— Guard, my young friend ! O ! guard against the first approaches of vice—its career is disgraceful—its end the consummation of misery.

The *Court-Hall*, where the assizes are held, unites neatness with conveniency. About a mile from the town lies *Penenden Heath*, where criminals are executed. Here also the *county elections* are held, in booths erected for the purpose. The spot is famous, on account of its central situation, even in the early periods of our history ; for the principal men in the county met there even in the time of William the Conqueror.

I happened to be present one day on this *Heath*, during the election, when Sir William Geary and Mr. Honeywood were returned for the county, Sir Edward Knatchbull being the unsuccessful candidate on this occasion. The scene, which I never before witnessed in the country, made a deep impression on my mind. Upon my return home that evening, therefore, I committed the following *reflections* to paper. You have them, my young friend, (excepting a very few additions,) just as they were written, warm from the heart :—

“ What are yonder *crowds* passing to and fro with eagerness and agitation ?—Whence those

sounds which salute my ear with so much melody? Why those *banners* waving in the air with evident tokens of triumph and joy? The assemblage of so many people is occasioned by the choice of representatives for the county—the music cherishes those agreeable emotions which flow from the exercise of their best rights as freemen—and the streamers floating in the breeze, announce their exultation on an occasion honourable to the constitution of the country!

“To the *candidates* offering themselves for the important trust, the attention is first naturally directed. The desire of distinction, which rises spontaneously in the human breast, calls for gratification. And after what mode can the passion be more honourably indulged than in representing a free people in parliament? Wealth and talents cannot be more respectably or more usefully employed. Those who by their birth, or who by their industry have acquired an easy fortune, should devote their leisure to the service of their country. Over the tyranny of rulers, and over the licentiousness of the people, ought they to watch with equal jealousy. In a variety of important respects have such people an opportunity to serve their fellow-creatures. The *patriotic* mind seeks occasions of doing good, and will be studious of their improvement. How far the present candidates are thus actuated, it would be presumption in me to determine. Their professions are fair—from their subsequent conduct

in parliament, their principles receive the best interpretation. *Charity*, which *hopeth all things*, would incline us to believe, that according to their own views, and in proportion to their ability, they will prove themselves intent on promoting the good of their country.

“The *freeholders* exercising their right of choosing representatives in parliament, next demand our attention. It is impossible to contemplate such a sight without priding ourselves on this part of the British constitution. Cast your eyes over the European and Asiatic continents—view there, realms of immense magnitude—to whose inhabitants no such right hath been granted—by whom no such privilege hath been exercised! In many countries *the people* have no part in their governments. The rulers suddenly refuse any portion of legislation through means of representatives to the individuals, by whose unremitting toil they are supported in their empty pageantry. It is otherwise in Britain, and has been so for ages! The antiquity of parliament, is, indeed, considerable, and their deliberations constitute a distinguished trait in the page of British history. How much soever the system of the representation may require amendment—*All* must confess it to be the glory of our island—the subject of admiration to surrounding nations! Let, then, so noble a right be duly estimated—let it be exercised with an unrestrained freedom. An undue influence ought never to be suffered to impair its energy. Far

be it from us to adopt arts of seduction against which the law hath wisely provided, and the prevalence of which must annihilate the privilege which our glorious constitution has placed in our possession. Calling ourselves *Britons*, and distinguished for a *love of freedom* at a period when other nations were sunk in slavery—the assertion of our independence should be the height of our ambition :—

————— If, perchance, thy home
 Salute thee with a father's honour'd name—
 Go, call thy sons, instruct them what a debt
 They owe their ancestors, and make them swear
 To pay it, by transmitting down entire
 Those *sacred rights* to which themselves were born !

AKENSIDE.

“ Nor should *the spectators* forget that on so interesting an occasion, *they* may derive lessons of improvement. When they perceive *thousands* pressing forward with eagerness to exercise *the right* with which they are entrusted, it must recur to them, that *the people* have a part in the government of the country. See on yonder plain how they pour in without intermission ! Even the sick and the aged come forth from their retirement. The pallid countenance of the one, and the tottering limbs of the other, proclaim them both unfit to make their appearance amidst so much bustle and confusion ! But on this occasion they feel their importance in the scale of society :—in spite of their infirmities, they are ambitious of rendering a service to their fellow-creatures ;—however insignificant in their indi-

vidual capacity, they, for a moment, emerge from their obscurity and seem to assist in the grand councils of the nation!

“ Deeply is it regretted, that scenes of riot and disorder should disgrace a period, when *freemen* are called upon to exercise a right which involves the happiness of their native land. But the passions are afloat—prejudices are awakened—the soul abandons itself to an extravagance of joy! Hence the collision of parties is injurious to the sacred interests of virtue. But surely a *mode of election* might be devised, by which excesses might be prevented. Intercourses of civility ought not to be laid aside—decorum need suffer no violation. Each candidate has the fullest liberty to aspire after the honour of representation, and each freeman has an undoubted right to support the candidate whom they deem best fitted for the discharge of so important a duty. But whatever defects attach to the present choice of representatives, we must confess that the cheerfulness reigning in every countenance—the joy glowing in every bosom—impart to the benevolent mind no small gratification! Let the *spectator*, therefore, retire from this perturbed scene with the recollection, that good unalloyed with evil is not the lot of man in this world—that the right of choosing representatives in parliament, is the palladium of the British constitution—and that whilst we are desirous of further emendations, we ought gratefully to acknowledge and

diligently to improve the *civil and religious* advantages of our native *country*."

Maidstone and its vicinity are at present distinguished for hops and paper-mills. The latter were many of them fulling-mills, when the cloth manufacture was the employ of this part of the country. Since that period the making of paper has been in a measure substituted in its place, and at present a large trade is carried on in this article of business.

Paper, with regard to the manner of making it, and the materials employed, is reducible to several kinds, as Egyptian paper, made of the rush *papyrus*, (whence, indeed, the name *paper* is originally derived;) bark paper, made of the inner rind of several trees; cotton paper; incombustible paper; and lastly, European paper, made of linen rags.

You will not be displeased with my transcribing a little poem, by the late Dr. Franklin; the application of the different kinds of paper cannot fail of creating a smile—

PAPER, A POEM.

SOME wit of old, such wits of old there were,
Whose hints show'd meaning, whose allusions care,
By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
Call'd *clear blank paper* ev'ry infant mind,
Where still as opening sense her dictates wrote,
Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.
The thought was happy, pertinent, and true,
Methinks a genius might the plan pursue,
I, (can you pardon my presumption,) I,
No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various, the papers, various wants produce,
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use ;
 Men are as various, and if right I scan,
 Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.
 Pray note the fop, half powder and half lace,
 Nice, as a band-box were his dwelling place.
 He's the *gilt paper*, which apart you store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the 'serutoire.
 Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
 Are *copy-paper* of inferior worth ;
 Less prized, more useful for your desk decreed,
 Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.
 The wretch whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
 Is coarse *brown paper*, such as pedlars choose
 To wrap up wares which better men will use.
 Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match *him* ? Yes, throughout
 He's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.
 The retail politician's anxious thought
 Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought ;
 He foams with censure, with applause he raves,
 A dupe to rumors, and a tool of knaves ;
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
 While such a thing as *fools-cap* has a name
 The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel if you step awry ;
 Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure ;
 What's he ? What ! *touch-paper* to be sure.
 What are our poets, take them as they fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much-read, not read at all ?
 'Them and their works in the same class you'll find,
 They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.
 Observe the maiden innocently sweet ;
 She's a fair *white-paper*, an unsullied sheet,
 Of which the happy man whom fate ordains
 May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.
 One instance more, and only one, I'll bring ;
 'Tis the *great man*, who scorns a little thing,

Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone,
True genuine *royal paper* in his breast,
Of all the kinds—most precious, purest, best !

Of the other article, *Hops*, I have already spoken in my account of Canterbury.

There are two banks in this town ; the *Kentish* and the *County*, which shows the prosperity of the place. A theatre has been built by Mrs. Baker, which is well attended. A concert, conducted by gentlemen of the town, is held once a week during the winter season. Nor must it be forgotten, that a distillery is carried on here, which produces a spirituous liquor called *Maidstone Genera*. Every Tuesday the *Maidstone Journal*, is published, which has a considerable circulation in the county.

About half a mile from Maidstone, on the road to Chatham, are large and handsome barracks. Though not partial to the military character, except in case of *Defensive* war—a *soldier's funeral* has always appeared to me an impressive sight ! I was gratified, during my stay at Maidstone, with beholding this mournful spectacle—for one of the volunteers died ; on a Sunday evening he was interred with the usual solemnity. The crowds of people pouring from almost every quarter—the corpse, borne on the shoulders of his comrades, with the accoutrements of the deceased lying on the coffin—the band of music playing in strains suited to the occasion, and the

volunteers marching slowly with their arms inverted, rendered the funeral interesting to a mind disposed for reflection. The stillness of the evening, which was advanced, heightened the scene—whilst the setting sun indicated the certain termination of all human glory !

There are two principal events recorded in the English history, both of which took place at Maidstone or in its vicinity. To prevent Queen Mary's marriage with Philip of Spain, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Sir Henry Isley, Thomas Isley, Esq. and George Maplesden, raised a rebellion, the design of which was declared, January 27th, 1553, at the little conduit, in this town, where the two Isleys were, upon the suppression of the insurrection, executed. Sir Thomas Wyatt, who was beheaded on this occasion, resided at Allington castle, about a mile from the town ; its remains are still to be seen : and on the opposite side of the Medway, in a romantic situation, stands Gibraltar House, an agreeable place of resort in the summer-time for the inhabitants of Maidstone. I once dined there with a respectable Book Society, in the month of July. The rusticity of the scene was gratifying to the pensive mind. From the room in which we dined, the ruins of the dilapidated castle were visible ; on each side the harmless sheep was cropping the herbage, and beneath us, the Medway rolled along its silent waves,

Whilst through yonder haze,
Peer'd faintly from afar the swelling sail

Of some poor home-bound bark, that scarce
The wat'ry mirror agitates !

CASE.

The other event recorded in the annals of our country, and connected with the subject of my letter, relates to the civil wars between Charles I. and his Parliament. In May, 1648, the county of Kent joined in an attempt to rescue Charles from the power of the parliamentary army. General Fairfax was sent against them to Maidstone, where the royalists had concentrated their forces. Getting round by Farley, he entered the town, and took it, after a dreadful struggle ; some say that *blood* ran down the streets ! Great bravery was displayed on both sides ; but the friends of the captive monarch being defeated, no further attempt was made to rescue him from the hands of his enemies, into which he was now fallen. Alas ! history has been denominated with justice, records of carnage—chronicles of blood !

In the neighbourhood of Maidstone stands the *Moat*, the seat of Lord Romney, the present lord-lieutenant of the county. The mansion was of ancient date, and in the reign of Henry III. belonged to the family of Leyborn, who procured from the crown a grant of a fair and a market to be held at this place. After having passed through various revolutions, it was sold to Sir Robert Marsham, (created Lord Romney in the reign of George I.) about the beginning of the last

century ; but his present Lordship has built a large handsome house near the road, which, for the height of its situation, commands a fine prospect of the country. On the first day of August, 1799, his Majesty and the Royal Family visited the Moat, in order to review the Kentish Volunteers, and were entertained with splendour and festivity. The assemblage of so many distinguished characters, drew crowds of spectators from almost every part of the county.

About five miles from Maidstone, on the road to Cranbrook, lies *Coxheath*, where, in the year 1779, a great number of troops were encamped ; his Majesty went down to review them. There were lately troops there, and signal posts were erected on the spot in case of Invasion.

This *sketch of Maidstone and its vicinity* shall be concluded with the mention of the little hamlet of *Tovil*. It lies near one end of the road which lead to Tunbridge, is divided into *Upper* and *Lower*, and spreads itself over some extent of ground. The walk from hence to Maidstone, about a mile in length, is beautiful for the variety of its prospects. On the left you look down into a meadow, through which glides the Medway with an uninterrupted placidity. On its banks are seen animals of various descriptions, partaking of that repast with which nature has furnished them ; and the angler may be here and there espied, inveigling the finny prey. In front, at the termination of the vale, lies the town of Maidstone, the antique tower of whose church

enriches the landscape. Still further on, at the extremity of the horizon, is perceived the range of the Boxley hills, which form a kind of rampart ; far beyond lie Rochester, Chatham, Sheerness, and the German ocean ! The view, taken altogether, cannot fail of striking the eye and of impressing the beholder. Accustomed to such scenes, we are not apprized of their exquisite beauty ; but a stranger passing this road will be alive to its charms, and feel delightful sensations.

Tovil contains mills for the manufacturing of paper, and also one oil mill, whose stampers disturb the repose of those who have not been used to their ungracious and monotonous sounds. In a secluded spot, on the borders of a rivulet which turns these mills, and which abounds with fish, (belonging to my industrious friend, Mr. J. P——e,) I have sat for hours with my angle, gratified by the surrounding scenery. Upon a little eminence close to the village is a burying-ground belonging to the *Baptists*, and open for interment to individuals of that denomination throughout the kingdom : here lie the remains of many worthy families ! It was first set apart for this purpose in the reign of Charles II. and though it wants both a greater depth of mould and an easier access, it is placed in a romantic situation. The cemeteries of the ancients were thus removed from the glare of public observation, because silence and solitude best become the mysterious state of the dead !

O ! when shall spring visit the mouldering urn ?

O ! When shall it dawn on the night of the grave ?

Otham and *Loose* are also little villages in the vicinity of Maidstone, with whose rural beauties it is impossible not to be pleased.

To conclude, Maidstone is a respectable town, and with regard to its inhabitants, I have witnessed their social and hospitable disposition. To the family of the P——s I feel myself indebted on numerous occasions. Indeed, I scarcely ever unfold the map of *Great Britain* without being struck with the consideration—how many thousand families are there even among my own countrymen, with whom I shall never be acquainted, but with whose sentiments and manners I should, in case of personal knowledge, have been delighted ! A few years ago, Maidstone and other places, mentioned in the course of these *Excursions*, which I now hold in estimation, were only geographically known to me ; since that period they have been realized. This pleasing idea of human nature may be extended to every civilized region of the globe ! The race of man, amidst all its obliquities, retains lineaments of the divine image, (in which it is created,) by the cultivation of its rational powers, and by the expansion of its benevolence ! Let us aspire after every species of intellectual and moral improvement.—Thus will our felicity be most effectually secured ; thus shall we be assimilated to the Deity.

We now left Maidstone, and set out for the

metropolis. The road, *thirty-five* miles in length, is not only good, but pleasant, exhibiting throughout the fertility of an highly cultivated country. *Wrotham*, the first stage, is situated at the foot of a hill. The church is a venerable structure, and the living one of the richest in the kingdom. Close to the inn, a few years ago, Colonel Shadwell was shot dead by a deserter whom he was about to seize, and a small stone affixed to the wall commemorates the event. The summit of the hill, which is gained by a steep ascent, commands a sweeping prospect over Maidstone, down even to the Weald of Kent, checquered by a luxuriant profusion. Pausing at this spot, and contemplating with admiration the almost boundless horizon, the eye is at once struck with that fertility for which the county of Kent has been long distinguished.

Our next stage was *Farningham*, where we dined ; its situation is rural ; a fine clear brook runs close by the door of the inn, on whose surface the scaly tribe were seen playing with their characteristic agility ! The church, at some little distance, has a rustic appearance ; and from the inscriptions in the church-yard, which contains a mausoleum, it appears that persons have been brought hither from the metropolis for interment. Here I strolled for a quarter of an hour, till dinner was ready. There is a propensity in most individuals to frequent the repositories of the dead :—

I pass with melancholy state,
By all these solemn heaps of fate,

And think, as soft and sad I tread
 Above the venerable dead,
 “ Time was—like me, they life possess’d,
 And time will be—when I shall rest !”

PRIOR.

We again resumed our journey, and passing *Foot’s Cray*, the last stage, a retired spot, we reach *Eltham*, a neat village in the vicinity of Shooter’s Hill. Its church contains the remains of the amiable Dr. George Horne, who died 1791, a few weeks after his elevation to the see of Norwich. His *Commentary on the Psalms*, together with his *Sermons*, have proved an acceptable present to the Christian world. His *Female Character*, drawn in one of his Discourses, has been much admired. Indeed he has paid a just tribute of praise to that sex, whose mild and unobtrusive virtues contribute essentially to the happiness of mankind.

We quickly after enter *Deptford*, which has been already described, and driving through St. George’s Fields, across Blackfriar’s Bridge, we presently alighted at *Islington*, gratified with our journey :—

ETERNAL POWER ! from whom all blessings flow,
 Teach me still more to wonder, more to know ;
 Seed time and harvest let me see again,
 Wander the leaf-strewn wood, the frozen plain ;
 Let the first flower, corn-waving field, and tree,
 Hereround my HOME, still lift my soul to thee ;
 And let me ever ’midst thy bounties raise,
 An humble note of thankfulness and praise !

BLOOMFIELD.

ISLINGTON is one of the pleasantest villages in the vicinity of London. In ancient records the

name is written *Isendune*, signifying in the Saxon language, *the Hill of Iron*, probably from the circumstance that here are springs of water impregnated with that mineral. It is situated about a mile from London, on the road to Barnet, which leads to the northern parts of the kingdom. It is divided into *seven* liberties, named from the manors in which they are situated, viz. Lower St. John of Jerusalem, Lower Barnsbury, Upper Barnsbury, Upper St. John of Jerusalem, Highbury or Newington Barrow, Canonbury, and the Prebend Liberty. The parish of Islington is three miles in length and two in breadth, containing about 3000 acres of land, most of which is pasture and meadow, with a few acres of nursery grounds*. The land is principally occupied by cow-keepers, so that *milk* may be denominated the staple commodity of the place. In the year 1575, before Queen Elizabeth, at Kenilworth Castle, a *Squire Minstrel of Middlesex*, made a speech respecting the dairies of Islington, —I take the following diverting extract:—
 “The worshipful village of *Islington* well knoocen too bee one of the most ancient and best tounz in England next to London at thiz day, did obteyn long agoo these worshipful armez in coaler and foorm as yee see, which are a field argent, as the field and ground whearin the *milk-wives* of this worthy toooun doo trade for

* See Lysons' *Environs of London*, the ingenious Mr. Nichols's *Canonbury*, and Messrs. Baker's *Plan of Islington*.

for their living." The Minstrel then having described these arms, adds, "In the skro, under-graven, iz thear a proper word well squaring with al the rest taken out of Salern's Chapter of 'Things, that most noorish a man's body, *Lac, Caseus infans*, that is, *good milk* and *young cheez*. And thus mooch and pleaz you, q oth he, for the armz of our worshipful tooun, thearwithall made a mannerly leg, and so held his peas." While this extract shews the manners of the times, it proves that even upwards of two hundred years ago, milk was the far-famed commodity of Islington.

History also inform us, that when the unfortunate *Henry* the VIth was brought a prisoner to London, he was met at Eyseldon, (Islington,) by the Earl of Warwick, who arrested him there in the name of King Edward the IVth, and caused his guilt spurs to be taken from his feet! Nor should we omit to notice, that *four* unhappy persons were, in September 1557, burnt in one fire at Islington. Alas! that so many victims should have perished at the ensanguined shrine of bigotry.

Islington is divided into two streets, *Upper* and *Lower*, the former leading to Barnet, the latter to Kingsland. In the Upper Street stands the *Church*, a light and elegant structure, with an adjoining cemetery of considerable extent. It is dedicated to St. Mary. The first stone was laid by Sir James Colebrooke, in 1751, and it was opened in 1754. It is a brick building, con-

sisting of a nave, chancel, and two aisles. At the west end is a stone spire of beautiful construction. In the year 1787, this church underwent a thorough repair, and some alterations being necessary in the vane, Mr. Birch, an ingenious basket-maker, inclosed the spire in a case of *wicker-work*, forming with it a stair-case, which afforded a safe and easy passage to the top! The price of admission was *sixpence*, and considerable profits were obtained by this singular exhibition. A print was taken of the church at this very time; its appearance gratifies curiosity. To this circumstance the poets alludes:—

That oft-seen airy spire so trim of late
In *wicker-work* array'd is dear to me!

FOX.

Beneath the church were to be seen, by every person passing through the church-yard, a vast number of coffins heaped upon one another, presenting to the eye a spectacle calculated to correct our vanity and our pride! Such a sight, however, was very unpleasant; but gentlemen, (to whom the parish is much indebted for their vigilance and activity,) have taken care to have the windows closed, so that for the future the inhabitants will not have to complain of a practice by which their feelings must have been violated. The earth is the fittest receptacle for the dead. Those fine expressions of the burial-service—*Ashes to Ashes,—Dust to Dust*—are (whatever *pride* may suggest to the contrary,) not only indicative of our humble origin, but best

adapted to the actual condition of frail humanity.

The old church was of Gothic architecture, and had the date of 1483 on the tower. It was in a ruinous state, but gunpowder was obliged to be used to separate the masses, so strongly was it cemented together.

Among several monuments with which the interior of the church is decorated ; that of *Dr. William Cave*, is entitled to attention. The inscription in Latin is elegant and impressive ;--- the conclusion struck me :—" Quisque es viator homo cum sis, ossa nostra ne violes, depositi cineres quiescant in pace, abi mortalitatis memor, ne te incautum rapiat suprema dies !" There is a certain significant brevity in the Latin tongue that I scarcely dare venture a translation. To the young, however, its general meaning will be acceptable :—" Stranger, whoever thou art, being a *man*, do no violence to my remains ; let the ashes of the deceased rest in peace ; depart--- mindful of thy mortality ; nor let death snatch thee away unprepared !" *Dr. Cave* was born in 1637, and died in 1713, having been vicar of this parish for several years. He was the author of many valuable works, written in the defence and for the illustration of Christianity. The *Rev. John Strahan*, who published *Dr. Johnson's Meditations*, is the present vicar of Islington ; and its lecturer is the *Rev. Dr. Gaskin*, who is secretary to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge.

In Lower Street is a neat Independent meeting, of which the *Rev. N. Jennings* has been pastor many years; and also two chapels of the Methodist persuasion. *Union Chapel*, recently built, is a handsome structure, and its interior beautifully finished. A charity-school was established at Islington in 1710, where fifty children of both sexes are clothed and educated. There is also a similar institution for the children of protestant dissenters.

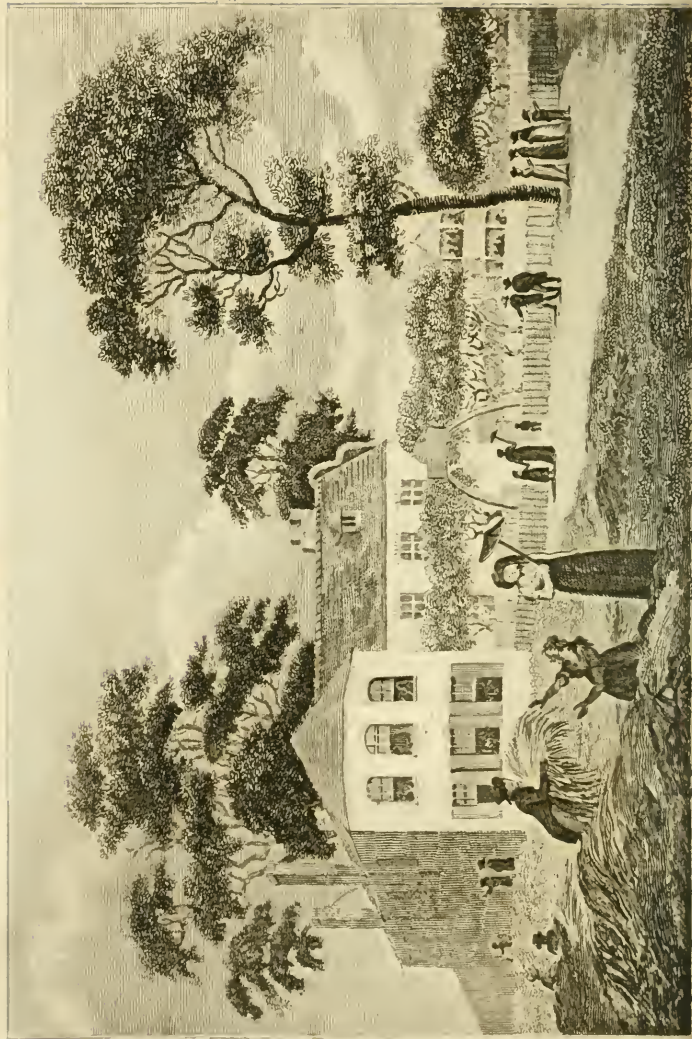
In that part of Islington lying within the parish of Clerkenwell, are alms-houses, founded in 1610, by Mrs. Alice Owen. The foundation of this institution is said to have arisen from a pious resolution made in her youth, excited by a providential escape; *the high crown of her hat*, (it was the fashion to wear such hats in the reign of Charles the First,) having been pierced by an arrow from the bow of an archer exercising in Islington fields!

The adjoining village of *Pentonville*, which is also in the parish of Clerkenwell, is of recent origin; the mansion of the late Dr. De Valangin was almost the first erected on the spot; edifices were, in the course of the last *thirty* years, raised around it, so that (as an intelligent friend remarked,) he might be termed the *Romulus* of the place! The houses being of modern date, are neat in their appearance, and from its raised situation the inhabitants enjoy a prospect of town and country.

Copenhagen House with its tea-gardens, is beheld from many parts of Pentonville. Its position

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on an eminence imparts a beautiful view of the western parts of the Metropolis, and a large portion of the surrounding country. It resembles a *Panorama*, for on every side, turn which way you will, objects present themselves well calculated to interest the attention. It is a favourite spot in the summer season, with the industrious citizen—who is seen here strolling about with increased spirits and animation.

The principal object of antiquity, at Islington, in *Canonbury House*, once made use of as a country residence by the Priors of Bartholomew. It is supposed to have been rebuilt by William Bolton, who was prior from 1509 to 1532. His device, a *Bolt* and *Tun*, was lately to be seen on the park wall. The only part of the old mansion remaining, is a lodging-house, with a large brick tower. It is thought to have been erected since the reformation, for the sake of the prospect it affords of the country. It has been the temporary residence of persons eminent in the literary world. *Ephraim' Chambers*, the well-known author of the *Encyclopædia*, (which the Rev. Dr. A. Rees is now editing, for the *second time*, with singular ability,) died here in 1740. *Dr. Oliver Goldsmith*, and the late *J. Newbery*, author of many pleasing books for children, had also lodgings here :

See on the distant slope majestic shews
Old CANONBURY'S Tower, an ancient pile
To various fates assign'd, and where, by turns,
Meanness and grandeur have alternate reign'd !

Thither in later days hath *genius* fled
 From yonder city to respire and die.
 There the *sweet bard of Auburn* sat and tun'd
 The plaintive moanings of his village dirge.
 And thence his lonely lamp thro' the still night
 Athwart the distant space oft stream'd afar—
 Pleas'd in this antiquate, this silent tower,
 A wanderer long, now anchor'd and at home—
 Thro' distant realms, to track the *traveller's* way
 There learned *Chambers* treasur'd lore for *Men*,
 And *Newbery* there his A, B, C's for *Babes* !

FOX.

Canonbury-place consists of a few genteel houses, and the gardens belonging to some of them, stretch themselves down to the New River! Here the weeping willow hangs over the winding stream—whose circumnutations near this spot, resemble Hogarth's famous line of beauty—thus adding a grace to the surrounding scenery.

At the upper extremity of Islington are two elegant rows of houses, known by the names of *Highbury-place* and *Highbury-terrace*, from which last may be enjoyed an extensive prospect of the adjacent country. On the 10th of June, 1281, in Wat Tyler's rebellion, "the commons of Essex went to the manor of Highbury, two miles north of London, belonging to the prior of St. John of Jerusalem, which they wholly consumed with fire." The site of Highbury manor-house still goes by the name of Jack Straw's Castle. Near this spot there is an elegant villa, with an observatory, containing appropriate instruments, the property and residence of J. Bentley, Esq. who purchased it of the late Alexander Aubert, Esq. F. R. S.

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THE HOUSE OF HORNET



a gentleman distinguished for his attachment to philosophical pursuits, and for the accuracy of his astronomical observations. A little further is an excellent tavern, with a bowling-green, known by the appellation of *Highbury-barn*, where the citizens assemble to dine in the summer season for the purposes of promoting that divine charity, which has given rise to a far greater number of institutions in the British metropolis, than can be found in any other city throughout the civilized globe!

From Highbury-barn we have a view of *Hornsey Wood and Tavern*, a spot much frequented by the inhabitants of the Metropolis. Its situation is high, and therefore presents a sweeping view of the country, embracing the greatest part of London, with its spires and other indications of architectural dignity! Hackney, Tottenham and other villages, with the meanderings of the New River, enrich and embellish the landscape. Adjoining the mansion, is a pleasant piece of water, terminated by a small wood, which produces a very picturesque effect. Anglers may here find sport, and the citizen will experience all the pleasures of recreation. The Plate inserted in the present edition will give the young reader an idea of its charming situation.

I shall close my account of Islington with noticing the *New River*, which here closes its peregrinations from Ware, in Hertfordshire, after winding along for *thirty-nine miles and three quarters*! It was begun by *Sir Hugh Middleton*, an

honest and spirited Welshman, in the reign of James the First ; he, however, ruined himself by the project, though it is now the most profitable concern in the vicinity of London. On the 29th of September, 1613, the water was let into the *bason*, at the place now called the *New River Head*, Islington, in the following manner :—" A troop of labourers, to the number of sixty and upwards, all in green caps alike, bearing in their hands the symbols of their several employments in so great a business, marching with drums before them, twice or thrice round the cistern, orderly present themselves before the mount, and after their departure the speech, being forty-eight lines in verse, ended thus :--

Now for the fruits, then—flow forth precious spring,
 So long and dearly sought for—and now bring
 Comfort to all that love thee : sweetly sing,
 And with thy chrystal murmurs struck together,
 Bid all thy true well-wishers welcome hither !

At which words the flood-gate opens, and the stream is let into the cistern---drums and trumpets giving it triumphant welcome, and a peal of chambers for this their honourable entertainment." The conveyance of this water through pipes, to various parts of the metropolis, was a work of difficulty. It was, however, at length accomplished, and scarcely ever has there been a public concern of greater utility.

Close to this River Head, is the *Islington Spa*, or *New Tunbridge Wells*. The spring, which is of a ferruginous nature, was discovered by one

Sadler, in 1683 ; it is in the midst of a small garden, fancifully laid out, where the citizens drink tea, by way of recreation. The well was famed for extraordinary cures, and styled the *Holy Well*, previous to the reformation. *Sadler's Wells*, only a few yards distant from the garden, derives its name from the above spring—here musical interludes and pantomimes are exhibited in the summer season, the machinery of which is managed with uncommon dexterity.

At Islington many literary men have closed their days. Here Daniel Defoe, the author of *Robinson Crusoe*, died in 1731 ; the eccentric Alexander Cruden, author of an excellent *Concordance*, in 1770 ; and in 1775, James Burgh, author of *Political Disquisitions*, and the *Dignity of Human Nature*.

Defoe was an extraordinary character ; he was an Hosier, but having a literary turn he wrote an astonishing number of books, and took a very active part in promoting the Union of Scotland. He once stood in the pillory, for a political offence, and the next day published an *Hymn to the Pillory*, as the only place where honest men made their appearance in those days. His *True born Englishman* has great humour in it, and among other cutting things he ridicules the pride of Englishmen, for they are, says he, of so mixed a descent, that when the gospel was introduced here, the promise of our Saviour was fulfilled, that " the gospel should be preached to all the world !" Though Defoe died at Islington, he

was not interred here as the late Mr. Biggerstaff assured me, who by my request examined the records of the parish,— it was merely with me a matter of curiosity. Poor *Cruden* was frequently insane, but it was a benevolent insanity, and by which he once saved a poor wretch from the gallows ! His application to certain Scotchmen then in power was attended to, and he afterwards attempted the culprit's conversion. *Cruden* was found dead on his knees ;---indeed his benevolence was exceeded only by his piety. *Burgh* had been a most laborious man in the education of youth at Newington-green, and to the last, though sorely afflicted, wrote, though supported by pillows, in behalf of the civil and religious liberties of Mankind. The memory of such men should be preserved, “not one of these shall perish,” the remembrance of them does the heart good, and their memorial should descend to posterity.

At Islington are many respectable schools for youth of both sexes, indeed a healthier spot (and in a system of liberal education, the *body* as well as the *mind* must be considered) cannot be found in the kingdom.

The salubrity of the air at Islington, has long rendered it the resort of Valetudinarians. Near a century ago, Addison visited this place for his health, and dates one of his inimitable papers in the *Spectator* from Islington. Standing high, its inhabitants overlook the fields spotted with cattle, a circumstance which heightens the beauty

of rural scenery. In the back-ground are seen the hills of Hampstead and of Highgate ; and, in the front, beside the eastern portion of the city of London, Kent and Surry rear their eminences to advantage. In this prospect, on a clear day, Shooter's Hill, with its tower and telegraph constitutes a pleasing object, whilst the white sails of ships gliding along the surface of the Thames, silvered o'er by the reflection of the sun's rays, enliven the scene, and remind us of that commerce which renders the British metropolis the glory and wonder of the world !*

Having thus brought these *Excursions* through the *Island of Great Britain*, to a termination, I shall conclude in the words of the late Mr. Robinson, of Cambridge ; they constitute an eulogium that ought to be inscribed on the tablet of every *British heart* :—" I have long observed, and much enjoyed, the felicity of being a BRITON. GREAT BRITAIN is the finest country in the world, and the God of nature hath stored it with every thing that can make its inhabitants happy ! Its insular situation—the extent and figure of its coasts—the islands that surround it—its springs, waters, and navigable ri-

* Cowper, in his *John Gilpin*, has these expressions :—the merry town of *Islington*—but we presume the epithet *merry*, is here only applicable to the mirth which the singular figure of his hero must have excited on the occasion. *Islington*, however, is a cheerful village : not merely from its elevated situation already noticed, but from the constant passing and repassing of gentlemen's carriages, and of stage-coaches to almost every part of the kingdom.

vers—its timbers, fruits, corn, and all other productions of its luxuriant soil—its immense treasures of earth, salts, fossils, minerals, stone, marble, and fuel—its animals, wild and tame; flocks, herds, hives, dairies and fisheries—the stately horse and hardy ass, all ministering to the subsistence and pleasure of its inhabitants—the stature, genius, fecundity, and longevity of its natives—the temperature of its climate:—in one word, the *natural* advantages of GREAT BRITAIN render it, upon the whole, the most beautiful and desirable country in the world! The whole is a *rich present*, which the bounty of Providence hath bestowed upon us. I have observed also, with the utmost pleasure, the *art* and *industry* of my countrymen assisting nature. Agriculture, architecture, navigation, commerce, literature, arts, and sciences, in endless varieties, give grace and elegance to this lovely island. My pleasure has been increased by observing the happy constitution of our government. Our *mixed monarchy* contains all the excellencies, and provides against the evils of the three sorts of government of which it is compounded. Its excellence does not lie in any one of its compotent parts, but in a nice union of the three, which union is then perfect, when it prevents any one from preponderating and rendering the other two subservient to itself. My pleasure has risen higher still, by observing what innumerable benefits flow, both from the justice and the generosity of this happy kingdom. We have a system of law, universally

administered, that holds the life, liberty, and property, of every individual sacred ; and a long train of well-contrived and effective charities, consisting of schools, hospitals, public provisions, for all the wants and all the maladies to which mankind, in the several stages of life, are exposed. To crown all, the *Religion* of our country is CHRISTIANITY, the last best gift of God to man ! All these advantages put together, afford an abundance of felicity, sufficient to satiate the most benevolent soul ; and whether it be ignorance or knowledge, virtue or vice, religion or enthusiasm, certain I am, that observing these advantages of *the land of my nativity*, has given me inexpressible pleasure, and has made BRITAIN appear a paradise to me ! Who that loves his species can help forming the most ardent wishes for the prosperity of this country ! Who can help saying, *Blessed is he that blesseth thee, and cursed is he that curseth thee?* Who can behold all these things, in his own *native spot*, and not exclaim, “ MAY MY COUNTRY FLOURISH TO THE END OF TIME ! ”

But submitting, without any further additions, this *Series of Letters* to your candid perusal, I hasten, my young friend, to subscribe myself,

Your affectionate Tutor,

J. E.

THE END.

Printed for JAMES CUNDEE, London.

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